The Knights of the Horseshoe

NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY
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By

Wm. A. Caruthers

Most gallantly did the old hero wield the heavy sledge-hammer.
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Frontispiece. —*The Knights of the Horseshoe.*

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HORSESHOE

A Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion

By DR. WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS

A. L. BURT COMPANY, Publishers
NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION.

THE materials of the following traditionary story were collected and embodied some years ago, and would have been given to the public through another channel but for an unfortunate accident which befell the author.* The traditions forming the groundwork of the plot were, many of them, gathered on the good old classic ground of Virginia, and sometimes on the very spot of their occurrence. One of the country-seats of Sir Alexander Spotswood, unfortunately, was consumed by fire previous to the author's visit to that part of the country. This was the more to be regretted, as the old Hall contained the pictures of General Elliot in armor, and of his excellency in his court-dress.

Many of the other old mansions yet stand, and are in possession, too, of the descendants of the old cocked-hat gentry of whom our story treats. It is but too true that many others of these are either in a ruinous condition or have entirely disappeared even from the memory of the oldest citizens. We have hunted up the former sites of these, and gathered together the fleeting traditions of their inhabitants with no little care and trouble—sometimes wandering over the desolate scene only to find a ruinous old graveyard, with here and there a dilapidated tombstone, bearing, among its moss-grown evidences of antiquity, armorial bearings, which look strangely out of place surrounded by the institutions which have since banished all these lordly and aristocratic distinctions. At other times we were more fortunate, and fell in with some venerable old sexagenarian, who, surrounded by the

* The burning of his house and papers.

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family pictures, loved to turn back with us and tell their histories in the days of the vice-regal court, pointing the while to the veritable lineaments of the person whose actions were described.

So long a time has elapsed since the actors have slept in their graves that we have presumed to use the real names of nearly all the principal personages whom we shall introduce to the reader. We have had the pleasure, and shall still reckon it among our highest honors, to number many of the descendants of these on the list of our friends; and from them we have obtained many of the personal traits and family traditions which will be found embodied in the following tale, as well as the names and localities of such of the old family mansions as it was impracticable to visit.

Having these high credentials for the authenticity of many of our traits, incidents, and scenes, we hope to avoid giving offence to any of the descendants of our old time-honored gentry. This, however, is by no means an easy task, for nearly every principal name which we shall use boasts descendants scattered over our widely-extended country. To give the reader some idea of this wide separation of the descendants of the old Cavaliers, and at the same time show at what pains and labor we have collected the materials of our story, we will mention one fact in illustration.

In tracing out the descendants of the venerable chieftain whose achievements form the groundwork of our plot, we commenced at the ancient capital of Virginia—indeed, at both the ancient capitals. Not a vestige of them, in a direct line, could be found. Even his own remains had been interred in another State (Annapolis, Maryland), where he died on his way to take command of an expedition against Florida. Accidentally we heard of a venerable old lady, some hundred miles off from this starting-point, who was said to have been connected by marriage or blood with one of the descendants of the governor. Thither we posted, and, through the interven-

tion of a friend, obtained not only many curious and valuable traditions, but a clew by which we first traced a lineal descendant to the extreme borders of Western Virginia, and afterward to the interior of Indiana. We forthwith opened a correspondence with him, and obtained a farther store of old traditions, which we have likewise endeavored to work up for the amusement of our readers.

From all those whom we have been enabled to consult personally or by letter we have been amply encouraged to go on; but though we have found and consulted many, there are many others whom we could not reach, unless, indeed, we had undertaken to write a history instead of a more humble traditionary tale of the olden time.

Would that we could do justice to the vast field which our explorations have barely entered! Nowhere in this country is there such an unexplored storehouse of materials for the novelist as may be found still clustering around the hearthstones of the old cocked-hat gentry. In many of these old mansions there are still preserved genealogical trees, and the family pictures of all the generations from the landing of their forefathers down to the present time. There may be learned at one and the same time the histories of the old people, and the various costumes, from the hoops and farthingales down to the republican simplicity of Thomas Jefferson's era. This alone might form an interesting study to one sufficiently imbued with the true antiquarian spirit. But, alas! few in this country have the fortune or the elegant leisure necessary to pursue these matters uninterruptedly; such is the fate of the author of the following imperfect and crudely-digested effort, and he must offer it in extenuation of his many shortcomings.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

CHAPTER I.

A VIRGINIA FARM-HOUSE.

At a moderate distance from Yorktown (since so famous by the surrender of Cornwallis) there stood a plain-looking structure, covering a considerable portion of ground, embracing, under one common roof, a long range of buildings of various dimensions, and surrounded with cool-looking verandas, which extended entirely round the lower story of the house; here entirely closing one portion from view, with the extension of green slats, and there throwing open another from the ceiling to the floor, so that the inmates might choose sunshine or shade, as suited their fancy. Besides this main building there were others of various sizes and shapes, from the kitchen to the coach-house, forming altogether quite an imposing-looking establishment. One side of the dwelling commanded a fine prospect of the Chesapeake Bay, while the other faced a garden, at that day a curiosity in the colony. It extended beyond the reach of the eye landward, until it was lost in a beautiful green lawn, which fell off abruptly toward a little bubbling brook which wound its way around the extended bluff upon which the mansion stood.

This was called Temple Farm, from a circumstance which will appear in the course of our narrative, and was one of the country-seats of Sir Alexander Spotswood, then Governor of Virginia, and Commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces in the colony.

Farther along the shores of the bay stood a double row of small white cottages, with a narrow street running between, and one large building of two stories in the center, surmounted with a small cupola and weather-cock; this was the negro quarter. Beyond this, again, stood the overseer's house, still following the same line.

It was near sundown of a sultry day in the summer of 1714; the dim blue outlines of Accomack and Northampton could just be discovered across the misty surface of the bay. Sir Alexander Spotswood was seated in a large arm-chair, in the front porch of the building, entirely alone, except his dogs, which were snoozing away around his chair in various groups. He had a pipe in his mouth, held from time to time in his fingers while he blew away the smoke, and cast his eye now and then along the surface of the water. He wore a cocked-hat on his head, which was thrown rather to one side, so as to exhibit a profusion of iron-gray hair, done up in the bob-wig fashion. His features were large and strong, but not unpleasing, especially when a smile broke over the otherwise bronzed and statue-like countenance.

Surmounting this weather-beaten countenance was a high forehead, falling back at the temple, so as to leave a hollow on each side, and thus to produce what is called, in common parlance, the hatchet face. His limbs were brawny and athletic, showing their possessor capable of extraordinary physical exertion. He wore knee-breeches, met by cloth gaiter-leggings, buttoned close to his well-turned limbs, which, truth to say, were, Virginia fashion, thrown over the banisters in the most careless attitude possible. Over his person he wore a hunting coat, thrown carelessly back from off his shoulders, while near-by rested a fowling-piece he had apparently just set down, being his almost inseparable companion in his long and celebrated walks.

While his Excellency thus lazily smoked away alone in the front of his house, the other portions of the building were by no means in the same state of dreamy repose. About the entrance-gate there was much bustle and con-

fusion, incident to the departure of some guests and the arrival of others.

His being thus seated so long and so indolently gazing out upon the slumbering waves was by no means accidental. Suddenly there appeared a faint flash and a quick report of fire-arms in the offing, followed almost instantaneously by two others, so faint and far off as just to be heard and seen. These reports proceeded from small-arms, and were very different from those of a vessel in distress, which idea, indeed, the dead calm of the bay itself precluded. Nevertheless, they seemed to rouse the governor; the pipe was thrown over the banister, his legs were drawn to the floor, and in the next instant he had snatched a spy-glass and looked long and silently over the water.

After he had hurriedly replaced his glass, he seized his gun and fired three charges as rapidly as he could perform the evolutions of loading and firing. He had no sooner done this than he ordered one of his servants to light a large pine torch, and having manned one of his boats, jumped in, followed by the boy holding aloft his burning brand. They steered out to a considerable distance from the landing, and then again he folded his arms and looked long and ardently as before over the expanse of waters, the oarsmen resting upon their oars.

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FIRESIDE PARTY.

Before we introduce our readers into this drawing-room, let us pause at that old-fashioned hall-door, and read the inscription over the coat of arms (the plate on which it was inscribed was in existence within the memory of many now living. We think it reads thus: "Patior et Portior;" the most appropriate that could be conceived for its possessor: it was his life, both previous and subsequent, in an epigraph. Through this large old

dining-hall we pass into a parlor well lighted up, and furnished with much taste and elegance. The room was nearly full of company; and we shall proceed to introduce such of them as we take a fancy to.

First, of course, we shall present the lady of the mansion; she was seated, with some half-dozen others of her own sex, at a small table, around which they were working at the needle, busily chatting all the while, sometimes with the gentlemen standing around, and sometimes with other ladies similarly seated and occupied in other parts of the room. Lady Spotswood, notwithstanding the stiff fashion of the female costume and head-dress at that time, was the very *beau ideal* of a rich farmer's wife. She looked quite young in comparison with her husband, and possessed the remains of a beauty that must have been formidable among courtiers of the royal household, from which atmosphere the general had plucked her.

At an opposite table sat her two daughters: Ann Catherine, the elder, by the general called Kate, and Dorothea, the younger. The eldest of these was about seventeen, and the other about two years younger.

Kate was a fair girl in every sense of the word, or, in other words, she was a blonde. Light hair, dress, and everything light; even her voice and laughter seemed to indicate a light heart, and that is a very important point upon which to assure our readers. But in all this field of white there were shades of most delicate tints; her eyes, though not white, were light-blue, and the lashes over them fell down so low sometimes as to form a fine shading for those laughing and rather mischievous, we should rather say merry, looking eyes.

Occasionally she would drop her needle and work, and clap her hands with the most heartfelt delight at the sallies of the youth standing over the chair. She was dressed with much simplicity, and her hair seemed to follow the pyramidical fashion of the day with great reluctance, for here and there a stray curl wandered down her pure, white neck. The expression of her countenance

was rather arch, produced by a slight contraction of the outer angle of the eye, and a constant dubiousness about her pouting lips, as if they did not know their own intention, whether to laugh or not. On one side of her stood Bernard Moore; and on the other sat the Rev. Commissary Blair, who will be described presently.

Dorothea was a full, round, plump little figure, not so tall as her sister, and of a beauty not quite so spiritual, and differing from her in many essentials, both of appearance and manners as well as character. Her hair was brown, her eyes hazel, her cheeks red. She wore an apron, with a bunch of keys dangling at her side, giving one an idea of domestic operations, for which she seemed to have a peculiar turn. She was slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, yet a neat, tidy, trim little figure.

Dorothea assigned to herself a humbler position than that allowed to her more brilliant sister, but the assent to this was by no means universal in the court circles. She was the favorite with many, and was in the habit of saying sometimes very pungent things in her demure way. Not with the ease, grace, and perfect self-possession of her sister, to be sure; but, perhaps, they told better from popping out as unexpectedly to the hearers as the speaker. She was a decided pet of the old gentleman; and was mostly to be found in his wake, when he chose to throw off the cares and toils of official life for the more heart-cheering enjoyments of the social circle.

The two brothers were John and Robert. The former and elder of these sat apart from the rest of the company, dressed in the green uniform of the Rangers, of which corps he was an officer. His arms were folded, and he did not seem to be at his ease. His face had a general resemblance to that of the governor, and might once have been handsome, but it now bore the impress of early dissipation, and consequently of care and sorrow. The family seemed to look upon him with pain and commiseration, if not of sympathy, though it is questionable whether they understood exactly the cause of his general moodishness.

The Rangers, of which John was a captain, were composed of about twenty or thirty men each corps, and stationed at convenient distances along the then circumscribed frontier of the colony. He seemed to consider his present position, what it truly was, one of honorable exile; consequently he seized every opportunity to visit the capital.

His presence at the fireside circle was by no means a common circumstance. The sort of innocent gayety that prevailed there at all times had no charms for him. He was there now in the performance of imperative military duty, which he dared not disobey; he had ridden express to communciate with the governor and wait his orders concerning frontier matters—which, indeed, he had done some time, and, as it seemed to him, without much chance of a speedy gratification of his impatience, for no governor appeared.

Others in that little party began to feel some surprise at his long absence, for the evening was now on the wane.

The Rev. Commissary Blair, as many of our readers know, was then at the head of William and Mary College, which was at that time as much a school for Christianizing the savages as for general purposes of education. He was a hale, hearty, red-faced old gentleman, dressed entirely in black velvet, with ruffles at his wrists, and broad, shining silver buckles at his knees and shoes, and much addicted to taking snuff, a box for which he carried often in his hand. He was a lively old gentleman, though grave at times. On the present occasion he evidently enjoyed the merry sallies of Kate, by whose side he sat.

Bernard Moore, the youth who stood on the opposite side of her chair, had been but a few years emancipated from his government; consequently he stood rather in awe of his old master, but still fully amenable to the more lively impressions of his fair young friend. He will speak for himself.

The youngest son of the governor, Robert, was quite

a lad, and therefore, to some extent, like all other lads, he was teasing his moodish brother after the most approved fashion—where we will leave him for the present, while we introduce some more of that company to our readers.

There was walking along the room a tall, gray-headed old man, of uncommonly benevolent countenance and prepossessing appearance. His hair was combed back from his high, polished forehead, and fell in long, white locks upon his coat-collar. He was dressed very much after the same style as his friend the reverend commissary, and at first sight might readily have been mistaken for some venerable old father of the Church. It was Dr. Evylin, the most celebrated physician of his day in the colony, and the bosom friend of his excellency. He stooped much in the shoulders, so as to give him the appearance of greater age than he really was. He carried in his hand an ivory-headed cane almost as long as himself.

There were many others present at that snug little country fireside party, stowed away in one end of that old parlor, but it is needless to bewilder the reader with them at present.

The various parties were grouped as we have described, when the door was thrown open by a man in livery and the governor entered. Nearly every one rose and bowed at his entrance, except his youngest daughter, who, as usual, ran up and threw herself into his arms. He, however, gently put her away and threw himself abruptly into a vacant chair—a proceeding so very unusual with him as to attract the particular attention of every one in the room.

It was now observed that his face was of an ashy paleness; and her ladyship, who had approached and laid her hand upon his arm, started back in terror as she observed a spot of blood upon his face.

The whole party now gathered around his chair in the utmost surprise, each one inquiring what was the matter, some to the governor in person, and others to those nearest him. He told them that it was nothing—a mere scratch;

but there was excitement—subdued, it is true, but deep and intense excitement—in the countenance of the veteran which these words by no means allayed. He heeded them not, however, but, taking the arm of Dr. Evylin, walked away in the direction of his library.

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT FUNERAL.

We left the governor and his boat, in a preceding chapter, quietly reposing upon the bosom of the silent and motionless waves of the Chesapeake. He had not remained long in that position before the stealthy sound of muffled oars was heard approaching.

He stood up in his boat and leaned forward with eagerness to catch the sound, which grew more and more distinct until the boat itself hove in sight, which proved to be a yawl, manned by sailors, and under the command of the second officer of a ship. This official, when the yawl came along-side, rose and touched his cap, and inquired if he had the honor to address General Spotswood. He replied in the affirmative, when the mate handed him a sealed packet, which he broke open and glanced over by the light of the torch. While he read the letter he trembled, and seemed agitated for one whose nerves had been braced and hardened in the fierce school of contending armies.

"Have you the box here?" said he at length, addressing the same official.

He replied that it was in the yawl.

The boats were run gunwale to gunwale and lashed together, while all hands proceeded to lift a box of about seven feet long and three broad into the governor's boat, after which he counted out money to the sailor, and departed as he had come, having ordered the slaves to pull for the little inlet formed by the small stream before described.

After rowing some half an hour the boat was run aground high and dry upon his own lands. The box was lifted out and placed upon poles, and the six oarsmen bore it through the garden until they came to the farthest extremity of the lawn, where had recently been erected a small, tomb-like building, with the ground-floor bare, and a new-made grave open in the centre. On one side of this the box was deposited and the negroes ordered to depart.

About half an hour afterward the governor returned, bearing in one hand a dark lantern, followed by his carpenter, with various tools on his shoulder. The door was again unlocked and the man ordered to open the box, which he proceeded to do, not without fear and trembling. The outer boards being removed, exhibited a leaden coffin; this, also, he was ordered to cut through. When it was completed the man was turned out and the governor left alone. He then proceeded to roll down the lead about two feet; beneath this were various folds of what once had been white satin, but now sadly stained and tarnished; this he likewise removed, when a ghastly spectacle exhibited itself.

It was the body of a large, fine-looking man, in the uniform of a general officer, his head severed entirely from the trunk, and all much disfigured with blood. The governor threw himself upon his knees and hung over this sad spectacle, and wept long and bitterly. Many times he took the last look of the features of that beheaded man before he finally assumed composure enough to close it again and summon the workman. This he did at length, and, having changed his apparel, appeared in the drawing-room, as we have seen.

About midnight, there sat round the table in the governor's library himself, the reverend commissary, and Dr. Evylin. The countenance of the former exhibited still the same ghastly appearance, and those of the other two gentlemen were not unmoved.

"You say truly, your excellency, that secrecy in this business is of the last importance, not only to the due

preservation of your proper authority, but for the interest of the colony itself, as at present situated."

"I differ with you, my dear sir," replied the doctor, "because I conceive that it can neither offend king nor council for one, however high in authority, to honor the remains of his own near kinsman with Christian burial."

"You forget, doctor," rejoined the commissary, "that that kinsman died the death of a traitor."

"Hell and fury!" shouted the governor, striking his clinched fist upon the table. "He died a patriot—a martyr—a victim!"

"Softly, softly," said the reverend gentleman, laying his hand upon the arm of the governor, "I only spoke the language of common rumor—of the government—of the laws."

"May a thousand furies seize the government—the laws and rumor, all together!"

"Let me explain all this," mildly put in the doctor. "Thus stands the case. Here is a gentleman, an officer of high rank, who is beheaded in Scotland for the alleged crime of high-treason—alleged, remember," seeing the governor again start. "This gentleman who suffered is the half-brother of another military man, who has been appointed governor of one of the colonies under the very government which beheaded his kinsman. This is not all—this government at home had the same suspicions of this very governor, and many of his friends shrewdly suspect that he was sent hither to keep him out of harm's way—in other words, on account of former brilliant military services—that he was sent hither in a sort of honorable exile. Is it not so?"

"You are right—you are right, doctor," said the governor, between his teeth; "go on."

"Then the question presented is, shall he clandestinely inter these remains which have arrived here to-night, or shall he bury them openly in his own burying-grounds? I think it better to make no mystery of it, and trust to the

liberality and good-sense of the ministry, should they hear of it. Such a proceeding would be very natural, surely."

"But you forget, doctor," said the commissary, "that this thing is to produce a vast effect upon others besides the ministry, and the first effect too. Recollect the state of the colony. Every party at home is exactly represented here. It is useless to conceal from ourselves that the government of our friend meets with powerful opposition. What is it that prevents him from leading an army now across the mountains into that unknown El Dorado beyond but this very jealousy of his power and popularity? And would this opposition dare, for a moment, to show head, were it not for the more than encouragement they receive at home? Now, what effect would such a funeral have, when the subject of it was proclaimed through the colony? —that is the question."

"There is force in your reasoning," said the doctor.

"Besides, there is another point upon which we have not touched," said the commissary. "The governor will, doubtless, desire to have his friend and kinsman interred with the rites and ceremonies of the Church; now, as he is the secular head of that Church, and I am the unworthy representative of my lord bishop, how can we publicly bestow funeral honors upon one who has fallen like this unfortunate gentleman?"

"You have settled the matter, reverend sir," said the governor, musing—"you have settled the matter; and as every one seems now asleep, let us betake ourselves to our melancholy task."

It was a most strange-looking group that of the two reverend-looking old gentlemen: the doctor, with his long ivory-headed cane, and the reverend commissary in his surplice, following the governor to a surreptitious grave, by the dubious light of a dark lantern. As they approached the temple they all bared their heads, and the clergyman, taking the lamp, commenced that most solemn and imposing ceremony of the English Church. When he came to

the appropriate place the coffin was lowered by the doctor and governor, after which the grave was filled up, and they retired as they had come, the governor leading the way.

CHAPTER IV.

COUNTRY LIFE: ITS DUTIES AND ENJOYMENTS.

THE next morning broke bright and cheerful, emancipated by the morning sun from the mists and clouds of the previous night. Kate Spotswood was up with the lark, brushing the dew from the grass and flowers, with an elastic foot. Yet her occupation on this morning seemed of a quite homely and domestic kind. She wore a sun-bonnet, and carried a basket on her arm. She took the path leading across the garden and down toward the brook, and in a few minutes ascended the rising ground opposite, leading toward the negro quarter. In the basket were various phials and papers, all labeled in the most careful manner, and arranged so as to be of instant use.

She entered the door of one of the white cottages rather apart from and larger than the others, and called, in plantation language, the sick-house. Here, around a pretty extensive and well-ventilated room, were arranged sundry cots, upon which lay about a dozen negroes; some tossing in the restless delirium of fever, and others cadaverous with the hues of an ague. She approached their bedsides in succession, followed by an old crone, called the nurse, who scarcely ceased to bless her young mistress even to put a spoon between the teeth of a refractory patient. "God a mighty, bress Miss Kate; poor nigger been dead but for her. She neber forget em! neber!"

She had not been long thus engaged when a little pale-faced white girl, dressed in linsey-woolsey, entered the sick-house, and stood before the young lady, dropping an awkward courtesy.

"Father begs, ma'am, that you'll come down and see him this morning; he's laid up with the rheumatis, and can't move a hand or foot."

"And who is your father, child?"

"He lives, ma'am, in the small log-house on the other side of the overseer's, just beyond the nigger landing."

"Oh, old Jarvis, the fisherman? I remember him now. Run home and tell your father that I will be there directly."

This fisherman's hut was full half a mile beyond the negro quarter; but she never hesitated. With alacrity she tripped over the damp grass, throwing back her hood as the blood came bounding into her cheeks with the glow of health and exercise, her fair cheeks fanned by the gentle breeze just rippling the bay. Neither ditches nor fences stopped her progress; she bounded over the one and climbed the other like one accustomed to such obstacles. When she arrived within the fisherman's hut she found old Jarvis laid up, indeed, as his daughter had described, and racked with fever and pain. She felt his pulse long and carefully, looked at his tongue, and made many inquiries as to the manner of contracting his disease.

"I fear, Jarvis," she said, at length, "that your case is rather beyond my skill; not that I would fail to try some of my simples to relieve you, but good old Dr. Evylin is at the house, and I will bring him to see you presently."

And then she turned to the old woman, his wife, and made many kind inquiries as to their means of living and present supplies, stroking her hand over the white-headed urchins clustering around all the while. She soon after took her leave, promising to send supplies to the old woman as soon as she got home.

A goodly company assembled that morning at breakfast: Dorothea at the head of the table, and Lady Spotswood on her right hand, with many other ladies, married and single, occupying the upper, while the gentlemen sat round the governor at the lower end.

Dorothea seemed to have enjoyed the benefits of exercise, and the consequent glow and bloom of health, as well

as her sister; but she had been drilling the dairy-maids and marshaling fine pans of new milk, eggs, and butter, and, truth to say, her fair, ruddy face looked as if she enjoyed these good things herself with no little relish.

"Ha, Miss Catherine," said the reverend commissary, as that young lady entered and took her seat at the table, "had you been up with the lark this fine morning, and engaged as I saw your sister, you might have transferred the bloom of that pretty flower in your hair to your fair cheek."

"If your reverence will but examine that flower," plucking it from her hair and handing it across the table to him, "you will perceive that it is not one to be had by stepping into the garden. I plead guilty to the remissness of dairy duty."

"This is truly a flower," said the old gentleman, examining it with his glass, "which is not to be found among your father's exotics. Is it not so?" handing it to Bernard Moore. "You have just returned from the hot-houses and parterres of Europe." Bernard quietly slipped the beautiful little subject of dispute into the button-hole of his vest before he replied, that it was a native plant, and scarcely grew within a mile of the house.

Dorothea laughed a low, musical chuckle at the sly way in which Bernard appropriated the flower, and the blush with which her sister watched the proceeding. "I think, reverend sir," said she, slyly, "that the pursuit and *capture* of that flower has given sister quite as much color as my dairy performances."

The governor did not seem to enjoy this small talk with his usual relish; for he was wont to encourage these playful sallies of his children, and loved above all things to see them cheerful. But now he sat silent and dispirited; and an occasional glance at his son John, who was beside him, seemed by no means calculated to inspirit him.

That youth was so nervous that he could scarcely carry his cup to his head at all, and had not touched anything to eat. He looked, too, haggard, bloated, and sullen. He

had once been the governor's chief hope and delight, and he was equally the favorite of the old clergyman, who sat opposite to him, for his brilliant native abilities, and the highly creditable manner in which he acquitted himself of all his collegiate duties. It is true that he was known then to be wild, but not viciously so. Now, however, his whole nature was changed. He scarcely noticed his sisters, whose still clinging affection he seemed to loathe. His mother he avoided on all possible occasions, and for these general family meetings in the country he had an especial abhorrence. There was a stealthy, suspicious glance about his eye, as foreign to his former nature as it was inexplicable to his father now, as he from time to time cast a sidelong glance at his rapidly depreciating heir.

There was one person at that table who understood the mystery of John Spotswood's peculiar behavior of late, and that was old Dr. Evylin, but he seemed to observe him even less than any other person at the table. Many strange things were told about John by the servants, such as his great precautions at night before he would go to bed, getting up in the night and calling for lights, swearing that some one was under the bed; at other times he would take a notion that some one was locked up in a certain closet. These things the whole family knew; they had been observed at his former visits, and now he was an object of the most undisguised solicitude to the whole of them, and to his father of dread. He thought his mind touched, and that ere long he would lose his reason, if, indeed, he had not partially done so already.

Catherine's brightest smiles were instantly clouded if poor John happened to come within the range of her vision. At this very breakfast she sat scarcely listening to the playful, bantering mood of Bernard Moore, so entirely was she abstracted by observing the more than commonly ferocious aspect of her elder brother. She would sit looking at him, lost in abstraction, until the speaker had twice or thrice repeated his words, and then she would reply without seeming entirely conscious of what she said. In

short, a settled dejection brooded over the party since John had entered and taken his seat.

As Dr. Evylin was about to leave the table, Kate stepped behind his chair, and whispered a few words into his ear, which brightened up the old man's countenance instantly. "Ha!" said he, aloud, catching her hand and drawing back her retreating figure, "this young lady suffered herself to lie under mistaken imputations, when she ought not to have done so; she has been a mile this morning on foot, before breakfast, to visit a poor sick fisherman."

"Ah!" said the governor, "is old Jarvis sick?"

"He is," continued the doctor, "and so ill that my pretty pupil has called a consultation upon his case."

"I owe you an apology, my dear Catherine," said the good commissary, "and hope whenever I do get in your debt it may be always for a similar cause and as happily liquidated. You were right not to divulge the matter; the right hand should not know what the left doeth. These are services which God reserves for his own special pleasure of rewarding, and not subject to the poor payment of worldly praise." Kate had broken away and ran before the old doctor's sermon (as John called it) was half over.

CHAPTER V.

AN EXCURSION ON HORSEBACK.

Soon after breakfast a number of horses were brought round to the front entrance of the house to a graveled court, separated from the box-bound flower-beds so as to admit horses and carriages to the very portico of the mansion.

The horses were of various sorts and degrees; some fine, generous animals, others common cobs, while the rear was brought up by ponies and dogs in great abundance.

This was the daily custom of the establishment—at least every fair day. The governor himself rode a fine imported

war-horse, of fine proportions and admirably drilled. He stood at the porch-door, with his high, erect head, waiting for his master, with as much pride and gayety as if he had been a thinking animal. Various were the jokes and rejoinders passed among the grooms and stable-boys as they stood there, each one holding a horse by the bridle.

At length the party issued from the house, every one at liberty to consult his own fancy as to his company, unless some previous expedition had been planned, such as a visit to some natural curiosity, or to church on Sunday.

Accordingly Kate, on a fine-pacing pony, and Dr. Evylin by her side, had already set off in the direction of the fisherman's hut. The old gentleman was quite gallant, and managed his sensible-looking little pony cavalier fashion.

It may seem strange that Bernard Moore should thus suffer the old gentleman to monopolize the attention of a young lady for whose favors he was generally understood to be paying the most anxious and solicitious court; but the fact is, she herself had sent him off cantering in an opposite direction.

Let our fair readers be not alarmed: he had not already proposed and been rejected. The case stood thus: Kate had expressed some regret that she could not accompany her brother a mile or two on his way to the capital, owing to her engagement with the doctor. Bernard, in the most self-sacrificing and disinterested manner imaginable, proposed to be her substitute, which offer was most thankfully accepted. He and John were old classmates and once very intimate, and she desired of all things to see that intimacy renewed, now that Bernard had returned from his foreign tour, acknowledgedly one of the first young men in the colony.

Strange to say, the youth was so blinded by his self-doubting mood as never once to reflect that this was the very highest compliment which she could, in the then position of affairs, pay to him.

He and John had also now cantered off in quite a different style from Kate and her venerable old beau.

They made the fire fly from their horses' heels as they careered, like winged messengers, over the road to Yorktown and Williamsburg. A very few moments' ride at that gait brought them to the door of the tavern in the center of the former, and Bernard was quite surprised to see John alight and give his bridle to the servant, for he knew not that he so purposed on setting out. He was invited to do likewise, which of course he did, not knowing the business which detained his friend. That was soon explained; for John, instantly upon setting foot within the bar-room, ordered a bottle of spirits.

It was with no little astonishment that Bernard saw him pour out and gulp down a tumbler of brandy-and-water, half-and-half, enough to have staggered any youth at a single blow. But he was still more astonished at the wonderful transformation which this short and simple process effected. His old friend was himself again; he now chatted cheerfully, rode along-side of his companion without restraint, and without effort to leave him; and, above all, he appeared the highly intellectual and gifted man he had once known him to be. He spoke freely of European and Colonial affairs, and took now an interest in many little things which he seemed not at all to notice before.

Moore conversed with him freely, and at length fell into stories of former days and youthful frolics, until the woods rung again with their merriment. Having thus wrought up his subject to a proper key, as he supposed purely by his own address, he ventured to ask him for an explanation of his late singular and inexplicable mood; but John passed it off in the slightingest manner imaginable—said it was nothing but a fit of the blue-devils—a constitutional infirmity to which he was subject.

"But how comes it, John," said Moore, most innocently, "that you were not subject to these when we were so long and so constantly together? I do not recollect of your being once so afflicted; during those ever happy and memorable school-boy days, you were the life and soul of

every party. If any two started together upon an expedition and you were left behind, it was always, 'Come, let's get Spotswood; there's no sport without him.'"

"True—true, Bernard, but those happy hours of idleness do not last forever; indeed, I presume that the change which you see in me is but the natural one of thoughtless boyhood into the higher and more care-giving reponsibilities of man's estate."

Thus they conversed; Moore pleased and amused at the half-playful, half-melancholy mood of his old friend, but not more than half convinced by his reasoning, backed as it was by the change of mood itself—then that ungodly drink of brandy—that the son and heir of the governor of Virginia should alight at a common tavern and thus quaff spirits like a sailor—it was inexplicable to him, but he finally set it down in his own mind to the effect of the military life in which his father was now attempting to train him.

He therefore shook hands with his re-animated friend, as he supposed, with scarce concealed impatience, and galloped back to carry news of the pleasing change to Kate. Little did he imagine the real cause of that change and how very short a time it would last, or he would not thus exulting have sought an opportunity of returning his credentials.

He met the governor and Dr. Blair riding along the road at a staid and sober gait, and seemingly engaged in a conversation little less desponding than that from which he supposed he had just rescued poor John.

Alas! true love never did run smooth; and Mr. Bernard Moore, after all his haste to join Kate and the doctor, only arrived to find the position he sought already occupied by another young gallant from the capital, not less highly gifted by nature and fortune than himself. It was Mr. Kit Carter, a scion of the genuine aristocratic stock, and heir-expectant of the splendid seat of Shirely. Moore was too highly schooled in all the courtesies of conventional breeding to show chagrin at such an acquisition to the company at the mansion-house, as Mr. Carter undoubtedly

was; but we may say at once that he was disappointed in not being able to communicate the result of his diplomacy.

It would have taken a shrewd and sagacious observer of human nature to have discovered even this beneath all the courtly grace which they manifested. Carter and he met for the first time since the return of the latter, and that meeting was most warm and cordial. This was magnanimous, certainly, in Bernard; for from their school-days they had been rivals for the favor of Kate.

The good old doctor had not felt pulses so long and not yet be able to see a little into matters as they now stood; accordingly, the old gentleman, with a sly smile, reined in his pony and dropped in the rear, to muse upon one not less lovely and admired than her whose lively chat he had surrendered. Not a lady-love, nor even a wife—for the old gentleman was a widower—it was his lone and only daughter, almost a recluse within the walls of his own house at Williamsburg; yet so young, so highly cultivated, and, withal, so fascinating in every personal grace, she was fast becoming a devotee in religion

In the meantime Kate was like powder between flint and steel: every spark elicited fell upon her.

An encounter of wits between two highly endowed young men, and paying court to the same lady, is a study to those curious in psychological matters. But we will leave the whole party to dismount and dress for dinner, while we take a peep into other things having relation to the main thread of our narrative; until then, we bid our readers a cheerful and hearty good-night.

CHAPTER VI.

A KITCHEN FIRESIDE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

IMAGINE to yourself, reader, a fireplace large enough to roast an ox whole, and within which a common wagon-load of wood might be absorbed in such a speedy manner as to horrify one of our city economical housewives—though now

it was late in summer, and, of course, no such pile of combustibles enlivened the scene—besides, it was night, and the culinary operations of the day were over. A few blazing fagots of rich pine, however, still threw a lurid glare over the murky atmosphere, and here and there sat the several domestics of the establishment; some nodding until they almost tumbled into the fire, but speedily regaining the perpendicular without ever opening their eyes, or giving any evidence of discomposure, except a loud snort, perhaps, and then dozing away again as comfortably as ever. Others were conversing without exhibiting any symptoms of weariness or drowsiness.

In one corner of the fireplace sat old Sylvia, a Moor, who had accompanied the father of the governor (a British naval officer) all the way from Africa, the birthplace of his excellency. She had straight hair, which was now white as the driven snow, and hung in long, matted locks about her shoulders, not unlike a bunch of candles. She was by the negroes called outlandish, and talked a sort of jargon entirely different from the broken lingo of that race. She was a general scape-goat for the whole plantation, and held in especial dread by the Ethiopian tribe. She was not asleep, nor dozing but sat rocking her body back and forth, without moving the stool, and humming a most mournful and monotonous ditty, all the while throwing her large, stealthy eyes around the room.

In the opposite corner sat a regular hanger-on of the establishment, and one of those who kept a greedy eye always directed toward the flesh-pots, whenever he kept them open at all. His name was June, and he wore an old cast-off coat of the governor's, the waist-buttons of which just touched his hips, while the skirts hung down to the ground in straight lines, or rather in the rear of the perpendicular, as if afraid of the constant kicking which his heels kept up against them when walking. His legs were bandied, and set so much in the middle of the foot as to render it rather a difficult matter to tell which end

went foremost. His face was of the true African stamp: large mouth, flat nose, and a brow overhung with long, plaited queues, like so many whip-cords, cut off short and even all round, and now quite gray. The expression of his countenance was full of mirthfulness and good-humor, mixed with just enough shrewdness to redeem it from utter vacuity. There was a slight degree of cunning twinkled from his small terrapin-looking eye, but wholly swallowed up by his large mouth, kept constantly on the stretch.

He had the run of the kitchen; and for these perquisites was expected and required to perform no other labor than running and riding errands to and from the capital; and it is because he will sometimes be thus employed that we have been so particular in describing him, and because he was the banjo-player to all the small fry at Temple Farm. He had his instrument across his lap on the evening in question, his hands in the very attitude of playing, his eyes closed, and every now and then, as he rose up from a profound inclination to old Somnus, twang, twang went the strings, accompanied by some negro doggerel, just lazily let slip through his lips in half utterance, such as the following:

> "Massa is a wealthy man, and all de nebors know it,
> Keeps good liquors in his house, and always says,
> Here goes it."

The last words were lost in another declination of the head, until cat-gut and voice became merged in a grunt or snort, when he would start up, perhaps strain his eyes wide open, and go on again:

> "Sister Sally's mighty sick; oh, what de debil ails her?
> She used to eat good beef and beans, but now her stomach fails her."

The last words spun out again into a drawl to accompany monotonous symphony, until all were lost together by his head being brought in wonderful propinquity to his heels in the ashes.

While old June thus kept up a running accompaniment to Sylvia's Moorish monotony, on the opposite side of the fire, the front of the circle was occupied by more important characters.

Old Essex, the major-domo of the establishment, sat there in all the panoply of state. He was a tall, dignified old negro, with his hair queued up behind and powdered all over, and not a little of it sprinkled upon the red collar of his otherwise scrupulously clean livery. He wore small-clothes and knee-buckles, and was altogether a fine specimen of the gentlemanly old family servant. He felt himself just as much a part and parcel of the governor's family as if he had been related to it by blood.

On the present occasion, though presumed to be not upon his dignity, the old major sat with folded arms, and a benignant, but yet contemptuous smile playing upon his features, illumined, as they were, by the lurid fire-light, while Martin, the carpenter, told one of the most marvelous and wonder-stirring stories of the headless corpse ever heard within those walls, teeming, as they were, with the marvelous.

On the occasion alluded to, the story-teller for the night had worked his audience up to such a pitch of terror that not one individual dared stir for his life, every one seeming to apprehend an instant apparition. This effect on their terrified imaginations was not a little heightened by the storm raging without. The distant thunder had been some time reverberating from the shores of the bay, mingling with the angry roar of the waves as they splashed and foamed against the beach, breaking, and then retreating for a fresh onset.

It was yet quite early in the evening, and all the white family had gone to the house of one of the neighboring gentry to spend the evening. No one was apprehending their return for some hours, when a thundering clatter of horses and wheels was heard on the graveled road, followed by several loud peals upon the knocker of the hall-door. A lurid glare of lightning at the same instant flashed

athwart the sky, tinging every living and inanimate thing, to the farthest corner of the room, with a bluish, silver white, and revealing the mansion-house, on the opposite side of the yard, through the window, in magnified proportions, like some giant castle looming up for an instant in goblin outlines, and then vanishing amid a most astounding and overwhelming crash.

During this terrible uproar of the elements, and a deluging torrent of rain, the same incessant rattle of the knocker was kept up on the hall-door. No one dared to answer it except old Essex, who sat pinioned to the floor by the poor affrighted creatures clinging to his legs and arms and neck; his lips moving all the while in threatening pantomime, vainly endeavoring to be heard amid the screams around him and the continuous roar overheard. At every pause in the furious storm, rap—rap—rap went the knocker, a signal for the closer gathering of the terrified domestics.

At length the storm took breath, allowing small interval of repose, which old Essex taking advantage of, threw the crowd from him in despair of getting his subordinate to answer the summons, and rushed across the court, and into the back-door of the mansion-house himself, and speedily let go the fastenings of the hall-door.

Stern and schooled as he was in the outward show of calmness, borrowed from his betters, the old major's knees knocked a little as he threw open the hall-door and let the light of the lamp fall over the portico and graveled road.

There stood at the threshold of the door three persons, two males and a female dressed in black, with black silk masks over their faces. The lady was leaning upon the arm of him who appeared the younger of her two companions, while a carriage and four horses stood opposite the door. The elder of the visitors requested leave to enter for a moment's shelter from the furious pelting of the storm. Essex knew the hospitable habits of the place too well to have paused thus long, had he not been con-

founded by the curious appearance of mystery in his visitors, and apprehension for the safety of his master's goods and chattels; but these impressions lasted only for a moment, when the old fellow again resumed his courtly air and bowed them into the hall with inimitable grace. His unerring tact had already discovered that these, if robbers at all, were not of the common sort, and were of no ordinary address. One attitude, a wave of the hand, the general air was enough for the practised eye of the major-domo to discover that they were no ruffians; besides, there was a shrinking, a clinging dependence about the lady, which at once interested him.

If he was surprised at this singular visit thus far, how much more so when he saw them, after entering the hall, walk straight up to the picture of a soldier in armor hanging against the wall? It was the well-known portrait of General Elliot, half-brother to the governor, and one of the most renowned soldiers as well as unfortunate men of his day. Before this picture the mysterious three stood, the two males conversing in a suppressed voice, while the young lady sobbed audibly and most painfully, and finally became so much affected that a chair had to be brought her, which she turned toward the picture, gazing upon it and weeping by turns. Old Essex handed her a glass of wine-and-water, which she declined.

They presently moved opposite to the full-length picture of the governor in his court-dress, and examined it studiously and with some interest, but not of the painful sort with which they had looked at the other. The lady soon returned to her former position, and there she clung until removed almost by force, one gentleman taking her under each arm.

As they left the hall, the elder of the two threw a sealed packet upon the table, stopping to turn up the direction and place it in so conspicuous a place as to be sure to attract attention. The steps were put up, the door shut, and, offering Essex a piece of coin, the whip cracked, and the coach-and-four moved away as it had come, leaving

the old major in sad perplexity whether the whole occurrences of the night had not been a part of the goblin stories of old Martin among the frightened domestics.

The sight of the package was a sure guarantee that it was no such dream of the imagination, and he turned it over and examined it most carefully, seal and superscription. Not being able to read even the outside, he, of course, made little progress with its contents, but he examined the coat of arms upon the seal with the eyes of one not entirely unaccustomed to such things—coming to the sage conclusion that the writer was somebody, at all events. He did not return to his late affrighted colleagues in the kitchen, but seated himself to await the return of the family.

The storm was now clearing away, and there was a prospect that he would not long be left to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. He was presently aroused by the sound of horses and carriages, and soon after by the entrance of the whole party, which had by this time received several accessions.

CHAPTER VII.

A FAMILY SCENE.

THE party entered the hall in fine glee, with the exception of the governor, who still remained dejected, pale, and entirely different from his usually hearty and even gleeful mood. Kate had again been on horseback, in which she delighted, and entered the room with her skirt upon her arm, and a black cap upon her head full of drooping feathers. She was quite flushed, and really looked charming with the excitement of the ride, or that clashing of rival wits she so well knew how to keep up between her two assiduous attendants, but it was all playful and courteous in the highest degree.

One addition to the party was Mr. Nathaniel Dandrige,

a youth just emerging from his teens and his syntax, and a scion of the same class to which the two others belonged. In the language of the times, he was a young gentleman of fortune and birth—the former in expectation, of course. As he entered, Dorothea had his arm, and was carrying on a most desperate juvenile flirtation, in which his excellency seemed only prevented from taking part by his painful reflections, which every now and then came over him; as it was, he hung in their near neighborhood, and gave way to a smile in spite of himself occasionally at the perfect good-humor and *naïveté* of his favorite.

Old Essex had replaced the letter, and was standing, in most respectful deference, awaiting the movements of his master.

"Who brought this, Essex?" was his instant inquiry, as he broke the seal.

"Two gentlemen and a lady—all in masks, sir."

The governor threw himself into a chair, and commenced the perusal with not a little interest. The whole party by this time were seated, and waiting impatiently for farther developments.

"Did the people in masks run away with any of my spoons and cream-pots, Essex?" asked Dorothea.

"No, miss; they were quite of another sort, when I came to see them."

"And the lady?" said Carter. "Was she pretty and young?"

"I could not see her face, sir, but she was very young."

"Had she a pretty foot and hand?" continued Carter.

"The prettiest I ever saw in my life, sir."

All the young people laughed outright at old Essex's close observation upon points which the gentleman seemed to consider so essential a test.

"And her figure, Essex," asked Carter, "did that correspond with the two beautiful members?"

"Most happily, sir. Very much such a figure as Miss Catherine's."

"Thank you, Essex, for your compliment."

The governor, though reading rapidly, lost not a word of all this, trifling though it was; meanwhile he was racking his imagination for some other clew to their identity than any he found in the letter. As soon as he had finished he handed the epistle to Dr. Blair, and then turned to Essex; but the faithful and discreet old major maintained his reserve. He said not a word about pictures nor the lady's weeping, but dealt entirely in a general account of the visit, the ostensible objects of which were to avoid the storm and leave the letter.

No one in the room perceived that the old fellow still held something back but his master. He knew him so well that he divined some cause for his reluctance to make a clean breast of it; accordingly, he soon after retired to his library, followed by Essex, and there learned the whole affair, as our readers have done likewise. Dr. Blair, seeing nothing in the letter to conceal, and knowing that if there was it would soon become public, commenced reading it aloud. It ran as follows:

"*To his Excellency Alexander Spotswood, Esq.*
London, 1714.

"Dear Sir,—This letter will be handed to you by one of the most unfortunate adherents of the Pretender. Start not, my dear sir; he is but one of the Scottish Jacobins, and will in nowise compromise you. The very fact of his seeking your country is evidence enough, if it were wanting, that he desires to be at peace from the toils and dangers of political partisanship. These are claims enough for citizenship, you may think, but not warrant sufficient to claim your personal friendship. He has these also, for he was one of those unfortunate men who befriended and supported your late kinsman to the last. He protests that he will in nowise compromise your excellency with the ministry or their adherents on your side of the water, and has begged me not to write; but, knowing that you would delight to befriend so staunch an adherent of the unfor-

tunate general, I have insisted on his taking a sealed packet, at all events, as it would contain other matters than those relating purely to himself. And now for those matters. He will be accompanied by a great many ruined families of rather a higher class than that from which your immigrants are generally furnished; they, too, are worn out in spirit and in fortune with the ceaseless struggles between the hereditary claimant of the crown and the present occupant. They see, also, breakers ahead. The Queen's health is far from being stable, and in case of her sudden demise there will be an awful struggle here. Are they not right, then, to gather up the little remnant of their property, and seek an asylum on your peaceful shores?

"Your scheme of scaling the mountains, and cutting asunder the French settlements, meets with the hearty approbation of all the military men about the Court; and not a question of the Queen's approbation would remain, were it not for the everlasting squabbles between Bolingbroke and Oxford. Your friend Mr.——ceaselessly urges the matter, and contends that now is the very time to strike the blow; but, my dear sir, there is a desire for peace on the other side of the Channel, and I would advise you to have your preparations in readiness to set out upon the first intimation of her Majesty's consent, so that the news of it cannot possibly reach here before your grand scheme is accomplished.

"It is a magnificent one, and at any other time would fire the minds of our young military men. Hold on, then, my dear sir, to the end, and you will be the ultimate means of laying the foundation of a future empire greater than all Europe in extent, and pregnant with a vast future which even your experienced and sagacious eye cannot as yet discover.

"There is a young lady to accompany this gentleman, but she is even more loath than himself to burden your excellency with what she calls the taint of the rebel. I know full well that you will be a father to this poor, heart-broken, houseless girl, thrown upon our unfeeling world—

not only poor, but suffering untold wretchedness, whether she looks to the past or the future. God Almighty have mercy upon her tender years! All her gentle rearing will now be turned into sources of sorrow. Her cup is poisoned forever where she is known, and where she is not she will bear with her recollections enough to overshadow her future days with a vision so dark that no human hand may ever raise the veil. I cannot say more, for I have promised that I would not; but I think that I have said enough to interest you in these most unfortunate strangers, and make you cherish them. Your heart has changed since we served together if I have not directed them to the very man of all the world and in the very position to most befriend them. There is a new world opened to them in more senses of the word than one—let it be as happy as possible.—Your old friend and companion in arms, G. B. L."

"Dear me!" said Kate; "and our visitors were doubtless some of these. Poor girl, she has followed her father and her brother to these wilds—but perhaps the young gentleman was her lover. That would give quite a romantic turn to the affair."

"I think that hard shower of rain, if they were out in it, would drench what little romance out of them the sea-voyage left," said Dorothea.

"Poor child," said Dr. Blair, seeming rather to commune with his own charitable thoughts, "I pity her from my soul."

"I do not see," whispered Carter to Kate, "that a lady with such a foot and ankle is any such object of commiseration, after all."

"Perhaps an orphan," said Lady Spotswood, glancing at her own happy little circle, with a tear almost starting in her eye.

These various remarks upon the visitors were cut short by the re-entrance of the governor, who walked to that portion of the room where the young gentlemen were seated, and asked which of them would volunteer to ride

to York on such a night in search of these unhappy visitors. Moore immediately rose to his feet and volunteered his services, as, indeed, did both the others; but the former being first, the governor commissioned him to go and find them out, if possible, and bring them back as his guests.

Kate, seeing how earnest and grave her father seemed, gave her beau a look of gratitude, which he considered ample remuneration for riding half an hour in a wet night.

The party were soon after assembled for family prayers, the young ladies having hastily retired to throw off their riding-skirts and hats. A small reading-desk was placed before Dr. Blair, while Kate ascended a platform erected before an organ, fitting into the recess formed by the projecting abutment of the chimney. Then the servants came filing in one by one, and ranged themselves against the wall on the opposite side of the room, the old major at their head.

The whole group being composed to a proper and becoming solemnity, the doctor commenced reading a hymn. When he had finished, the slow and solemn tones of the organ began to ascend in a prelude of great beauty. Kate raised the tune in a fine, mellow voice, which, in that high, old-fashioned apartment reverberated through its lofty ceilings, mingled with the tones of the organ, so as to attune all their hearts to this befitting close of the scenes of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMALGAMATION IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Moore returned to breakfast looking rather haggard, after a sleepless night and a fruitless journey. He said he had traced the coach back to York, but there it had been dismissed, and there in all probability it belonged. There was a faint clew, he said, to the supposition that

they had gone on to the capital directly after their return from Temple Farm.

Kate, as she entered and took her seat at the table, welcomed him with a cheerful mood, and asked in a playful way if he had discovered their hero and heroine of the masks. She looked quite disappointed at the result, and expressed her regret especially that Bernard had not brought the lady back. "It is such an unusual thing," she said, "people calling at a house in the night with masks on, in a country like this, and that house, too, belonging to the chief magistrate of the colony."

"If you had been in York last night, and seen the crowds of houseless strangers that I saw," said Moore, "just arrived from England, you could not have been at a loss to select any sort of character from among them."

"Let us all, then, ride there this morning," said Kate, "and see for ourselves."

No objection being made, it was settled that they should make a general descent upon York, and see one of those human swarms from the European hives by which this country was populated. The letter of the previous night also added a zest to the general curiosity to see that portion of these said to be of a higher order than usual.

"Who can that hot-headed man be," said Kate, "whom papa's friend speaks of in his letter as having compromised himself by meddling in matters that did not concern him?"

"Our college," said the reverend commissary, "will one day or other save our young gentry from the temptation of meddling in Transatlantic affairs. Now it is made a mere grammar-school—this is all wrong. What say you, Mr. Carter—Mr. Moore?"

"I think, sir, to speak with frankness," said Moore, "that it will never be anything else while it remains half savage, half civilized."

Both Kate and Dorothea smiled at the rude interpretation which might be put upon this speech. The doctor replied?

"I understand; you allude to Mr. Boyle's plan of educating the Indians?"

"Exactly, and to the utter impracticability of ever carrying on a literary institution with two such heterogeneous classes as those now in college."

"Why, sir," said Carter, "I have been looking for bloodshed between your Indian hostage pupils and our native young bloods for some time."

"Alas," replied the doctor, "that the most benevolent intentions, devised with the truest apparent wisdom, are ever thus thwarted by the wickedness of man!"

"We grant you the intentions," said Moore, "but for the wisdom of shutting up twenty or thirty wild young Indians in the same building with an equal number of whites, quite as wild in one sense, we cannot vouch. You must recollect, doctor, that Carter and myself have been personal witnesses of the experiment, and we can testify to the ceaseless arrogance on the part of the whites, and the consequent deadly enmity of the Indians. They are most of them princes of the blood, too, and may ill-brook indignity from mere plebeian youths, even of our color. Why, sir, it was no longer ago than one night last week, being in the capital, and hearing a great noise and confusion in the college, I walked up to ascertain the cause. Must I tell it, doctor?"

"Tell it—tell it," said Kate.

"Tell it," said Dorothea.

"I see the two doctors and the governor hang their heads, but, being put upon the stand, I must tell the whole truth. Thus, then, you know, ladies, that there is a particular wing of the college, devised by Sir Christopher Wren, for the express accommodation of their young savage majesties. Two occupy each room, and for their farther accommodation there are two cots. Now, on the night alluded to, half an hour after the Indian class was dismissed to their quarters, and after prayers, such a yelling was heard from that wing that the people of the town actually thought the college again on fire, and some of the

wicked lads in the other end began tolling the bell, which brought also the firemen, with their buckets and ladders. In the *mêlée* I arrived, and found upon inquiring that the connecting-pins from every cot in the Indian wing had been removed, so that each one caught a tumble when he supposed himself only leaping into bed. And that was not all. Every tub and bucket in old Mrs. Stites's kitchen (the stewardess of the college) had been filled with water, and, as far as they would go, placed under the cots, so that many of them got a ducking into the bargain. Such yelling, and screeching, and whooping never was heard. The savage youngsters were for rushing in a body upon their white assailants, and it required all the authority of the Indian master, backed by the other professors and citizens who had assembled, to quell the riot. A party of citizens had to patrol the college the whole night, to prevent bad consequences between the two races."

"It is too true," said Dr. Blair; "but that is the fault of our boys, and not of the original design."

"I beg your pardon, reverend sir, for controverting your position," said Carter, "but the original design, to be entitled to the wisdom which you claim for it, should have provided for the liability in boys of one race to play pranks upon another. This is not a solitary instance. Moore and myself could entertain this goodly company till dinner-time with accounts of these disasters."

The reverend commissary had risen from the table, and was walking along the room back and forth, his hands locked behind him, thrown into painful reflections by the testimony and the arguments of his former pupils. The girls were still laughing over the ridiculous figures which the savages must have cut, but not daring to give full vent to their feelings, because they knew that it was a tender subject with all three of the elderly gentlemen.

In this very different state of feeling in the two—the elder and the younger—the breakfast-table was soon deserted: the young couple to prepare for the contemplated excursion, and the elders to debate that matter gravely over which the others were still amusing themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

YORKTOWN BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

It is not known to most of our readers, perhaps, that Yorktown, the closing scene of the Revolution, was once the principal importing mart of all that region of country now supplied by Baltimore, Richmond, and Norfolk. Such was its importance at the date of our story. The road-stead, now occupied by a few miserable fishing-smacks, was once occupied by merchant-ships, and a tall forest of marts crowded a quay now only the mart of the celebrated York River oysters. Large warehouses and imposing edifices, both public and private, and brisk business, occupied its streets.

Such was its appearance as Kate Spotswood cantered up its principal avenue, Moore on one side and Carter on the other, the whole cavalcade following. They rode through the principal streets of the city until they came to that point since known as the location of the Windmill—there, on both sides of the angle formed by the entrance of the river into the waters of the bay, in every vacant lot, and even in the unfrequented streets, were tents and camp-fires, many of the latter without the comforts of the former, while the hotels were filled to overflowing with strangers of higher grade.

The party rode in among the encamped emigrants, and commenced making inquiries for their mysterious visitors; but there were so many for whom the description would answer, and so many had already set out to the interior, that it was impossible to trace them. Both the young ladies dismounted and walked among the poorer sort, dispensing their charities: they found so many really needy applicants, and in some instances sufferers, that they promised to send them a wagon with more substantial supplies as soon as they got home.

The governor had alighted at the house of Mr. Diggs, a member of the General Assembly, and a personal and political friend, and here again he sent out messengers for the bearer of the letter, but all in vain. While thus occupied a young stranger presented himself as a candidate for employment. He stated that he was one of the emigrants, and without means to prosecute his journey into the interior, and without a single relation among all those who had arrived with him—that he was a classical scholar, and desirous of obtaining the situation of private tutor in some gentleman's family for a short time, in order to obtain means to prosecute his designs in coming over; that his name was Henry Hall, twenty-four years of age, and intended to reside permanently in the colony.

The governor was pleased with the young man, and wanted just such a one to direct Mr. Robert's studies. He told the applicant, therefore, that he would send a horse for him as soon as he arrived at home; and as no credentials or testimonials of qualification had been exhibited, he would place him in the hands of Dr. Blair, who would put him through his syntax. "And as for the mathematics," said the veteran, his eyes glistening with delight, and rubbing his hands, "I will try you about that myself. Do you know anything about military engineering, young man?" continued he, as he saw him about to depart.

"Yes, sir."

"Ha! then you are just my man; we will make a night of it, depend upon it."

The party soon after returned to Temple Farm without having obtained any clew to the route of those whom they were so anxious to find. The governor dispatched old June with a horse for the young man who proposed becoming tutor to Robert, as he had promised. Each one now sought out his own amusement until dinner-time: some strolled upon the lawn, while others walked upon the beach and gathered shells. Old Dr. Evylin retired into the house to read a letter from his daughter, which the post brought him that morning, in answer to a most pressing

invitation from the ladies of the mansion to visit them. As it was characteristic of the lady, and as she is quite an important little personage, we will give it entire:

Williamsburg, July, 1714.

"Dear Father,—Your note of last night, containing an invitation to Temple Farm from Kate, has just been received. I will go, but for a reason, among others, which I fear my ever kind friend Kate will consider anything but complimentary—it is because this house is haunted, and I can no longer stay in it. Look not so grave, dear father, 'tis no ghost. I wish it was, or he was, for it is that same tedious, tiresome, persecuting Harry Lee. I have been most anxiously expecting your return; but, as it seems you have become a permanent fixture at Temple Farm, it is but right that I should grow alongside of the parent stem. The townsfolk are even more anxious for your return than I am. I tell them you ran away from practice; but it seems the more you desire to run away from it, the more they run after you. Few people in this dreary world have been able to effect so much unmixed good as you have, and for that I thank God. Dear father, I have no desire to live but for your sake, and, that the short time we are to live together may not be diminished by any act of mine, I will be with you presently. Our poor pensioners and invalids are all doing as well as usual, and I leave them in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Jones, who I know will care for them as we would. He is surely one of God's chosen instruments for doing good in this world. He has shouldered his cross in earnest, and devoutly does he labor to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom.

"The week that you have been absent, dear father, has appeared the longest seven days of my life. I do not know what my flowers and birds will do without me, but I am sure they can better spare my presence than I can yours.

"Ever your affectionate and devoted daughter,
Ellen Evylin."

Kate was sitting anxiously waiting to hear from the old gentleman what answer his daughter returned, and she saw a tear glistening in his eye as he handed her the note. She read it over; the old gentleman sitting silent until she had finished and returned it. "Poor Ellen!" said she, as she looked up in his face, from which the tears were now stealing down. "But despond not, dear doctor; the change of scene and air will surely do her good."

"I fear her case is beyond the reach of human aid," replied he.

"Indeed! Do you consider it so hopeless?"

"Hers is a crushed spirit, my dear Kate; she has no physical disease except such as is produced by it, and you know it is hard to pluck up the rooted sorrow."

"Never despair, dear doctor; cheerful company and fresh air on horseback, and long, rambling walks among the flowers and green leaves, and the sea-breeze, may do wonders for her. I'll show you that I have not been your disciple for nothing."

They separated; the old man to walk along the beach, and try to relieve his melancholy forebodings by watching the sparkling wave, and the white sails as they spread for that land from which he had brought the mother of his drooping daughter.

That evening the doctor's old family coach came rumbling up to the hall-door at a staid and sober gait, and the whole party in the parlor turned out to receive so unusual a visitor. There stood the gentlemen, old and young, bareheaded, and the ladies likewise, surrounding the steps of the carriage, each one anxious to render assistance, but all giving way for the doctor to receive his daughter in his arms, carrying her, poor old man, to the platform before he suffered her to regain her feet. Fondly she hung upon his neck as they stood there, he within one step of the landing, and she on the top; no one ventured to disturb them, for both were weeping, and seemed to have forgotten the presence of anybody else.

One hour afterward she entered the parlor, supported

by Kate on one side and Dorothea on the other, to a large arm-chair, made soft with shawls. She was rather a *petite* figure, but what was lost in majesty of form was fully compensated for by symmetry of mould, or rather had been, for she was now thin and shadowy. Her face was almost transparent, it was so purely white, and the blue veins upon her temples shone through her wax-like skin, as if the current of life was restrained but by a gossamer texture.

She had no cough, nor any apparent symptoms of physical disease, yet she was evidently wasting away in the very first bloom of her youth and beauty, for beautiful she still was, and in perfect health must have been a fascinating little fairy. How those two girls tried to entertain her, hanging round her chair, and bringing to her in succession every object of curiosity or interest about the place! Even little Robert had piled her lap with curious shells, and Kate was turning over some new volumes of Pope's and Swift's poetry, just then in the first novelty of their recent publication; every now and then reading her passages which struck their fancy.

"You must not let me engross the attention of every one, my dear Kate," said she, in a suppressed voice; "it is painful to me."

The governor, who was sitting near, heard it, and replied, "Suppose, then, we have in the young tutor, and put him through his facings? Essex tells me he is waiting."

"No, no, papa," said Kate, "it will never do; remember the young man has some feeling, and may not choose to be examined upon his proficiency in a room full of company."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the governor; "bring him in, Essex; we will treat Bob to a scene of his master learning some of his own lessons before he administers the birch to him."

The boy rubbed his hands with delight at the proposi-

tion, and his father sent him off to bring in an armful of Latin and Greek books from the library.

The reverend commissary was sent for too, who came, spectacles on nose, just fresh from his books. He, too, objected to the publicity of the examination; but knowing the peculiarities of his friend, his sudden whims and eccentricities, he attempted, like a skilful tactician, to compromise the matter.

"I left the young man in the library," said he, "and I will return and ask him if he has any objection."

"Tell him, then," said the governor, "that I will require these young gentlemen to construe verse about with him, and we will try which has the best of it, Old Oxford or William and Mary."

The youngsters seemed not quite so ready for the exhibition, now that they were to take part in the performance, as they were before, but they acquiesced, of course.

The reverend commissary returned with the young scholar. He was dressed in black, rather the worse for the wear, but still scrupulously neat and clean. The deep impress of long familiarity with persons of high breeding was in every step and movement.

"Egad, he's a gentleman, at all events," said the governor, as he eyed him coming up the room, and rather abashed himself that he had proposed such a boyish freak to such a man. Such was his way, however, and he attempted to smooth over the matter.

"Mr. Hall, here are two or three young gentlemen, alumni of our Western College, which you have doubtless heard of, and I have proposed that the reverend commissary shall play the pedagogue to-night with the whole of us; what say you, will you be one of the class?"

"Most willingly, your excellency," seeming to understand the governor's mood at once.

"Get the books, Bob—the books, the books."

But just at that moment Kate and her sister ran up to poor Ellen Evylin, who would have fallen had they not caught her—she was almost gone. She had been

sitting in her big armchair, so arranged that she had not seen the proposed tutor. As she recovered a little, she whispered to Kate, upon whose shoulder her head was leaning, "Oh, that voice! it was so like—" Then she stopped, and Kate prepared to wheel her into another room, but she strenuously opposed it, and even desired her chair to be turned round, so that she could see the occupants of the other side of the table.

From that moment her eye seemed absolutely riveted to the face of the stranger, and whenever it came to his turn to read Kate felt her whole system thrill and vibrate like one in an ague. This was very strange, and still more surprised Kate, but she kept these thoughts to herself.

The governor was once more in high glee with his new class, and was really taking it turn about with the youngsters at the bucolics. Indeed, it seemed to afford fine sport for all concerned.

Once or twice the stranger youth raised his eyes above his book and examined the group, now located on the other side of the room.

The new tutor was far from being an ordinary-looking man. To use a common homely saying, he was one who had evidently seen better days. Then that deep scar across his face; how came that there? had he been a soldier? This question was destined to have some light thrown upon it sooner than they expected.

The governor, being satisfied with his classical attainments, in his impatience for his favorite studies soon had Robert's black-board brought in, and was figuring away with his chalk at a great rate. He was becoming delighted with his prize, for even Dr. Blair whispered to him that he was a ripe scholar. From mathematics it was an easy transition to their military application, and in less than half an hour his excellency had one of Marlborough's late battles drawn fully out, and he and his new antagonist engaged in a most animated discussion.

The veteran's eye glistened with delight as he listened to

the young man's glowing description of the battle. He placed it in an entirely new light, and the governor now understood some matters which had been puzzling him ever since the accounts were received. He therefore gave up the controversy, which was quite a new thing for him in military matters, and no mean compliment to his new adversary.

After reposing his eye in a brown study for a few moments on the black-board, where the lines of attack and defense still remained, he wheeled suddenly upon his antagonist, and exclaimed, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Tutor: you must have seen service: none but a true military eye could correct the errors of my lines."

The poor youth was struck dumb—all his late animation and military ardor engendered amid the clashing of imaginary armies vanished in a moment. He was confused. His antagonist, seeing this, continued: "Never mind, young man, on which side you took up arms—there shall be no tales out of school here. You are in a freer atmosphere than that which you lately left—where the Duchess and Mrs. Masham alternately sway the fate of contending armies. I have been a soldier of fortune myself, and it boots little to me in what school you learned your tactics. Sufficient that you are a soldier. Gad! Bob, with such a master you will beat John yet, if you only spur up, my man."

"Your excellency seems fully informed of the shameful wrangling of the Queen's ministers," replied Hall, modestly.

"Rather say the wrangling of the female gossips of the Court, and you would come nearer the mark. It is no longer Oxford and Bolingbroke, and that was bad enough, but it is now a fair fight of petticoat against petticoat. The instructions which I receive by one packet are countermanded by the next. If this state of things continue, I must divide my papers into two packages, and label one 'Despatches from her Grace of Marlborough,' and the other, 'From her High Mightiness, Mrs. Masham.'"

"Any farther news from home, governor," asked Carter, "concerning the grand expedition across the mountains?"

"Not one syllable. I have been twice ordered to prepare my little army, and twice has it been countermanded, ere I could cleverly commence operations. The council, damn them—I beg your reverence's pardon as being of them—is too much like the Queen's privy council: they are under petticoat government too, and thus far have most effectually thwarted me."

By this time he had become quite excited, and was walking, with immense strides, across the floor, and talked on almost in a continuous strain. "They hope to unhorse me before I can set out; but upon the very first intimation from the ministry that my measures are approved, I will set out—then arrest me who can. Curse the blockheads of the council!"

"Softly, softly, your excellency," said the commissary; "you should not denounce these men because they cannot think exactly with us. The General Assembly were fully as much to blame, for they refused to vote the necessary funds. They could not see with our eyes."

"See with our eyes!" replied the governor, contemptuously; "nor with any other, damn them; they cannot see an inch from their noses. What do they know about military matters?" turning to Henry Hall, as he continued vehemently: "You see, sir, those rascally Frenchmen are hemming us in in every direction. They are gradually approximating their military settlements up the branches of the Mississippi on the one hand, and down the lakes on the other, until they are just about to meet on the other side of the mountains. Now, I propose to march an expedition across these mountains, and by force, if necessary, seize the strip of land lying between their settlements. No military eye could look upon the thing for one single moment without being struck with the magnificence of the conception. I have written to the ministry, sent maps of the rivers and mountains, and urged them before it is too late; but while they are

carrying on their cursed squabbles between the rival factions of two old wives, our enemies will have already seized upon the ground."

While he spoke thus he had seized the chalk, and was rapidly sketching the course of the principal rivers having their sources most directly among the mountains and the Blue Ridge, and beyond that again the sources of the Mississippi, running south and south-west, and the rivers on the North emptying into the great lakes. He was a fine draughtsman, and a military engineer of the highest repute in that day, and, when he had finished his handiwork, really presented a field for a martial enterprise calculated to fire up the enthusiasm of much tamer spirits than those he addressed.

Hall especially entered into his views with an ardor and a zeal which captivated the old veteran at once. His practised eye ran over the plan of the campaign with the rapidity of intuition, and in less than half an hour he had mastered all the then known geography of the country, together with the forces, position, and number of the French settlements. It is true that they knew not of the double chain of mountains, and had never heard of the great Valley of Virginia—that garden-spot of the land—but with that exception these plans were wonderfully correct, and into that mistake they were purposely betrayed, as will be seen as we progress.

They supposed that the head waters of the Mississippi had their source immediately beyond the mountains, which could be just faintly discovered from the then frontier settlements of the colony.

The table was soon strewed with papers and maps, giving an exact detail of the militia and regular force of the colony, and all the known geography of Virginia.

"I see," remarked Hall, "that your population numbers a hundred thousand, your militia nine thousand five hundred and twenty-two, of which two thousand three hundred and sixty-three are light horse, and seven thousand one hundred and fifty-nine are foot and dragoons."

"Exactly," said the governor; "and yet these craven-hearted delegates and councilors contend that I want to strip the colony of its military protection, to go upon some wild quixotic expedition beyond the borders of civilization, from whence we will never return, and if we do, to find them all butchered at home. Was anything ever heard so supremely ridiculous?"

"Can you not raise an entirely new force for the trans-mountain expedition?" asked Hall.

"As how?" said his excellency, eagerly.

"Suppose you issue a proclamation calling upon all the young gentry of the colony to come forward, with each so many followers of his own enlisting or choosing—say, three hundred gentlemen, with each fifty followers? If you take possession of this fine country beyond the mountains in her Majesty's name, surely her ministers will make liberal grants to those who thus conquer or acquire it."

"A glorious conception, by Heavens!" hugging the new tutor actually in his arms, and giving way to other evidences of delight.

"I'll tell you what it is, Harry Hall: you shall draw up that proclamation this very night. I'll read it before I go to bed."

"No, no, papa," said Kate, interfering. "Mr. Hall is already fatigued with his day's toil, and is besides just from the confinement of a ship; he has already been wearying himself reading at least a bushel of your dry papers."

"Dry papers!" replied the father; "they are far more interesting than the jingling nonsense which Bernard has been reading to you young ladies the last half hour."

"Fie, fie, papa, to call Mr. Pope's beautiful pastorals jingling nonsense. I appeal to Dr. Blair whether there is not food in them to satisfy minds of even masculine vigor?"

"Right, right, my Kate," said the old prelate, "in

both cases. The young man is doubtless fatigued, and the poetry is good."

"I am not the least weary, your excellency, and will draft your proclamation on the spot, if you say so."

"No, no, the general voice is against me, and we will adjourn the subject until after breakfast in the morning, especially as I see Bob is coming already for his first lesson."

The youngster had been standing some time leaning upon a pair of foils, and now approaching bashfully, asked Hall if he could give him lessons with these also.

"Oh, yes," said he, taking one of the instruments out of his hand, and telling Robert to put on his basket, while he laid his own on the table, and placed himself bareheaded in a posture of defense. He suffered the boy to make a few passes at him, and then disarmed him so handsomely and so easily that he threw the foil entirely over, end for end, and caught it in his own hand.

"A trick of the Continental army, by Heavens!" exclaimed the governor. "Come here, Moore; this gentleman needs a more formidable competitor than Bob. Here, Mr. Hall, is one of my holiday pupils; toast him a little for the amusement of these girls."

At it they went in fine style, both evidently playing shy until they should see a little into the other's fence, and both giving and parrying with caution and dexterity. Neither had much advantage in length of limb, and both were practised swordsmen; but Moore, rather undervaluing his plebeian adversary, began to push at him pretty fiercely. Instantly his foil was seen turning pirouettes in the air.

"Ha!" said the old veteran, rising and rubbing his hands, "have I found an antagonist at last? Now for it, Mr. Hall."

Even the ladies began to take some interest in the game, for they were quite accustomed to such scenes, and did not usually turn even to notice so ordinary an affair; but now, when two such extraordinary swordsmen encountered,

every one was looking on with pleased interest. Long and dexterously did they thrust and parry, advancing and retreating, until they were so worn down that the two blades lay against each other in close pressure, neither willing nor daring to renew the encounter.

"Come, come," said Dr. Blair, "that's enough—you are both satisfied." Like two boys tired out with fighting, they were willing enough to desist.

The tutor was soon after shown to his own room. When he had gone the governor was loud in his praise, and pronounced him a most extraordinary young man, and the finest swordsman that he had encountered since he left the army.

"I'll tell you what it is, governor—I have been thinking what an acquisition that young man would be to our college," said the commissary.

"The college may go a-begging this time, Dr. Blair; I intend that Henry Hall shall see the highest blue peak of the Appalachian Mountains before I am done with him. Providence has doubtless sent him to me with some such design, and when I have caught the bird in my net, you come and open your cage, and say, 'Let him fly in here.' No, no—I have engaged Mr. Hall for Bob, and your college must get along without him, I assure you."

"Well, well, it will be time enough for us when you return from the mountains, if indeed you don't leave the bones of the fine youth bleaching upon their highest peaks."

Rather an unkind cut of the old doctor, and which set the governor to thinking for a moment ere he replied,

"Just as sure as the sun shines to-morrow, I tell you, Dr. Blair, that I will lead an expedition over yonder blue mountains, and I will triumph over the French, the Indians, and the devil, if he chooses to join forces with them."

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it. I did not question the result at all; I only meant to allude to the mishaps inevitable from all human undertakings, and against these

even your great military experience cannot guarantee this youth."

The evening closed as previous ones had done, with family prayer, after which the party separated for the night.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The morning broke still and serene over the shores of the Chesapeake, now in the full fruition of their summer glories, and the flowers clustering with a rich harvest of beauties o'er hill and dale, garden and lawn, meadow and brook.

Kate Spotswood was of a temperament to enjoy all these summer glories with a relish only known to nature's poets and painters. She was not disposed to indulge in the dreamy mood alone, however, for at the first peep of dawn she was in Ellen Evylin's room, and had roused up the valetudinarian.

That wakeful child of sorrow lay with her eyes as preternaturally bright as they were the night before, and Kate saw that they had been very differently employed than in sleeping, for her pillow was yet moist with tears. She begged her friend to leave her to her thoughts; but no, Kate said, "she was her physician, that her father had put her under her care, and she was now about to administer the first prescription."

She drew the curtain from the window and pointed to the glorious scene without, stretching away in the distance, until it was lost in the misty junction of the watery horizon. "Look, dear Ellen, at those long blue pennants sweeping out toward Cape Charles, did you ever see anything more beautiful? See how they contrast with the lighter blue of the sky, and now how the sun, rolling up behind, tips their edges with crimson. Get up, dear

Ellen; God never made these morning glories to be seen in bed; it is the salutation of Heaven to Earth; Nature is just drawing the first curtain from before his altar, and we of the earth should not reject the proffered boon."

"Dear Kate, what an enthusiast you are!" said poor Ellen, still longing to be alone.

"Enthusiast, Ellen? Indeed I am an enthusiast; God loves enthusiasts, and the wicked only hate them. My father, too, he is called an enthusiast by the cold-blooded common-sense men; look at him, dear Ellen; his thoughts soar forever over those blue mountains, and that very passion will carry him one day to their summits, and does it not ennoble his character? Is he not elevated by it? See how pure and guileless he walks among the poor intriguing politicians who clog his steps, and yet cannot advance one of their own. Is he not the life and soul of the whole colony?"

"Kate, you bear down all opposition; I give up to enthusiasm: only bring me back to its brilliant hopes and aspirations, and you will earn your title of Doctress indeed!"

"That will I, my poor scared bird; you have been caged so long, that you have forgotten how to flutter, much less fly; but come, soar along with me among the bright wings that surround us without, and your pinions will come back again. You were never made, dear Ellen, to grovel, and pine, and die among the tamer duties and every-day drudgeries of life."

"I have substituted duty for enthusiasm, Kate."

"Duty! Well, come, Mrs. Duty, only give me your hand, and I will trip you over field and flower, and brae and break, and moor and lawn, until we shall accomplish all Mrs. Duty's task, and far more beside. I tell you, Ellen, that duty is none the worse for a little of the genuine fire; she goes lame without wings, and even hobbles on crutches, but clap the pinions to her, and she soars aloft, and sips the very beauties which God created to be met half-way by such a spirit. Heaven itself is but

one continued scene of enthusiasm; we cannot form a conception of its glories without bidding good-day to earth."

"And leave poor old Duty behind."

"There you are wrong, dear Ellen, to separate them; I would only clothe the dame in brilliant hues, while you want to murder her with rags and poverty."

"Oh, Kate, how you do run away with the argument!"

"Not at all, Ellen; I only want to convince you that there are more ways than one to do right, and that even doing right in a peculiar way is very near akin to doing wrong."

"Why, Kate, one would think, to hear you talk, that I had been doing something very wrong."

"It is not exactly that, dear Ellen, but I wish to convince you that there are higher and nobler duties than those with the performance of which you satisfy your conscience."

"You surprise me exceedingly; tell me what those high duties are?"

"A cheerful spirit is the first and greatest thing which you lack." Seeing the poor valetudinarian burst into tears, she pushed away her woman, and threw her arms round her while she continued:

"Nay, nay, nay, Ellen, I would not wound you for the world; I wished rather to coax than scold you from your settled dejection."

"Kate, you know not what I suffer, you cannot, no one can know."

"There is the very point, dearest—try it with me; no mother ever listened to daughter with the same indulgence that I will listen to you. If your imagination magnifies trifles into matters of importance, it is enough for me that they are so to you, and I will look at them with your eyes. Dear Ellen, I seek your confidence with the most sincere desire to befriend you—I promise you I will feel too much as you feel—I will weep when you weep; and if you cannot laugh when I laugh, why, we will e'en

cry together. Dear Ellen, throw me not off; I love you like my own, own sister."

"I cannot withstand your appeal, Kate; you have made a child of me, and you must put up with my childishness."

By this time Kate had her arm round the waist of the invalid, and was urging her through the garden to the grove beyond.

"Here is a lovely seat," said she, "and we can sit here at the foot of this old tree and talk till we are tired—or rather till you are tired, for when that comes then I will talk to you. The birds, you see, are warbling their pretty stories among the fresh green leaves. See that mocking-bird, how it chatters to its mate—that is me, Ellen, and the silent one represents you, only I'm sure I cannot discourse such sweet music as my prototype."

"Dear Kate, the very sound of your voice cheers my heart—before I left home I had not walked this far for many, many months."

"Oh, how I rejoice that you are come at last! You don't know how I have longed to have you here, just as now, your whole confidence mine."

"I shall be so, Kate, and I have often wished for such a confidante, but my whole being shrinks from disclosing the weaknesses of earlier days."

"One to hear you talk would suppose you fifty at the least."

"I may appear staid and sober enough, but I have not always been so. Do you not recollect, when we first met at the capital, what a thoughtless rattle-brain I was?"

"I recollect only that you took me captive, heart and soul, little girls as we were; and if I remember right I was not the only one."

"Oh, Kate, what memories your words recall—what happiness—what weaknesses!—those of childhood, to be sure. I am almost wicked enough to repine sometimes when I think that my destiny for this life was cast and lost before I was perfectly a responsible being, but it was

doubtless so designed by an all-wise Providence to teach me that this is not my true home."

"There now, Ellen, we might begin the argument again, were I disposed to interrupt you, but I am not. You were speaking of the time when we first met."

"Or rather, Kate, when I first met Frank Lee. You see I can even recall his name now, which my poor fond father would no more do in my presence than he would explode a petard at my feet. Poor Frank was left a ward of my father's, you know. Papa attended old Mr. Lee in his last illness. He was unprepared to die—no will made. Papa wrote his will, and agreed to accept the trust of his two sons, Francis and Henry. He brought them from Westmoreland with him, and they went to college from our house. Oh, what happy, joyous, frolicsome days were those of the first year! I saw no difference in the boys; they were both my seniors, and both as brothers to me. Those happy, happy evenings during the long winter nights, when my father used to sit and talk to us about the structure of the earth—its revolutions, and those of the other planets, and then of the innumerable worlds beyond—and sometimes he would perform chemical experiments for our amusement—in short, he became a child among children, in order that they might become men. But I went hand-in-hand in all their studies, ay, and plays too—they almost made a little Amazon of me; and I really believe they would have taken me out gunning with them, if papa had not put his veto upon it. This he could not do, however, with all the unfeminine amusements into which they forced me. You recollect my little sorrel pony, and how we three cantered over the neighborhood of Williamsburg? Not an old fish or oyster negro but knew us a mile off. Oh, how merry Frank was—so full of buoyant spirits—so exhilarated with hope—so cheerful—so kind to everybody, so obliging—so repentant when he did wrong, so stern and steady when right! I think I can see his pouting lip now maintaining his boyish rights.

"Do you know, Kate, that I saw a fearful resemblance to the expression of his mouth in that strange tutor last night? I know it was only a chance resemblance, wholly accidental, but it has interested me in that young man. When I saw him throw his eyes to the floor and become lost in a reverie, until they had to jog him quite rudely when it came to his turn to read, I would have given anything in this world to have traveled with his thoughts to his distant home and proscribed friends. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'he too has been left an orphan, like poor Frank, and wandered, as he did, from the happy scenes of his childhood, and is now calling them up one by one, in painful pictures of the past.' I longed to compare notes with him; I know it was very foolish, but it was all conjured up by that smile.

"Oh! such an expression never but one youth before had. It told a history—there were years of association with it; long years of memory lent their shadows, and that bright smile was like the dimples round a stone thrown at random into the river, slowly receding and vanishing—leaving the shores and their histories as if the stone had never been thrown. But where was I? Oh! up to this time I had never perceived any difference between the brothers, or never analyzed it, if I had. Frank being the elder, seemed very naturally to take the lead in everything. One circumstance I did remark, by-the-bye—whenever he went away to spend a day or a week, with some neighboring youth, among the gentry, we were all moped to death. Father and Harry were as much rejoiced to see him return as I was, but this was attributed by me at the time to the breaking up of our little family party. I knew not but it would have been the same if any other one had gone. I perceived not that he was the very life and soul of our little meetings. Neither had I perceived up to this time that Frank was at all different from other youths of his age; he appeared just like them to me—he dressed like the rest of the young gentry—rode like them—talked like them. No, not exactly either—he did not

talk like common boys, for there was a winning gentleness about him mingled with the manliness of riper years, which the old negroes used to say betokened an early death. Alas, how true those forebodings were! You see I cannot keep up the history of the two boys together, I so run away with the memory of Frank. There was no perceptible difference in their attainments at school, more than could easily be accounted for by disparity of years. This was not great, but two or three years is greater, I believe, in mental than physical growth.

"As I began to approach my fourteenth year, now five years ago, I marked the distinctive identity of my father's wards. I observed little things, but not great ones—those on the surface, but nothing deeply. Henry was the more silent of the two, more cautious, prouder, and more given to the pomps and vanities of his station. He loved to affect the gentleman even thus early, would seldom ride out without a servant, and loved to be waited upon for show and ceremony's sake, as well as from convenience or actual necessity. He could not bear a joke or playfulness of any sort at his own expense, while he was very willing to be amused at the expense of others; yet, when he laughed or played, it was never with his whole heart and soul, like his brother. You see, dear Kate, I am answering your oft-repeated appeals in behalf of Henry Lee in giving his history.

"Henry, to tell the truth, loved self too much, and regarded others too little, while his brother was the very reverse in every respect. Frank, you know, by the laws of the land, inherited the bulk of his father's property, which had been in no way disturbed by the will, except to give Harry his mother's share, which was amply sufficient, I am told, to have made him independent, and better off than younger brothers generally are. Yet there was now evidently growing up a jealousy of his brother's great possessions. Though the younger, he would sneer at his brother's position as the head of the family—bow to him, when rebuked, in mock humility.

"In all their college squabbles with other boys, Harry was sure to be the aggressor in the quarrel, and Frank was sure to do the fighting; not that Harry was a coward at all, but his brother was so much more of a generous and chivalrous nature. I have seen him come home all bloody from fighting Harry's battles, and cannot remember an instance of the latter becoming the champion of the other."

"He was the younger," said Kate.

"True; but he was the stouter and stronger too, I believe. However, give him all the advantages of his position; I would not detract one iota from his claims of any kind. These distinctive marks in their character began to develop themselves more and more every day, until the very servants plainly showed their partiality for Frank. My father, too, impartial, calm, and temperate, as you know him to be in his feelings, could not help showing his greater fondness for the elder brother; and this brings me to the relation of a fact—a small one, it is true, but these develop character. Harry perceived this growing partiality of my father—if that may be called partiality which was nothing more than the love of good and generous actions—and was not long in telling him of it. Not only did he charge him with it, but he alleged that it was the result of interested motives, and grew entirely out of his desire to secure Frank and his fortune for his daughter. We were all present, and I am very sure that I shall never forget the scene which succeeded. My venerable old father was terribly shocked, as you may suppose, and he rebuked Harry as I never heard him rebuke any one before. If Harry had possessed any genuine feeling, he would have shrunk into nothing at such a withering castigation from a source usually so mild and gentle. But he was far from feeling remorse on the occasion, and never retracted.

"It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and I ran out into the garden, and there, in that old summer-house which you have so often chided me for making my home,

I had like to have cried my very eyes out for mortification. I had never had such a thought pass through my mind, any more than if Frank had been my brother. Now that it was distinctly presented, and in such a startling light too, shall I confess it to you, my dear Kate, my kind confessor, that it was not wholly unpleasant? The mortification was profound, but I fear the poison had sunk equally deep with it. I, of course, at that age, could not enter into a very rigid self-examination; my powers of self-analysis, if I had even been disposed to exercise them, could not be very great, but I can trace my feelings now, and I confess to you that that charge, a disgraceful one if true, carried with it a surmise that, though wholly untrue on our parts, it might not be so on Frank's. Oh, what a terrible quarrel succeeded between those two young brothers! Frank poured down such a torrent of indignation upon his brother as no one could have supposed would ever issue from lips usually so mild and gentle; and—must I confess all?—it was mingled with such praises of me as no poor motherless girl of fourteen could hear in safety. I did not eavesdrop, but hearing the quarrel somewhat abate, I essayed to get to my own room, which could only be approached through the one in which they were sitting. I retreated to my seat again. My poor, almost heart-broken father was already locked up in his chamber, and did not again make his appearance that night.

"At length Henry was silenced, but not abashed or repentant, and walked himself off in great state, declaring he would never enter our doors again. He slept that night, truly enough, in college. When he was gone Frank came in search of me. You, dear Kate, can imagine my feelings; young as I was, I was covered with shame, and must have looked to him like the guilty participator in the interested scheme with which his brother charged me, but it was from a very different cause.

"I was beginning to have a faint idea that the youth before me was indeed dearer to me than a brother; and

after what had been said, and feeling as I did, how could I look him in the face? And how could he look at my evident shame and embarrassment without having a suspicion, at least, that that part was true? But he was a brave, noble, generous boy; his own nature was too bright and pure to suspect others. He seated himself on the grass at my feet and took both my hands, and then poured out his whole soul to me, boy as he was, with all its generous treasures and lofty aspirations. He, too, it seemed, had been unconscious of the slumbering passion within until it had been revealed some time before by a similar scene between him and his brother when quite alone. Kate, I had to respond to his eloquent, pleading passion, or else give farther grounds for suspecting me of some sinister design in future, because I had betrayed too much already to affect concealment now, and I met his confiding nature with a frankness equal to his own.

"Even our little Eden found a tempter, I will not call him a serpent, for you know Harry Lee and respect him, and he is often your father's guest; but I will say that he is by no means exempt from the fierce and deadly passions of our nature. Nay, more, and let this be the answer once for all to his suit—his long and persevering suit, pleaded by so many able advocates. Though so calm and high-bred in all his exterior man, he is but a common man still—all his passions and deadly enmities are only schooled into good behavior; though wreaths and flowers grow upon the surface, serpents slumber beneath.

"He returned to our house next morning, notwithstanding his anathemas of the evening before, and his stealthy and watchful jealousy very soon discovered that there was an understanding between Frank and me, if not approved by my father; and this brings me to the latter's view of the matter. He has always been mother and father both to me; consequently the most unreserved confidence existed between us, as much so as ever existed between parent and daughter. I went, after a sleepless night, and told him the whole story of our youthful love

and its premature revelation; for I can call it nothing else but a discovery, and an accidental one, on our parts. He was most deeply moved, ay, and interested too, beyond that which a fond parent might be supposed to feel, for he was struck with the novelty of such a youthful engagement.

"My father, I could see, was pleased in spite of himself, and in spite of Harry's poisonous breath having been blown into our cup of happiness; but he decided at once that Frank must anticipate his Edinburgh course, before determined upon; and they had a long interview that morning, the result of which was that he was to set out forthwith.

"The parting between Frank and me was at yonder town, and, as you may imagine, was only supportable from the hope of our soon uniting again. My father accompanied us to the ship, and we lay upon the water in our little boat, waving our handkerchiefs, until that noble vessel had become a speck not much bigger than the boat itself. I could have stayed there forever, or until he came back, for he carried with him my present existence as well as future. The past only is now my own, and its treasures I have been pouring out with a lavish hand to you, my truest and oldest friend. Harry seemed to think that he had the whole game in his own hands after Frank's departure; he could not conceal his exultation; he attempted to assume his position in our family, and even went so far as to affect his easy, careless ways and winning manners. You know enough of that proud and haughty spirit to estimate how very unbecoming it appeared in him; but why need I dwell upon that particular assumption of what was not his own? Has he not assumed the hues of the chameleon? and, above all, has he not taken everything that was Frank's?"

"There, dear Ellen, I think you are a little unjust, for he, of course, must inherit his brother's property."

"Of course; but it is not just that. It was the indecent haste to step into his shoes in all respects to which

intended to allude; but perhaps I am unjust to Harry in detailing particulars. I do not wrong him, however, in the spirit which I attribute to him as to his past life. I know the man, Kate, most thoroughly and intimately. Has not our childhood been spent together? and is he not now ever at our house? No, no, Kate, I have not wronged him, on the whole; I have drawn a flattering likeness of him; and now contrast poor Frank's personal outlines with his, and you have the two pictures complete." Saying which she drew forth a small picture hanging to a ribbon, and looked at it steadily for a moment as a mother hangs over some memento of her lost one, and then handed it to Kate. It was the miniature of a fair-haired youth, yet in his teens, in a crimson velvet dress, the ruffles falling from his very white neck and hands, so as rather to add to the extreme youthfulness of the general air. It was a face to look upon and remember forever—an eye that sparkled with the high impulse of genius, as well as the flush of health and ardor of youth.

"No wonder, dear Ellen, that you cannot look upon Henry with favor, when you cherish ever near your person such a rival as this. Oh, 'tis a noble youth!"

"But let us put it by, Kate. It is not well for me to add to my own regrets by hearing him praised by others. You already know all that sad part of his history connected with your uncle's execution. You know that he fell fighting like a hero for his rescue."

"Would it not be well, my Ellen, to lay it out of sight altogether? I would certainly advise the step, as the first preparation to fit you for resuming your proper duties in society."

"Dear Kate, what inconsistent creatures we poor mortals are! But now I had almost taken your place, and become the enthusiast of the morning, and you have almost taken mine, and gone to preaching of duty."

"It is only the different lights in which circumstances

place us. We are not so dissimilar by nature as these have made us."

"Kate, there has been a secret funeral here of one near and dear to your father, and with whose death Frank's was most intimately connected. Your father has received many papers relating to these things, and I am going to commission you sometime soon to be my ambassador. Upon that hope I live, Kate."

"Most willingly will I assist you; but do tell me, what funeral do you allude to, and how could it be secret?"

"The remains of General Elliot have been clandestinely removed here, whether by your father's orders or by his friends in Europe I know not, but certainly with the governor's approbation, for he had the place of their reception prepared before the body arrived."

"How you astonish me! first at the facts themselves, and next at your obtaining the information before me. But tell me how you know this to be true."

"I received the intelligence in a letter from my papa, the very same which enclosed your pressing invitation; he told it to me as a secret, however, never supposing for a moment that I could divulge it to anybody, much less that I would be down here almost as soon as the answer, and brought, too, by this news. I obtained his permission to mention all this to you last night, as he said your father intended to communicate it to the family the first moment you were all alone."

"This is very strange, but now I recollect that gloomy-looking structure at the foot of the lawn, in the center of a cluster of trees; and this accounts, too, for papa's strange appearance the night we saw blood on his face, and his unusually grave demeanor ever since. And this it was that brought you to Temple Farm—a desire to pry farther into these matters that made me your confidante, after all?"

"Nay, nay, Kate, could I not as well have chosen Dorothea?"

"Yes, and got laughed at for your pains; sister has no

more idea of any one wasting away from immaterial afflictions than she has of alchemy. Ten to one but she would prescribe for your case a bowl of new cream, drank at her dairy before breakfast. Dear, laughing little jade, she will never die the victim of sentiment, depend upon it."

"Thrice happy she," replied Ellen, with a deep-drawn sigh; "such should be all the daughters of this world; but she has yet to be tried, Kate. You may underrate her susceptibilities."

"I meant no more myself, Ellen—dear, good-natured, laughing little baggage. I am sure I underrate her in nothing. I think this wide, wide world contains few such. Father lives over his own youth in her. But we are forgetting the business in hand, and while we talk of our plans let us be moving toward the house slowly. The sun is getting too warm here for you. Now let me know exactly what I am to do."

"Why, you are to seize the first opportunity of having a private interview with your father, at which you are to inform him how far we are already let into his secrets, and then beg as a special favor for me the perusal of all the papers relating to the trial, death, and attempted rescue of General Elliot."

"And will you, my Ellen, go into his library and pore over those piles of musty papers, at the same table with this new private secretary of his, for I understand that he is going to confer that vacant office also upon the stranger who has so captivated him?"

"No, Kate, no; we must have them in your room, and then we will search them together; you have become interested sufficiently in my story to take that much interest, or, if you dislike the task, I will do it alone. No mother ever read an epistle from a sick child with the same avidity that I will pore over those musty papers."

By this time they had reached the house and seated themselves at the breakfast-table.

CHAPTER XI.

MATCH-MAKING.

THE governor's guests and family were already seated at breakfast, more than one messenger having been dispatched for the two missing young ladies. They entered at the very moment when some surprise was being expressed at the unwonted length of Miss Evylin's walk.

"So, so, doctor," said the governor, looking in triumph at his worthy old friend, "I told you Kate was the better doctor of the two; now look at your daughter, and tell me if that is not pretty well for the first morning."

The doctor made room near himself for his daughter, and looked, indeed, with much interest for the re-freshened bloom to which his excellency alluded. There it was, sure enough, two round red spots in her cheeks—whether the result of health or disease he seemed somewhat puzzled to tell.

It had been one of the favorite projects of the governor, in days gone by, to unite his eldest son and heir to the daughter of his oldest and best friend. There seemed a peculiar propriety in this, on every account. Some persons thought they could perceive a remarkable similarity of mental constitution. John Spotswood was then one of the ablest men within the boundaries of the Old Dominion —of vigorous intellect—learned and subtle in the use of scholastic weapons, and with a power of eloquence, when he chose to use it, which a public assembly could rarely withstand. There seemed, then, a propriety in the proposed union of these most carefully educated persons, but a greater mutual repugnance sprung up between them than could have been imagined from the premises stated.

Ellen ran her eyes over the company at the table in search of the new tutor, anxious to see how he would appear by daylight, and almost afraid to see those lips again that

called up so many painful memories; while she was in the very act a servant entered with an answer to a message, which the governor had dispatched to him previous to her entrance, to the effect that he would pay his respects to his excellency and his guests directly.

"Poor fellow," said the governor, "he doubts his position in our little circle, and was too unpresuming to present himself; but I will soon show him that if Lady Spotswood marshals her guests to the table in order of their rank, I range mine in the order of their merit."

Her ladyship laughed at this sally, and replied, "That it was the first time in her recollection that she had been charged with too exact an observance of form and ceremony. What says the commissary?"

"I think that the papers relating to the transmountain expedition might answer that question for his excellency, Are not three-fourths of the aristocracy of the land ranged against it?" said he.

"It was not her ladyship who offended them; that sin lies upon my shoulders. Indeed, I did but jest about the order of precedence."

A cloud came over the hard, weather-beaten face as soon as the great subject of all his meditations were mentioned, and he remained in a thoughtful mood for awhile, and then continued: "My first offense was that I, a military man, and nothing else, arrived in the colony most unexpectedly to take the place of a gentleman who was captured on his way hither by the French. He was expected to espouse the cause of the clique whom I have mortally offended by attending to the real interests of the whole colony. Instead of being too much of a political partisan, I have not been enough so to please them. In the second place, I have established warehouses for the inspection of tobacco at convenient places throughout the land, and this touches the pockets of the planting interest. In the third place, I have established a large iron furnace and forge, and this separates me still more from that interest. And, fourthly and lastly, I have advocated the

establishment of military posts from the frontiers to the head waters of the Mississippi, thus disuniting the grasping French from forming in our rear; and this, they say, all the men and tobacco in the colony could not accomplish. Is it truly put, Mr. Commissary?"

"Very fairly stated; but you forgot to mention the Indian hostages at the college."

"Oh, ay. They say farther that I am putting a stick into the hands of savages to break our own heads. Now we have the whole case; was ever a glorious and magnificent scheme of conquering an empire thwarted from such pitiful and contemptible motives? Oh, if I only had some of Marlborough's brave boys here, how I would shame these poor, sordid, narrow-minded creatures! I would plant the British Lion on the most commanding position which it has ever yet occupied. Grand as the enterprise is, in a military point of view, it is far surpassed in importance by its civil and social relations. The discovery of Columbus itself was nothing—the achievements of Smith and Raleigh are nothing, if we are to be hemmed in here within a narrow strip of land along the Atlantic coast. Accomplish my design, and resources are opened to the West which the most enthusiastic visionary cannot now foresee."

Kate exchanged a smile with some of the young gentlemen—she had so often heard him dilate upon the same subject—while Dorothea looked up in his face, and remarked, "Papa, I have always heard that old soldiers love to fight their battles over again, but you are always fighting them by anticipation."

Patting her on the head, he replied, "Then I am a gasconader, am I?"

Before any reply was uttered the tutor entered, dressed pretty much as he had been the night before, but looking weary and haggard, as if he had spent a sleepless night. Notwithstanding this, his carriage was erect, and he walked to his place and made the salutations of the morning with a grace and ease more like a courtier just from the saloons

of the Queen than a poor, houseless tutor and private secretary.

Before he was seated, the governor named the ladies to him, and he again bowed to them, bending over very low and gracefully as he saluted Kate and Ellen, but not uttering a syllable. He passed the hour of breakfast very much in the same way, scarcely ever speaking, except when the governor addressed some questions directly to him, and which he answered like a man possessed of ample information touching all the interesting questions then involved in the subject of the succession.

It was curious to watch the painful sort of interest with which Ellen Evylin's eyes seemed to gloat on his face every now and then before she would turn away with a dissatisfied air.

His face was one which, like the governor's, had seen some little vicissitudes of weather, with this difference: that old Boreas had put his marks on the first after the zenith of life had been passed, while in the other it was scarcely approached. He wore large brown whiskers, overshadowing much of his face, retained, no doubt, from his military life, and stretching from one of them the scar of a deep saber cut ran along his face and down into his very mouth, so that his countenance, when in repose, had rather a ferocious look, from which, however, it was instantly redeemed when lighted up in conversation. He was tall and slender, and not apparently in good health. Altogether, he was a remarkable-looking man.

Kate whispered to Ellen, as they were leaving the room, arm-in-arm, "Our new tutor has quite as aristocratic an air as any person at the table, and more of the camp grace about him than even papa himself."

"Did you ever hear such a deep-toned voice, Kate?" said Ellen, "it sounds like the bass-pipes of your organ; I could not help fancying him giving commands along a line of soldiers in battle array."

"The very idea, Ellen! there is command in it, ay, and

in more than that about him: poor man, he has not always been a tutor, I dare say."

"Kate, I always feel sorry for your broken-down gentleman; there is no more melancholy expression in our language than 'such a one has seen better days,' and how instantly they occur on looking at Mr. Hall. Without the slightest appearance of an attempt to excite sympathy—indeed, quite the reverse—every tone and attitude tells of fallen fortunes."

"Papa seems to have fallen in love with him at first sight; but that big scar over his face would captivate him at any time. He loves a soldier for his own sake, independent of the cause he has been engaged in."

"And what cause, Kate, did Mr. Hall espouse?"

"I do not know, Ellen; perhaps papa inquired into that; but, as I said just now, it would matter little with him, if his soldiership and personal honor remained unimpeached."

"I would almost be a surety for them myself, so firmly persuaded am I that he is a true man."

"What strange prejudices you do take up, Ellen, and almost at first sight. Here is Mr. Harry Lee, a gentleman of princely fortune, high birth, great personal accomplishments, and a playmate of your childhood, whom you cannot bear the sight of; while, on the other hand, you are ready to vouch for the honor and honesty of a poor stranger whom you never saw but once before in your life."

"True, Kate, I believe it is the nature of our sex to judge more by the heart than the head, and I don't know but they err as seldom in their estimates of character as the other. As to the fortune and birth, and all that, which you have tossed into Harry Lee's scale in balancing these two characters, I do not value them at that" (snapping her fingers). "I would not marry him if he was heir-apparent to the throne of England."

"I heard a servant announce to my father, as I left the room, that Mr. Lee would be here to-day."

"Yes, I recognized the livery; and so odious has even

the poor servant's badge of office become, that it hurried me from the table."

"Why, my Ellen, I had no idea that you were such a spiteful, bitter little jade!"

"Did you suppose, because out of health, I was a poor, tame somebody that said yea and nay, with a drawl and nasal twang, and that I would be Mr. Lee's humble servant as soon as he laid his fortune at my feet? No, no, Kate; you, if placed in my position, without changing characters, would do just as I have done."

"Why, Ellen! if the forth-coming shadow of Harry Lee makes you as satirical as that amusing Churchman whom I read to you last night, what will his real presence do?"

"Make me as stately and formal as he is, if not so pompous."

"And is he one of your stuffed figures, that talks of the weather and one thing or another—a walking weather-cock, or the clerk of the weather's deputy?"

"No, not just that; to give him his due, he has some mind—covered up beneath all the pomps and vanities of all the Lees."

"And what is the staple of his conversation?"

"His world, material and immaterial, has one common center, and that is Mr. Harry Lee, member of the House of Burgesses. He is a philosopher too, and has discovered a new theory of the solar system!"

"Indeed, and what is his grand principle?"

"Why, that Henry Lee, Esq., of Westmoreland, is the grand center of that system, and that the sun revolves around him."

"Oh, Ellen, how we have all been slandering you here in your absence! One gentleman declared that you were only prevented from taking the veil because there was no nunnery convenient. Another that you were going to join the Dissenters, and another the Quakers—and poor John, that you were a man-hater."

"I am sure I never gave your brother any reason to

say so. He, I'm certain, can never be ranked with the automaton figures. Neither of us had much fancy, I believe, for each other in a matrimonial point of view, but no one can converse with John, for one hour, without respecting his understanding; but do you know, Kate, that he has imbibed deeply of Bolingbroke's most dangerous opinions?"

"Ha! and that is the secret, then, of your sudden disagreement, or rather agreement to disagree?"

"No, no, Kate; I have let you enough into the history of my past life to convince you that I can never listen to the addresses of any living being more, and this may explain also the story of my man-hating, and Presbyterianism, and Quakerism; but I will not disguise from you that, had those things never happened, I could never love, honor, and obey any man who did not honor and obey our holy religion."

CHAPTER XII.

GOING TO CHURCH IN THE COUNTRY.

About twelve o'clock a long cavalcade drove up to Old York Church. First came the out-riders in livery, then the body-guard of the governor in full uniform. This corps, numbering about twenty-seven men, consisted mostly of old veterans who had served with the governor in his Continental campaigns, and one old fellow having a wooden leg. They were a martial-looking band, and had the appearance of having seen service. The governor's country establishment had a range of dormitories for these, and stables for their horses; but he never called them out except on something like public occasions.

Next came the family coach, drawn by four horses, and managed by two postilions in livery, and behind which stood two powdered footmen. The coach contained her ladyship and daughters, with the revernd commissary in

his canonicals. Then came the governor, flanked on one side by Dr. Evylin, and on the other by little Bob on his pony. The remainder was composed of the carriages of visitors, followed by the young gentlemen, and then again by the family servants, two and two, on horseback, many of them also in livery, and all scrupulously neat and clean.

We have already said that it was a beautiful Sabbath morning; accordingly, the road from Temple Farm to York was lined with neatly-dressed people going to hear the celebrated divine then at the head of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. Many were on horseback, but many more on foot, and all filed to the right and left to let the cavalcade pass. Scarcely a pedestrian but touched his hat or bared his head entirely as his excellency went by, while the negroes did the same, grinning from ear to ear at the same time at the display made by the grooms in livery and soldiers in uniform. Many a poor family from the neighborhood of Temple Farm greeted Kate and Dorothea with rude courtesy as they passed.

With all the middle and lower ranks the governor and his family were very popular, perhaps for the very reason that he was now at deadly feud with some of the largest and most influential families in the land. The time was now rapidly approaching when this very favor of the plebeian ranks stood him in great stead; the favorite scheme of his life—one for which he had periled his office, his influence, his standing, his fortune—having been accomplished at last much through their means.

The old church at York was built, like all those of that period, in the shape of a cross, and out of perhaps the strangest materials that ever entered into the structure of a sacred edifice or any other. These are square blocks hewn from fossil shells, deeply imbedded in a basis of sand or marl stone, giving the whole structure much the appearance of a toy house built entirely of shells, such as is seen often in the shops. Not that there was anything puerile or beneath the dignity of a sacred edifice in the general appearance of the whole; for it was highly impos-

ing, and must have looked gray and venerable when comparatively of recent structure. It stood on one of the highest points of the town, commanding a prospect of the city of York, then one of the first in importance in the colony.

The party entered the main aisle, and proceeded to the two large pews set apart for his excellency's family, with the exception of Kate, who, attended by Bernard Moore, and followed by a servant bearing an armful of music, entered the gallery and took her station at the organ.

She greeted most sweetly the bevy of city damsels forming the choir, and, taking the music from the servant, proceeded to distribute the score of the pieces she was about to play. Moore seated himself at a respectable distance, among the masculine voices; but it is questionable whether his attention was not too much absorbed by the instrumental music to follow the score very closely. Kate, seeing the old prelate enter, commenced her prelude. Even the venerable old clergyman seemed lost in a pleasing reverie while she attuned the hearts of the congregation to a fitting mood to bow before the throne of mercy.

The preacher chose a subject in exact accordance not only with her views but her devotional feelings at the time. It was the Sermon on the Mount. How it chimed in with Kate's previous thoughts, when the old man read out slowly and solemnly, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!" It seemed as if her very inmost mind had been penetrated by the preacher, and that the words of the text were only embodying her own thoughts in appropriate language.

Bernard Moore—sad, wicked dog, as we fear our readers will consider him—was sitting, leaning his head upon his hand, and gazing at the devout beauty, and tracing the pearly drops that stole from her eyelids with a true sympathy. "How beautiful are the poor in spirit!" thought he. He admired religion exceedingly when the operations upon the heart and mind and person were thus

exhibited; and, to do him justice, he had as high reverence for things holy as most of his order; but he was a gay young man of fortune for all that. We shall see whether Kate proselyted him as we progress with our narrative.

"What an excellent sermon!" said she, as taking Bernard's arm in the gallery to join her family. "It seemed to me that I could see our Saviour's figure in all its glorious majesty proclaiming such welcome doctrines to the sons and daughters of affliction on the earth, and such an unwelcome one to the self-sufficient among the great and worldly-minded."

"Excellent indeed," said he; "I never enjoyed a sermon more in my life, and it was beautifully illustrated."

"Yes, the imagery was grand indeed; that description of the mountain scene must have touched papa upon a tender chord."

"I did not allude to that exactly," said Moore, slyly, "I meant rather to say that it was most happily personified."

"Yes, I agree with you there too; never was precept better borne out by personal example. Dear, good Dr. Blair, I love him almost as well as my own father."

"Still you do not take my meaning, though I agree with you on that point too."

"To whom, then, do you allude?" looking inquiringly into his smiling face; "not to me, surely?"

"Exactly, and to no one else."

"That is a far-strained compliment, Mr. Moore; too much at variance with truth and honesty for me to accept any part of it. How little you know my heart, if you suppose me poor in spirit, in the true meaning of the preacher. How little do you know its rebellion, its pride, its vanity, its self-deception, its disingenuousness to others! Me poor in spirit, indeed! Why, I was suffering the pains of self-condemnation during the whole sermon, for lacking that greatest essential in the Christian character, that very poverty of spirit so admirably described."

By this time they had arrived at the door of the car-

riage, and Moore helped her in, where the other ladies were already seated, and then mounted his own horse, held ready by his servant, and followed on as they had come.

During their return to Temple Farm the company had an accession of Henry Lee, Esq. He was a tall, elegantly dressed young man, about the same age as Moore and Carter, but with rather more form and ceremony in his address, and rather more studied attention to his toilet, than distinguished either of them.

How stately rode the representative of all the Lees that day, followed by two servants in livery, one bearing a portmanteau strapped to his saddle, as large as a modern traveling appendage of the same sort for a whole family!

"Mamma," said Dorothea, her eye still fastened on the pompous young cavalier, his cocked-hat perched to its highest elevation upon his head—"Mamma, do you think Mr. Henry Lee is very poor in spirit?"

The old commissary tried to look very grave, so as to suppress a fast-coming smile, while Lady Spotswood looked out of the opposite window of the carriage, so as to get her eye the farthest possible removed from the person spoken of, and thus smooth down her gravity before she replied.

"You should not apply the sermon just preached to others, child, but to yourself; do you not recollect the Pharisee?"

"La, mamma, you have made the case worse. Who could look at that young gentleman, now, and not imagine to himself that he was saying, 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men?"

The commissary was compelled to laugh in spite of himself, in which Kate and her mother now joined with hearty good-will. The picture was too true and too happily applied to be resisted; it was like a fortunate stroke of a painter's pencil, which completes the likeness, and little Dorothea sat and viewed her work with a complacency, which nearly upset the prelate every time he turned toward her. Now tossing her head, exactly as

the gentleman mentioned tossed his, and now waving a hand with a majestic air, and presently inserting a thumb under the edge of her stomacher, as he placed his in the armhole of his vest. So inimitable was her mimicry, that the good commissary begged her to desist, lest he should arrive at home in a plight very unbecoming a minister of the Gospel just descended from the sacred desk.

Even after a long silence there was a flushed appearance of the whole four, when they alighted from the carriage, which excited the curiosity of Moore. He wondered what could have changed their mood so suddenly after he left them. Kate would not, or could not tell, but broke away and ran into the house, referring him to Dorothea for an explanation. Dorothea promised at some other time that she would go over the whole story, but now she could not, for papa was shaking his finger at her. "Don't you know," she whispered, "that Mr. Lee has a vote in the House of Burgesses? Papa says I must learn to be a politician, or I shall frighten away all his political *friends.*"

The party separated to dress for dinner, that great affair of the twenty-four hours in the Old Dominion.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DINNER.

It was a fine old hall, that at Temple Farm, hung with many warlike trophies, and stag-horns, and fox-tails, while here and there were some little peculiarities that distinguished the hospitable owner from others of the cocked-hat gentry. Near the center of the room, on one side, hung the general's own martial implements which he had worn upon the field, and suspended over them in a small silk net was a rusty cannon-ball of about three pounds' weight. This had struck the veteran himself when it was nearly spent, and he was in the habit

of showing it to his guests when fighting his battles again over his wine. Dorothea used to insist upon it that the true signal for the departure of the ladies was the introduction of the cannon-ball by her father, instead of the *lead* from Lady Spotswood.

Two immense fireplaces occupied the best part of each end of the hall, surmounted by curiously carved work, reaching quite to the ceiling, while the side-panels corresponding to these were painted with various scenes, intended to represent the most remarkable military events of the age. The whole appearance of the room bore rather a military than a feudal or baronial aspect, for all the scenes and trophies were of that sort, and quite recent, even to the antlers.

The dinner was on the table, and such a dinner! The reeking viands would have furnished a French *restaurateur* a stock in trade for a month. A whole sirloin of beef formed the chief ornament of one end of the table. It was furnished from the governor's own stock, upon which he prided himself not a little. At the opposite end was a ham, which if not the real, rivaled the Westphalia in flavor. These were flanked with various dishes of fowls, both wild and tame, not forgetting the canvas-back ducks.

They were all placed on the table together, after the good old fashion, and the ladies soon after entered in the order of their rank, and placed themselves at the head of the table, Ellen Evylin among the others. Mr. Lee walked entirely round the table to greet her, which he did in a really warm manner for him, with many compliments upon her improved looks, all which was received with the most freezing courtesy; barely returning his repeated bows with a single inclination of the head. Dorothea bit her lip till it almost bled, in her itching restlessness at such temporizing with so obstinately complacent a man. As he returned to his seat Mr. Hall was entering and met him full face, just as the governor presented him by name to the new guest. Hall held out his hand in the most frank and open manner, but the other paid

him off with one of the cold bows he had just received from Miss Evylin, leaving the poor tutor with his hand awkwardly extended, without a response.

Every one seemed to feel for the young man, except him who had inflicted the unnecessary indignity. The subject of it recovered himself with great dignity, after the first awkward moment, and, as if fate intended on purpose to revenge him, his chair was found to be next to Ellen Evylin and Kate. His late discomfiture was soon forgotten amid the lively chat of the two charming girls, Kate bearing the burden of the entertainment, of course, while her friend threw in a quiet response occasionally.

Both the young ladies seemed determined to make amends to the slighted tutor for the previous repulse, at the same time, perhaps, rejoicing that they saw it rankling in the heart of him who inflicted it. Several times, while Kate eagerly conversed with the tutor, Ellen sat, looking up through her long eyelashes, lost in painful reflections. Again she saw the same smile flashing over that otherwise sad and somber face, as the summer lightning blazes up behind the dark-blue clouds of the horizon. The impression was indescribable, so indistinct, so confused with memories of the past; blending so strangely with the personal outlines of others, yet, in spite of all improbabilities and obstacles to the contrary, carrying her back to days and scenes long passed by—her days of childhood.

She desired to become better acquainted with Mr. Hall, preparatory to her asking the questions she meditated: yet he was himself the innocent and unconscious cause of her becoming lost, again and again. But absent as she was, and imperfectly as she may have borne her part in the conversation, it was by far the most interesting dinner-party that she had been present at for many a long day. She had almost forgotten that such a man lived as Mr. Henry Lee, until he suddenly addressed a question to her across the table:

"Miss Evylin, here is the reverend commissary running a tirade against the new Bolingbroke fashion of tying the

hair" (he sported it himself with no small complacency); "what say you, is it an improvement or not?"

"I will turn that grave matter over to my friend Dorothea, if you please, Mr. Lee; I have been so long out of the world of fashion, that I do not feel competent to answer," said Ellen.

"Well, I think," said Dorothea, "that it is far more important what a gentleman has in his head, than how it is tied outside."

Even the commissary smiled at the homethrust which the little girl had given the inquisitor, while the young ladies exchanged glances of satisfaction.

"I do not like these innovations upon our good old customs," said his excellency, "with all due deference to you younger gentlemen: they will put aside our old cocked-hats next, and gentlemen will cease to wear swords."

"The war has commenced already, my good sir," said Dr. Evylin, "for I read in No. 526 of the *Spectator* that John Sly, a haberdasher of hats and tobacconist, is directed to take down the names of such country gentlemen as have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat; and in No. 532 is a letter written in the name of the said John Sly, in which he states that he is preparing hats for the several kinds of heads that make figures in the realms of Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers and faculties. His hats for law and physic do but just turn, to give a little life to their sagacity; his military hats glare full in the face; and he has proposed a familiar, easy cock, for all good companions, between the two extremes."

"Capital," said the commissary; "by-and-by we shall be enabled, Dorothea, to tell what a man has in his head by the cut of his beaver, so that you see the outside of the head has something to do at last with the inside; but how are we to divine what lies beneath those ever towering pyramids upon the ladies' heads? I hope they will take a fashion soon that may indicate the powers beneath."

"They indicate pretty forcibly the powers above now," said Dorothea, "for I heard Kate declare, the other day, that the maid had screwed hers up so tight that she could not wink her eyes without crying."

"Fie! fie! Dorothea," said Kate, laughing nevertheless.

"Castle-building, you see, Mr. Hall," said she, turning to that gentleman, "is now done on the outside of our heads, while our grandmothers, if all tales of them be true, were wont to erect them elsewhere."

"You seem disposed to carry on Mr. Lee's craniological discussion, while that gentleman has dropped out of the debate," replied he, *sotto voce*.

The conversation gradually merged into literary matters, in which the doctors both of theology and physic took a part, as well as the governor and Mr. Hall. The latter seemed now more at home than he had been; and having but recently arrived from the fountain-head, added many new and interesting materials to the common stock, from Newton's latest philosophical discoveries to Joe Miller's last and best.

"Have you seen any of our native productions, Mr. Hall?" inquired the commissary.

"I have not, sir; indeed, I have not yet had an opportunity. I have seen a small newspaper in his excellency's library, published, I think, in Philadelphia, and that of not very recent date, but nothing in durable shape."

"Well," said Dorothea, "if you will only excuse me for one moment, I will run and fetch you a specimen of native poetry, which, I think, will satisfy you at once that there is one genius at least this side of the water."

She rose from the table, notwithstanding that portentous finger of her father raised in a threatening attitude. The rest of the company being unanimous, he was overruled, and she tripped away to bring it, and soon returned with a narrow strip of paper, and handed it to Mr. Harry Lee, with a request to read it. That gentleman's physi-

ognomy perceptibly lengthened, and his eyes dilated, while running over the two lines, which, as soon as he had finished, he crumpled up and inserted into his pocket, protesting against such a specimen being taken as the standard of the colony.

Dorothea declared she must have the paper—that it was a genuine native production, and must be read. All the company being more eager now than ever to see it, he was forced to produce it, and she handed it to Mr. Hall, with a request that he would read it aloud. He had no sooner cast his eyes over the lines than he burst into a fit of laughter, the first he had indulged in since landing uppon the shores of Virginia. When he had wiped the tears from his eyes, and was sufficiently composed, he rose and read, in mock-heroic intonations, the following lines:

> "God bless the Church, and the Queen, its defender;
> Convert fanatics, and balk the Pretender."

Every one laughed except the grave Mr. Lee—he seemed to writhe under the infliction, as if his personal peculiarities were the subject of merriment:

"Why, Mr. Lee," said Dorothea, "you take the thing so much to heart that we shall suspect you of being the author presently."

"Those memorable lines," said his excellency, seeing his guest's confusion, "remind me, that we have not yet drank a toast never neglected at this table, 'Health and long life to the Queen, God bless her!'"

Ladies and gentlemen paid it due homage, with one exception: Mr. Hall merely raised his glass, as if about to touch it to his lips, but set it down again, his hand trembling violently. Lee observed it, as did the young ladies who sat near him; the eye of the former twinkled with gratified feelings of some sort, while the latter were all pained at the young man's embarrassment. The governor did not notice the affair, or if he did, chose to wink at it.

The dessert having been removed, Lady Spotswood soon

after gave the signal to the ladies, and they retired to the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen over their wine. Before Kate departed she stepped behind her father's chair, and in a whisper begged a moment's conversation with him. He rose, led his daughter to the door leading to the library. After they had passed the threshold she told him of the secret which Ellen had communicated to her, and begged his permission to peruse the papers which he had received with the body of General Elliot.

"What!" said he, "you and Ellen turn diplomatists and read my state-papers? No, no, my child, it would never do—never." But Kate coaxed and entreated until the old gentleman was compelled to give way; and he opened the door and called Mr. Hall, and directed him to gather up those papers that he had been directed to copy and hand them to his daughter. He soon returned with the bundle and handed them to Kate, and as he did so she could not help observing how excessively agitated he was; but she attributed it to the late patriotic toast which he had declined drinking; and, knowing that her father was not the man to create a mountain out of that mole-hill, she thought she might as well assure him of it at once, and she did so, endeavoring at the same time to re-assure the perplexed youth.

He made no other reply than an inclination of the head and thanks for the interest she manifested in him. Having escaped from the dining-room, and supposing that a poor tutor and private secretary would scarcely be missed, he made good his retreat altogether. Kate secured her treasure in her pocket, resolved, however, not to divulge the secret to Ellen until they had found their own apartments for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PAPERS.

That night those two fair young creatures sat in one of the upper apartments of the house poring over a pile of papers strewed over the table, consisting of manuscripts and newspapers, some relating to the trial of Kate's unfortunate relative, all the testimony of which was there before them; and some of royal proclamations, and paragraphs from the governmental and opposition papers.

The clock down-stairs struck twelve, and one and two, in the morning; still they sat in those high-backed, Gothic chairs, the taper burning dimly beneath the accumulating wick, charred to a black mass, and yet neither of them flagged nor faltered. Ellen particularly devoured with eagerness even the advertisements in the newspapers, which she read from corner to corner, in hopes to find some faint clew upon which to fasten her hopes—for hopes she still had.

The only thing they could find at all bearing upon the objects of their search was the newspaper account of General Elliot's execution, and the attempted rescue by a party supposed to be the adherents of the Chevalier St. George, followed by a proclamation offering a reward for the production, dead or alive, of the young officer who had headed the onset. He was described, and his name given in full as Mr. Francis Lee, but no allusion whatever was made to the place of his nativity. He was supposed to have served under the unfortunate officer for the rescue of whose life he had periled his own.

The accounts went on to say that the party attempting the rescue had been cut to pieces or captured; that the young man was seen to fall early in the affair; that no efforts had been successful in tracing his whereabouts. Little doubt was entertained that he died from the des-

perate wounds he was known to have received, yet there was nothing absolutely certain touching the matter. So desperate had been the state of mind of Ellen that even this afforded comfort. She threw the papers aside, leaned back in her chair, and came at last to the settled conviction that poor Frank yet lived. So strong is youthful hope, even against a powerful array of circumstantial evidence.

The mornings and evenings were now beginning to be a little cool, and heavy, damp fogs rose from the surface of the bay, to correct which it is usual to build a brisk, blazing fire, to last only until the revivifying effects of the morning sun are felt. Some of the early planters were in the habit of pursuing this plan for three-fourths of the year.

Such a bright fire was blazing in the breakfast-parlor, and there sat round it his excellency, the two doctors, Mr. Henry Lee, Bernard Moore, Carter, Dandridge, and Harry Hall. Quite an interesting conversation was going on, intensely so to some of the party.

Mr. Lee, finding what a universal favorite the latter was becoming, not only with the governor but with the whole family, even down to Master Robert, perceptibly softened in his manner toward the young stranger. He came down from his room determined to be very amiable to this new favorite and pet of the eccentric man then at the head of the colony. What his motives were we leave our readers to imagine, from the position of the various parties. Hall was quite surprised, therefore, to hear himself addressed by the haughty young aristocrat, after the demonstration of the previous day; and however justified he might have been in returning that ill-treatment, he took better counsel of his discretion and answered quite courteously.

"Mr. Hall," said Lee, "I have some relations of your name both in this country and in England—on the mother's side; or, rather, I had in this country, for the last of them recently died, a venerable old grand-aunt."

"And I have some in this country of your name, and when I was first presented to you yesterday it was my intention to have inquired of you about them."

"Indeed! Will you be so good as to mention what family you are of, and their place of residence?"

The young man appeared not a little embarrassed, but proceeded to name the place of his family residence in Scotland, as well as to describe his living relations and their descent from the common stock of the Halls, of—shire. Not only so, but he traced distinctly the collateral branch which had emigrated to America, some fifty years before, until he arrived at the last-remaining female relation, whose death he had not heard of—the very person alluded to by Mr. Lee.

"How very strange!" said Mr. Lee. "And your Christian name is Henry?"

Hall nodded assent, but his face flushed a crimson hue.

"And had you received no letters from America, previous to your embarkation?"

"None concerning my relations whatever."

"What a strange coincidence!" said Lee. "I have the pleasure of informing you that you are the heir to a very snug little property, left by our venerable old friend."

By this time the ladies had entered, and were also gathered round the fire, and every one was listening with the deepest attention to the singular conversation going on, and every one seemed pleased, too, at the unexpected good fortune of the young man, who was supposed to stand in such need of it—all but that young gentleman himself; he was very much embarrassed, so as to attract the attention of every one in the room.

"Of course," continued Mr. Lee, "it will be quite easy for you to establish your identity; you have brought letters to some persons in this country?"

"No, sir, I did not; and I fear that I shall meet with more difficulty than you seem to imagine in the matter"—becoming more and more embarrassed at every turn

which the conversation seemed to take, or to be likely to take.

"Perhaps you have letters addressed to you, in England, from some of our common relations?"

"None with me," replied Hall. "I expect the remainder of my baggage by the next vessel from England, by which time I may be enabled to produce sufficient testimony to claim the estate."

"Among those expected letters," said Lee, pertinaciously, "there are, doubtless, some from our venerable relation, for I see among her papers numerous letters from you."

Hall was by this time almost speechless with vexation and embarrassment, and his face flushed to his ears. He merely nodded assent.

The governor, seeing the young man's painful position, and thinking in his own mind that he, perhaps, knew Hall's difficulty, determined to come to the rescue. He had already had some suspicion that his *protégé's* expatriation had not been altogether quite voluntary. "Let us adjourn this discussion," said he; "I think I can put Mr. Hall upon a plan of proving his identity, without even waiting for his papers or returns from the other side of the water."

As he pronounced the last words of the sentence he placed a peculiar emphasis upon them, casting a sly and playful glance at Hall, only remarked by the person for whom they were intended, and perhaps one other very quiet little individual in the room.

"Agreed," said Mr. Lee. "As I am the executor to my aunt's will, it is, of course, my duty to act in conformity to law; but I assure your excellency and your friend that no unnecessary difficulties shall be thrown in his way by me; on the contrary, all possible facility shall be afforded him, and I will immediately, upon my return to the capital, instruct my attorney, Mr. Clayton, to draw out upon paper for his use such steps as it will be necessary for him to take. In the meantime he can draw upon

me for such sums as his present necessities may call for, out of the proceeds of the property, which I will advance upon my own responsibility."

"Wonders will never cease," said Dorothea to Ellen, as they moved round to the breakfast-table. "Mr. Henry Lee has been doing a generous thing, but Mr. Hall should credit it to the account of Miss Ellen Evylin, and not to Mr. Henry Lee."

"Fie, fie, Dorothea! do give Mr. Lee credit for his good actions, such as they are; surely he has done nothing but what the strictest justice would warrant; true, he might have withheld Mr. Hall's rights, but they are his after all, and he could soon establish them as such. If, indeed, he is not prevented by—" There she stopped suddenly, as if recollecting herself. "If he is not prevented by what Ellen——"

"Hush, Dorothea, not a word of this—another time I will explain it to you—now it may be a dangerous subject; and one in which more than mere property is involved."

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW ARRIVAL—A STRANGE VISITOR.

Before the party separated from the breakfast-table a servant threw open the door and announced Chunoluskee. The governor instantly rose and extended to him his hand, at the same time ordering a chair to be placed for him at the table.

Chunoluskee was a young Indian chief of the Shawnese tribe, whom the governor had rescued some four years before, while a prisoner with one of the tributary tribes. The tributaries were those Indian nations which had either been subdued by force of arms, or were under treaty stipulations, by more peaceable means, to pay a nominal tribute yearly to the governor of Virginia. Nearly all the well-known tribes along the eastern borders of the

colony were thus happily situated. The tribute consisted of a few skins and Indian arrows. These tributaries, however, were occasionally at war with other tribes farther removed; thus they sometimes brought home prisoners.

The young chief, who has just been introduced to the reader, was one of them. The governor invariably claimed these, and placed them at one of his primary schools, one of which he had located within the borders of every tributary tribe in the colony. When they had remained a certain time at these primary schools, say about two years, they were then removed to the Indian department in William and Mary College, in accordance with the benevolent bequest of the Hon. Robert Boyle.

Some of these pupils were first taken as hostages, and were brought the distance of four hundred miles; so that the college was at once a sort of honorable prison and a school for higher purposes.

Chunoluskee, the chief before us, had been four years at hard study; two in the primary school, and two in the college; and for his remarkable proficiency in the latter he received an office from the governor, that of interpreter to the Queen. He was the medium of communication between his excellency and the various deputations of Indians from the tributaries, and those beyond, which were constantly visiting the capital of Virginia.

To a perfect stranger from abroad he must have appeared by far the most imposing character in that room, not excepting the governor of Virginia; for his dress exceeded that of his excellency both in the fineness of its texture, its colors, and the fashion of the wearer, both as to cut and the manner of display.

He was about twenty-one years of age, tall and slender in form, but handsomely proportioned, with a very uncommon face for one of his race. His hair grew long and straight to his shoulders, and fell down his temples in perfectly straight lines. On his head he wore a scarlet velvet cap, bound round with gold-lace, and surmounted with drooping plumes of red and white, while he held

gracefully upon his left arm the skirts of a robe of the same gaudy color, which fell in loose drapery from his shoulders. He wore dressed buckskin small-clothes, and long gaiters to meet them, terminating at the foot in exquisitely worked moccasons, curiously inlaid with beads and porcupine feathers, and covering a foot and ankle which any lady in the room might have envied. Under his scarlet robe he wore a buff jacket, fitting so exactly to his rounded form that, at the first glance, a stranger might have supposed it the natural covering of the muscles, so exactly did it display the outlines of his figure.

He had been taken prisoner when desperately fighting to save a blind mother and a sister, the latter then only twelve years of age. They, also, were brought by the governor to the capital, and the old blind Indian had been a constant pensioner upon the bounty of the governor and his family, while the young girl had been placed with Mrs. Stite (the stewardess of the college) until very recently, when prudence suggested that she was now becoming of an age to require that other quarters should be provided for her. Accordingly, the governor had erected for them a suitable house in the suburbs of the capital, and the interpreter, his sister, and his mother all lived together.

"Thank goodness," whispered Dorothea to her sister, "Mr. Lee's nose is put out of joint now!"

Strange to say that Mr. Lee was the least inclined to treat this descendant of our forest kings with respect of any person in the room.

The governor presented him to Mr. Hall, after he had bowed respectfully to the ladies, he being the only person in the room with whom he was unacquainted. He was then placed at the table, and made his breakfast, observing all the little formalities, which are so much of a second nature to us, that we do not notice them except when wanting.

Hall watched him closely, expecting, no doubt, to see him help himself with his hands and eat with his fingers,

but he not only used knife and fork, but helped others to the dishes near him, without the slightest *faux pas* of any kind.

"Now for it!" whispered Kate to Ellen, as the ladies left the room to the possession of the gentlemen; "papa will soon carry Mr. Hall over the mountains, where he has before marched so many before him, whether with their own free will or not, their own good-breeding sayeth not. Just look back, Ellen, and see with what apparent relish Mr. Moore and Mr. Carter are preparing themselves to listen to papa and that noble-looking chief."

The governor, truly enough, only waited for the interpreter to finish with his knife and fork before he commenced drawing him out. His maps were spread out before him on the table, and he had called Mr. Hall to his side. Not an individual in that room but had occupied the same position repeatedly, except himself, and he prepared the way by tracing out with his pencil the watercourses which had their rise in the mountains.

"Now, Chunoluskee, here is a gentleman just from the mountains of my own native land (Scotland), and glorious mountains they are too, and delightful vales between them; but I want you to show him that there is a finer country beyond your blue hills than any even in old Scotia. What say you, my man?"

"The vales beyond those mountains are my native war-paths, your excellency, and I look back to them with the same sort of pleasure with which you remember the scenes of your own childhood."

"Ay, and you shall look forward to them, man. I will lead you back to your native land, and place you in possession of your rights."

"So your excellency has promised, and it is, therefore, that I have come to look upon your proposed enterprise with nearly as much delight as your excellency."

"But is the country worth the trouble? That is the point that touches these lazy Virginians."

"It is the most glorious land that ever the sun shone

upon. There is a valley beyond those mountains, almost a perfect terrestrial paradise, abounding in deer, elk, buffalo, and game of every sort—the land teeming with wild fruits of every kind, and bright with the purest fountains of water that ever gushed from the solid rocks."

"Oh ay, I know that is your opinion, but it is contradicted by all the French accounts, and all others which we have received; besides, you were a mere boy when you left that happy valley, and cannot know exactly its geography."

"Indian boys, your excellency, do not, it is true, study geography upon paper, but they study it upon a much larger scale—they learn the original; and, what is more, they never forget it. I can take your excellency to the very spot where I was taken prisoner."

"Well, well, leave the point about the double range of mountains to be decided by the event, and go on with your account."

"Beyond that valley is the range of the real Appalachee, and when you have crossed these then you open into a new world indeed; one in which this little colony might be set down and not observed to enlarge or diminish it. Before you entirely cross all its wonderful width and breadth, however, there are natural curiosities so remarkable that these gentlemen will again laugh at my presumption and your credulity if I tell of them."

"Tut, man, tut! a fig for Moore and Carter's skepticism! tell your story as if they were not present."

"I have often told your excellency of the ever-boiling springs, in which you may cook an egg, and others the medical virtues of which are so great that even the deer and buffalo visit them constantly. Indian tribes from the mouth of the Mississippi, on the one hand, and the lakes on the other, visit them in the hunting season, bringing there the lame, and the blind, and the halt, just as I have since read was the custom in the Jewish country."

Moore and Carter here laughed outright, and the latter asked the interpreter "If he could enumerate the diseases

of which the buffalo and the deer were cured, and how they undertook to administer the medicine; whether they had Dr. Buffalo and Dr. Buck, and if they felt pulses and looked at the tongue. What say you to this, doctor?" turning to the old physician.

The interpreter did not give him time to answer, for he was now becoming excited with his subject, and goaded with the repeated taunts and jeers of the youngsters.

"You may laugh, young gentlemen," said he, "as you have often done before, and you may call it romancing, but I tell you and his excellency that the half has not been told. There are wonders of the natural world there which throw in the shade even these medicinal springs, apocryphal as you consider them." Throwing down his knife and fork, with which he had been trifling with the remains of his breakfast, he strode one or twice rapidly through the room, and again halted before the group seated at the lower end of the table, and continued: "There are palaces there, underground, far more magnificent than the one inhabited by his excellency at Williamsburg; long colonnades, that have supported the dome which they now bear since the world began, and galleries with fancy work which would shame the skill of any of your handicraftsmen; and there is also a noble arch of solid rock—extending from mountain to mountain—and beneath which the governor's round-tower at the capital could stand, without being a greater object to distract the attention, when looking from above, than the binnacle is to the sailor at the mast-head when he casts his eye upon deck. The sachems who went before me have a tradition that the Great Spirit himself once upon a time was walking upon the earth, and came to the stupendous rent between those two mountains, inaccessible from their perpendicular sides, and that he threw the wonderful arch across, and then walked over upon it. It looks, indeed, as if it might have been a causeway for the gods, or some colossal race of men, who perhaps inhabited the earth

when animals dwelt upon it tall enough to browse upon the tops of our forest-trees."

"Then you have," said Carter, "in that fine valley of yours, medicines to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, forever pouring in perennial streams from their bright fountains, so that you are free from the pains denounced against the balance of our race; fruits forever tempting the hand to pluck them; water heated to your hand, ever ready to perform your culinary operations; and yet, not content with this paradise, you have now erected a bridge between heaven and earth, over the valley of death, upon which the gods and your people freely interchange visits. Have you not also some springs or trees or herbs by which the whole curse of earning bread by the sweat of our brow might be dispensed with? Methinks that the Great Spirit who first made your fine country would not have stopped half-way, but would have remodeled Eden over again, and upon a pattern, too, which would have made old Adam laugh at himself for being so taken in with that orchard which proved his ruin."

"I understand your irony, Mr. Carter," said the chief, "but it cannot alter the facts of the case, for the truth of which I will pledge my life. Indeed, the half has not been told; there are springs beyond the great Appalachee, which produce salt, made almost ready to your hands. You have only to boil the water, which spouts out from the ground, and the work is done. In the same neighborhood is a burning spring—flames forever wreathing up from the surface of the water. This the natives of the soil are afraid of, and believe that the great spirit of evil dwells there."

"I thought so," rejoined Carter; "you have only now to tell us of that spring from whose fountain flows the life-giving power of perpetual youth, so long sought for by the Spaniards at the other end of the continent; by all the gods and goddesses in the mythology, we will bring back your excellency so rejuvenated that Lady Spotswood herself will scarcely know you. By-the-bye, what a place

of resort it will be for elderly ladies! I know several that would accompany the expedition upon half the inducements held out by the chief."

"Pooh, pooh, Carter, with your nonsense! Chunoluskee has no motive for deceiving us," said his excellency; "and if he had, and could succeed, in the matter of the medicine springs, and the subterranean palaces, and the mighty arch suspended between heaven and earth, we know that the land is there, and that is enough for us. The others will be so much clear gain, if we find them—and if we do not, you and Moore will not be much deceived, at all events."

"I see nothing so very improbable in the herds of deer and buffalo seeking the medicinal springs," said Dr. Evylin. "We know that these creatures, and many far inferior to them, have an instinct by which they seek relief from medicine, even in the vegetable kingdom; and we know, moreover, that the sulphur and salt springs, commonly called salt-licks, are plenty all over the continent, and that the wild animals do seek them at certain seasons of the year. I see no reason to believe that the chief has even colored the impressions of his youth with imaginary drapery—in fact, there is a good deal of internal evidence of truth in his recollection of the country."

"And his recollection of the sources and courses of the rivers this side of the mountains," added the governor, "have been remarkably accurate, so far as we have been enabled to trace them yet. Take, for instance, the James river. He has always adhered to it that this stream runs through this wonderful valley and through the mountains. This the council at first laughed at, but every succeeding survey only renders it more and more probable. Its source or head waters have never yet been reached, or anything like it."

The youths professed to give in to the governor's views, but walked off nevertheless, indulging their merriment at the extravagant romancing of the interpreter.

The governor and the two doctors hung over those maps

for hours, tracing out the future course of the expedition; sticking pins along the designated route, and from time to time acquiring new information as to the face of the country, distances, means of supply, etc., all of which the former required Hall to note down accurately.

The reader must, in order to realize the *terra incognita* into which they were about to plunge, remember that Virginia, at that day, consisted of some twenty-odd counties, clustering around the seat of government, and they only thickly populated along the rich alluvia of the rivers and the two shores of the bay, and that the population of the colony was just one hundred thousand.

Few more bold, daring, and chivalrous adventures have ever been undertaken, even in this land of wild adventure, than that planned and executed by Governor Spotswood. It must be recollected, too, that his was among the first of the kind; that he was the pioneer, even to Lewis and Clarke, and that his ingenuity invented many of those appliances now so common in such adventures. He was going beyond the reach of civilized resources—among savage tribes—over mountains hitherto considered impassable —and through a trackless wilderness, in the last degree difficult for the transportation of the necessary supplies.

Was it any wonder that it was opposed by most of the old men of the colony—by nearly all those considered wise and prudent? They confidently predicted that the governor and the mad youths whom he might induce to accompany him would never return, and some exercised their parental authority so far as to forbid their sons from accompanying the governor. To such a height had this opposition run during the preceding winter, that a public meeting was held and a committee appointed to memorialize the ministry on the subject. If successful, this of course was equivalent to the governor's removal, and he had been waiting in some anxiety to hear the result.

The two factions of Oxford and Bolingbroke, of which the ministry was composed, were too busy fighting their own battles to heed these petitions from beyond seas. Sir

Alexander Spotswood was fully determined to see the other side of the mountains, either as Governor of Virginia or as the leader of a private expedition, which he was amply able to set on foot. The question of supplies had been brought up also before the House of Burgesses the preceding winter, and rejected by a very close vote. Since that time he had been exerting no little address to induce young men to come out for the vacant or uncontested seats, especially such as were known to be favorable to his daring project. Two of these we have already seen almost domesticated in his own house, the open hospitalities of which was no mean auxiliary in the great cause, especially when presided over by the elegant kinswoman of the Duke of Ormond, and her not less fascinating daughters.

In short, his personal influence, his official sway, his social position, his wealth, and everything that was his, was thrown into the scale by the governor. He almost directed Mr. Boyle's benevolent scheme for Christianizing the Indians into the same channel, and he had enlisted the reverend president of the college warmly in his interests. A new trial was now rapidly approaching—the members for another House of Burgesses had been elected, and were soon to assemble at the capital. Proclamations were sent to every county, calling upon the young gentry to enlist fifty men, and enroll themselves under his banner. The ranks of the Rangers had been filled up, and new officers appointed, wherever opposition was manifested to the expedition, and these were now undergoing daily drill, and performing camp duty along the whole frontier of the colony, as preparatory to the grand tour.

The removal of these very corps was one strong ground of opposition by the timid. They had for some time formed the main security of the colony against the inroads of the savages. These Rangers were stationed along the whole line of frontier, within communicating distance of each other, and were perhaps the best security ever devised for a colony in the then condition of Virginia. The governor's son, John, was now in command of these, and as

rapidly preparing them for field service as possible. The governor proposed to march the whole of these, as well as a certain portion of militia from each battalion.

Here was another cause of opposition; these men did not like the idea of being marched five hundred miles through a trackless wilderness and over inaccessible mountains, while their families were perhaps starving at home, and their crops totally neglected, as well the preparation for the coming one as the proper curing of that already housed. The governor's main dependence, however, was upon the young gentry, and such men as they could voluntarily enlist or persuade from among their own adherents. He thought that if he could embody a sufficient number of them with the Rangers, that the forcible objections against the expedition might be removed, as he would no longer attempt to coerce the militia, from whom powerful opposition had arisen.

Indeed, something like a pledge had been given at the late elections that such should be the case, and the whole colony was now looking on with anxiety to see what would be the result. Such of the gentry as had united in the remonstrance to the ministry despaired of ever receiving assistance from that quarter, so that the great battle had to be fought at home.

In accordance with these views, the governor on the morning in question dispatched his new protégé to Yorktown to enlist, not only fifty followers for his own share, but as many more of the emigrants as might choose to try their fortunes in the far West. Largesses of land were most liberally promised, besides the pay, rations, and accouterments of the soldier.

Among those who had arrived with Hall were a large number of Scotch, Irish, and Presbyterians, a hardy, brave, intelligent set of people as ever lived. These Hall found to listen most readily to his tempting promises of land and a new home, and freedom from religious restraint. The scheme chimed in exactly with their views, and he was, therefore, not long in making up his complement of fifty

men, and enlisting as many more as the governor might choose to provide for out of his own private purse. These were quartered in the suburbs of York, and were soon busily engaged in preparing to march at a moment's warning.

Governor Spotswood was not long in discovering that his new protégé was exactly the sort of aide-de-camp which he had been looking for. He possessed a thorough education, not a little of which had been learned in the school of adversity, and a sufficiency for his purpose in the camp. He accordingly set to work in earnest, to have all things in readiness to seize upon that most favorable season of the year, now called Indian summer, for the march.

Before that could take place many things had yet to be done, besides the subsidies to be voted by an assembly whose opinions were still somewhat doubtful. Clothes, ammunition, horses, and supplies of every kind were to be provided, and the latter in such a shape as to admit of their transportation without inconvenience.

Camp equipage, such as tents, iron utensils, etc, etc., were not so easily gathered in that day in the colony. He had already built a round-tower in the public square of the capital for the reception of arms and ammunition, and was accumulating them silently, but surely. Both his public and private stables were already crowded with horses, and he was still purchasing more.

The time was now approaching when that happy family party were to leave the delightful summer retreat on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay for the bustle, the gayety, and even the political intrigues of the capital. The female inmates would willingly have dwelt at Temple Farm forever. They loved the quiet scenery of the place, and the privilege it gave them of, in some measure, selecting their company; but the present busy season of preparation on the part of the lord of the manor required that removal, and they acquiesced. His presence was wanted at the capital, and it now began to form the staple subject of conversation among the young people.

Bandboxes were not yet in requisition, but Kate was already paying farewell visits in the neighborhood, and visiting her pensioners for the last time before a long separation. The negroes were already crowding round the doors, whenever a leisure moment allowed them, to look for those never-failing little tokens of good-will and remembrance dispensed on such occasions. Others, with purer motives, loved to return their humble thanks to their young mistress for her kindness in sickness.

It was indeed a melancholy day among the domestics of Temple Farm when all that gave it life and cheerfulness were gone. Old June declared to Kate that the very poultry and stock all looked melancholy when the "white folks" were gone. On the evening of that day he brought out his old banjo into the yard, seeing Kate and Ellen promenading the veranda, and was tuning it up preparatory to improvising their departure in most moving and melancholy strains.

On the present occasion June muttered something like the following to one of his corn-songs:

"Oh, Miss Kate she's gwine away, gwine away,
To leave poor nigger on de lone bay;
The house shut up, the windows closed,
The fire put out, den nigger froze.
Long time ago, long time ago."

"The fine young men dey no more come
On de prancin' horse to our cold home,
To see Miss Kate, the flower of the bay,
So glad, so glad, de livelong day.
Long time ago, long time ago."

"Oh June," said Kate, "sing of our return, not of our going away. Don't you see that you affect the spirits of Ellen?"

"Oh, missus, it's for poor June's spirits to be 'fected, specially when he ain't had no spirits all de day long."

"And do you think, June, that a glass of spirits would change the melancholy of your song?"

"De spirits make June feel berry happy, missus, long as he last; but he no bring back Miss Kate, and all de fine young gentlemen, and de ladies, and de carriages, and de hosses."

"Why, what in the world can these things be to you, June? You eat the same, and wear the same, whether we are here or at the capital."

"Oh, Miss Kate, dey all de world to June—de berry light ob he eye. When white folks gone, it is all one long, rainy day at de Farm. No banjo den; frog hab all de fun to heself, and de whoopperwill he sing so solemn he make poor nigger cry for true."

"Why, you are quite sentimental, June!"

"Don't know zactly what de sentinel is; but he see one at de Arsenal at Williamsburg, walking so lone, jist like June when young missus gone. De birds find out directly when de house shut up—he no 'fraid ob nigger. De owl come on that big tree, and he sit and moan all night long ober de empty house, make June tink some of de familey gwine to die; and de bay! oh, he moan for true so far off, way down to the sea; and den he come back to de house and fine eberybody gone, he go way along the water, sighing and moaning all de way; but when Miss Kate come back all de birds sing glad for true!"

"You shall have the spirits, June; tell Essex so. But no more banjo to-night, June; it affects our spirits."

"Good-night, and tanky, missus; June gwine to broke he eye cryin' till you come back."

CHAPTER XVI.

A GRIM MONSTER.

In the suburbs of the capital of Virginia there stood a one-story building, containing several rooms, rather neatly but plainly furnished. This house was separated from one of the back streets by a vegetable-garden of no very tasteful

arrangement, and through its center led a grass walk, opening from the street directly toward the main entrance.

In the only sitting-room which it contained were three persons. One was an aged Indian female, seated in the chimney-corner on a low stool, her elbows on her knees, and her head resting upon her hands, so that she seemed almost doubled into a knot as she crouched over a few smoking chips in the hearth, over which an iron kettle was suspended. She was totally blind, and in some measure helpless.

The other two consisted of a male and female; the former was John Spotswood, and the latter an Indian girl about sixteen years of age. She had the general appearance of her race, so far as color and general outline of features went; but our readers must not suppose that she was an ordinary young squaw, rolled in a blanket; for she had been delicately nurtured, and had learned many of the customs as well as the language and costume of the whites. Her Anglicized name was Wingina, and she was a sister of Chunoluskee, the interpreter to the Queen, until lately a sort of companion to Mrs. Stite at the college, and rescently removed, with her mother and brother, to their new house.

She was dressed mostly after the European fashion, with, however, a few remnants of her Indian taste still clinging about her. Instead of shoes and stockings, she wore moccasons, on a pair of the most diminutive feet imaginable; and over her ankles and wrists broad silver clasps, and large gold rings in her ears. Her hair was plaited, and usually hung down her back; and round her neck were many strands of gaudy-colored beads. She was as perfect in feature as any of that race ever is, preserving, nevertheless, all their distinctive characteristics, such as the high cheek-bones and wide-set eyes.

Her position was a very peculiar one; while an inmate of Mrs. Stite's household, she was half-way between the two races—too elevated to associate with the negroes, and scarcely considered equal to the whites. We have already

said that she had been removed from the college from prudential motives; her age and accumulated personal attractions having already subjected her to very doubtful attentions from the gay youths of the capital; but it was too late. In an evil hour she, in her guileless simplicity, had listened to professions from the young man before her as ruinous to her as they were degrading to him.

John Spotswood was no premeditated seducer. He never for one moment harbored the deliberate intention; indeed, until it was too late he had never analyzed his own feelings and intentions. He was as much overcome in an evil hour as his unfortunate victim, and he was, consequently, a victim himself of never-ceasing remorse.

His visit on the present occasion was not of his seeking, but had been brought about by the earnest solicitations of Wingina herself. She seized the occasion of her brother's visit to Temple Farm to hold one more last interview with the youth who had unintentionally wronged her; we say unintentionally, because he was under the influence of wine at the time, and the world scarcely holds him a perfectly free agent who surrenders his reason into the keeping of such a master. Wingina's circumstances were becoming desperate, and she sought very naturally the counsel of the only one in all the world acquainted with her secret.

Her brother, the proud and haughty young chief of the Shawnese, she knew would put her to death upon the instant he learned her shame; and shall we reveal the whole weakness of that poor, frail, half-civilized creature?—she dreaded still more his vengeance against the repentant perpetrator of her wrongs. Most willingly would she have plunged headlong into the neighboring river on either side of the city, but would this surely relieve her partner in the transgression? This was one of the questions she wished to solve by the interview. She had wrought up her mind to the necessary point of daring and desperation for the deed, but she doubted the stability of that calmness and stoicism with which young Spotswood might look upon it

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afterward; and she feared, instead of healing all difficulties, her death would only plunge those whom she tenderly loved more irretrievably into ruin.

John had more than once generously offered to dare all consequences, and reveal the true state of the case to her brother and his father; but her fears would not suffer her to listen to this plan; besides, it promised nothing by way of relief for their instant difficulties.

Our readers must recollect the aristocratic notions of that day in Virginia to realize how utterly impracticable was the marriage of the parties as a remedy. Could the son of the chivalrous governor of Virginia take such a wife to the proud home of his father? could he make her an equal and an associate with his innocent and accomplished sisters, especially after the revelations which a few months would add to his present difficulties? He saw that it was next to impossible; yet, to do him justice, he thought it more feasible than his innocent victim. She scarcely dared imagine such a thing, so far did he appear elevated above her in social rank. The idea of clandestinely making her his wife and then secluding her upon the frontiers occurred to him, but then the difficulties with which such a step would embarrass his father's preparations for the great campaign drove it from his thoughts. He knew that the governor mainly depended upon her brother as a guide for the expedition.

What was to be done under such distressing circumstances? This was the question which racked the young man's brain as he walked the floor.

Every now and then he extended his walk to a small table in one corner of the room, upon which stood a decanter of wine, and poured out and gulped down a measure of the liquid.

Whichever way he turned his eyes they were met by a picture that might have moved one less sensitive—the helplessly blind mother, and the scarcely less helpless daughter. It is true the old woman understood not his language, and was therefore in blissful ignorance, but that

Throwing her arms around his neck Wingina said, "Oh, Captain Spotswood let me be the victim." Page 101.
—*The Knights of the Horseshoe.*

circumstance rather added to than lessened his remorse. He saw that in the day of full revelation before the world that ruined family of strangers from a strange land would create a tale of wrong and outrage which would overwhelm him.

"Here within this vest I carry a small steel talisman which may unriddle the secrets beyond the grave before their time." Saying which he drew a small, glittering dagger, and held it up admiringly to the light, which Wingina no sooner saw than she rushed toward him, throwing her arms around his neck and burying her head in his bosom, crying, "Oh, Captain Spotswood, let me be the victim; I alone am to blame!"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the young man, moving her away with his left hand and holding her at arm's-length; "I meditated nothing just now, I but talked to this little silent friend of mine. But tell me, Wingina, have you really no fear of death? You look desperate enough, indeed, to dare it. Can such a frail, feeble thing brave the king of terrors? Do you yet retain enough of the heroism of your ancestors to lay down this life when it is a burden to you?"

"All that I know, Captain Spotswood, of suicide I have learned from you and your race. The warriors from which I sprung consider that an act of cowardice which you have called heroism."

"Ay, ay, here is another school of philosophy—one of nature's teaching; let us learn of it also. It seems I am destined always to be schooled of a petticoat—why not this poor Indian girl as well as her superiors? Perhaps she has drawn some wholesome truths from the Great Book whose edges are bound by the sea and gilt by the sun. Tell me, girl, whence come the notions of your race against self-destruction?"

"An Indian thinks outside, and a white man inside."

"Ah, I see, I see; their whole thoughts are occupied externally, and the reflective faculties are not cultivated;

then their opposition to suicide is only, after all, because they never reflect sufficiently to become desperate."

"Sir!"

"Your race never commits self-murder, because they never feel wretched enough to loathe this life—that is only a result of our boasted civilization."

"Captain Spotswood, it is I only that should make these complaints of your race; you have taught me to suffer, and God knows I have learned little else!"

"Poor Wingina, my teaching has been sad indeed."

"Oh, sir, pity me not; it makes me all a woman again. Just now I could have rendered up my life, only to convince you that a poor Indian girl could die as heroically as one of your own proud race. I could dare it yet, but from another motive which you have never understood, I fear."

"And what is that, Wingina?"

Laying her hand gently upon his arm, which had now fallen by his side, and looking up winningly and beseechingly in his face, she said softly, "I could die for you."

"You could die for me? Poor girl!"

"Ay, and will, too; only assure me that my death would remove all these troubles of which you complain so grievously, and the summer flower is not gone more rapidly."

The desperate young man looked long and searchingly in her face, and then suddenly grasped her by the arm as he said, "And do you indeed love me still, Wingina, after all that has passed?"

"Better than the Great Spirit; more than I love that poor, blind old mother, and a brother that became a captive for my sake. I would this instant forsake all, if you will follow me to the wigwam of the Indian, and become a great chief among my people."

"But what if I loved you not in return?"

The poor girl staggered from his side and reeled into her former seat, and there sat with her head drooping as before, and her hands locked in the attitude of despair.

Spotswood saw that the unpremeditated blow had struck home, that despair was in every expression of her eye and

countenance, and his own turbulent passions grew fiercer from the contagion. He strode up to where she was sitting, and drew a chair and seated himself so as to bring his lips almost touching her ear, and said, in a tremulous whisper, "Wingina, though I love you not well enough to brave the scoffs and jeers of my race, I do love you well enough, at least, I am struck with admiration enough for you, to dare death in your company; what say you?"

Her hand was instantly clasped in his with emotion, as of one who desires to close a bargain only held to her option for the moment, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh, how cheerfully!"

"Enough!" said he, rising to depart; "when all things are ready, when the storm which is now rising in black clouds round the horizon shall have closed overhead, and all is dark whichever way we look, and just ready to burst, then I will come to you to redeem my promise. Consider my faith as pledged to it. Farewell, poor, wronged, betrayed Wingina; we will seal the solemn covenant of our marriage by a ceremony that, if the world approves not, it cannot laugh at. Our races were never formed to amalgamate in this world; let us, then, adjourn our cases to that immortal tribunal so much talked of. Surely," said he, as he left the door and walked musingly toward the street—"surely that great, many-headed monster will be satisfied with the sacrifice I propose to offer upon its unholy altar, the perpetual fires of which are lighted by the devil himself."

The sun was by this time sinking behind the horizon, and the shadows of night stealing over the silent and somber scene, chiming too well with the darker shadows fast gathering over the hopes and fortunes of that once bright youth. As was too often of late the case, he bent his footsteps to the principal tavern of the place, and there met at the threshold Bernard Moore, just from Temple Farm.

"Oh, Moore," said John, "by heavens, I am glad to see you! it is a long time since we have had a night together;

now we will indeed revive the memory of those good old times, to which you alluded so often on that damned dull morning after I had been moped to death all day and night, between old Dr. Blair on one side and Dr. Evylin on the other. How come on the old twattlers, and how is my father and the family?"

"All well, John; but I fear I cannot join in your revelry to-night—I come upon pressing business of the governor's."

"What's in the wind now?"

"A proclamation calling upon the young gentry of the colony to come out in favor of the tramontane expedition, and, to such of them as have succeeded in enlisting fifty followers, to march to the capital forthwith. It is a fine chance for you now, John, to distinguish yourself, and to grow rich besides."

"Oh, curse the tramontane expedition! I have breakfasted, dined, and supped on nothing else for the last three hundred and sixty-five days, until I really believe that I have got a young mountain growing up in my stomach, and made of lime too, for it is eternally parched up with thirst. But tell me how I may grow rich by this eternal crossing of the mountains?—that's a new maggot in my good dad's knowledge-box."

"It is a project of his new private secretary, Mr. Hall—it is to give magnificent donations of land to all who will comply with the proposed terms."

"And who the devil is Mr. Hall? I never heard of him before."

"A very extraordinary young man, I assure you. He arrived at York with the Scotch emigrants, and applied for a tutor's place over Master Bob. He has completely captivated the governor."

"Oh, ay, anybody could do that who would affect strongly the mountain frenzy. Tell me, now, was that not the way the thing was done?"

"I believe you are partly right; but he exhibited some very curious tricks of fence with the small-sword too, which finished what the other left undone."

"Some rascally impostor, I'll warrant; but he will not impose on me with his mountain enthusiasm, nor his scond-hand tricks with the small-sword either."

"I tell you, John, he is a match for the governor himself, and toasted me like a roasted goose with the spit run through him. You father tried him also at mathematics, and the commissary at the classics, and in all he was their equal."

"And yet you say he is a poor adventurer. How does he dress and behave?"

"His dress is rather seedy, to tell you the truth, but he has the manners of a gentleman."

"It is all very strange, but let me see the proclamation; that too is his handiwork, I suppose?"

"Yes—here it is." Handing him a copy of the paper, which John glanced over hastily and contemptuously, and then handed it back and took Moore's arm as he said, "Enough, Bernard, enough—the very thought of the mountain expedition has made me as thirsty as a limekiln—what shall I order up? Port, sherry, madeira, or claret—or will you go with me to the palace? I am all alone there, and we can send out and have as fine a set of fellows in half an hour as ever sung a song or told a story; and, by heavens, we will begin upon the oysters to-night!"

"No, John, no—I cannot join you at either place to-night. I am on business of importance, and must hurry back in the morning. I have to send an express to some of the remote counties before I start; of course I shall be engaged until late at night in giving instructions to these messengers, part of whom are already in the house."

"No matter about that, we will make them all gloriously drunk, and then pack them off at cross-purposes; ten to one but they all bring up at Temple Farm in the morning, and get put in the stocks for their pains; a capital place, I'm told, to get sober. It keeps the blood upon a dead spirit-level, so you see it prevents determination to the head."

"Why, John, I think you must have dined out already

—you seem disposed to make merry of everything, from the governor down."

"Egad, you are right—I have been out and have supped upon horrors—the very recollection of which smacks of brimstone, and that's the reason I'm so thirsty now. Come, you shall not escape me, I swear, if I have to sit and hear your instructions to every one of these express riders. I will have you still. Come down to the palace, order these fellows down there, where we can have the whole house to ourselves. I am determined to make a night of it."

Moore, seeing that he must either comply or quarrel with his old friend, determined upon the former for many reasons, and therefore set to work in earnest with his business, determined to dispatch that before he should be engaged with one so likely to pledge him in deep cups. He was not more than half inclined to join him at all—not that he did not enjoy a carouse to some extent, like other youths, but there was a wildness, a desperation about John, which pained as well as alarmed him.

They were soon seated over their wine in one of the most luxurious rooms of the governor's palace, each with a pipe in his mouth, and servants standing ready to obey the slightest command. It was an evening to enjoy luxuriously a glass of wine, a cheerful fire, and the soothing repose induced by the glorious Virginia weed, and Moore seemed disposed to make the best of his capture and enjoy these good things like a rational creature, using the wine and tobacco rather as mental than physical stimulants, and plying them lazily and luxuriously along as the conversation flagged.

Not so with his friend—he was disposed for desperate and deep potations, he was restless and uneasy, and all the luxury in the world could not have produced in him a sensation of calmness and repose. He scarcely seemed fitted for conversation—he wanted roistering companions, and noisy sport, and practical jokes—and nothing prevented him from having them but the declaration of Moore,

that he would only spend a social evening with him in the present way and no other.

The only thing, therefore, for John was to make up in the depth and frequency of his libations for want of more jovial company, with the faint hope at the same time that Moore would soon be brought to that point of excitement when he, too, would be led to seek stirring adventure.

Still he sat and sipped his wine, or puffed his pipe, his feet cased in slippers, and his legs over the seat of a chair, while his head was thrown back in the attitude of luxurious repose.

"Come, Moore," said John, "let's drink a bumper to the success of that expedition which the governor seems to have inoculated you with, like all others who come within the reach of his influence."

"With all my heart, John, I will drink to its success, but no more bumpers for me. I do not want to look in the morning as if the devil had sent me a case-knife to cut my own throat."

"Lord, Moore, you have sung psalms and hymns with old Dr. Blair and Dr. Evylin, until you are becoming, I fear, one of those nice, moral young men, praised by the old ladies, and held up as patterns by our dads for imitation. You are becoming evangelical—is that not the word?"

"Pshaw, John! you are suffering yourself to fall off too far to the other extreme; you know very well that I am no stickler for propriety and decorum, farther than they are necessary as the barriers between the various orders of society."

"Oh, damn the barriers of social order. If I had my way I would cement the whole of them with the hot fumes of wine into one great social circle of democracy—with our joy in common, our property in common; in short, I would revolutionize your social structure: I would wipe out old things, and begin all anew again."

"Why, John, you are a madman!"

"Egad, I have thought that myself sometimes, but that is always in my dark hour."

He moved his chair round near to Moore, and waved his hand to the servants to vanish, and then, seeing that they were alone by a stealthy glance round the room, he whispered in his ear, "*I am pursued by a demon!*"

"Good God! John, you should consult advice—your specter or demon is altogether in your disordered vision. Let me send now for the doctor, and see if he does not say that you should lose blood on the spot?"

John laughed before he replied. "Tush, man! there is nothing the matter with me now, any more than there is with you; but sleep in my room to-night (and here his voice fell to a whisper), and I will show you whether it is a mind diseased or not. Call in that old negro, and ask him if I do not have one of these nocturnal visitors every night?"

"No, no, there is no need; I will sleep in the same room with you myself, and see this strange visitor of yours; but does he follow you wherever you go?"

"Yes, wherever I am, I see these strange sights—whether I am asleep or awake, I know not, but the visitor, as you call him, is not always of the same identity."

John soon after began to grow boisterous—then to sing, and then to hiccough, and finally was carried off neck-and-heels to bed by two of the servants.

Moore occupied a bed in the same room, in which he ordered a light to be left burning, that he might see the dreaded apparition.

About three o'clock in the morning he was roused from a deep sleep by a strange, unnatural noise in the room, and remembering the conversation with John, instantly sprung out of bed and stood beside him. There lay his friend crouched into a knot, the pillow would wound tight round his head, just leaving room for his fiery eyeballs to gleam through.

"There, Moore," said he, in a whisper of mortal terror, "there he stands; don't you see him? Oh! what a hideous

monster; his eyeballs are like red-hot coals of fire, and his tongue forked like that of a serpent; see, see, he moves! Protect me from him, for God's sake! Look, now he goes—he goes—watch him—ha, ha, ha!—he is gone."

"Why, John, this is the very madness of the moon. You should consult advice at once; for Heaven's sake let me send an express for Dr. Evylin."

"No, no," still in a strained, painful, and husky whisper; "here they come again, a legion of them, with fiery serpents in their hands—my God, see how they fling them about!"

He had now screwed himself up into the smallest possible compass in the farther corner of the bed, his eyeballs still glaring from beneath the pillow, and every instant screeching in the most hideous manner, and now darting from one side of the bed to the other, declaring that it was full of these terrible reptiles.

Once or twice, by the persuasion of Moore, he was calmed for awhile, and lay down as if to asleep, and the servants were seated and mutely attentive. The stillness of death pervaded the room; nothing but whispers, and they scarcely breathed, were heard. The eyes of the young man were closed as if by a powerful effort, and his breathing deep and convulsive.

His attendants all thought him asleep; but with the velocity of lightning he sprung from the bed and alighted in the middle of the floor, uttering at the same moment a long, shrill scream.

He was instantly seized by three or four stout servants, and Moore himself assisting, but all together they could not hold him. He doubled and twisted himself into a thousand strange contortions, and dashed one servant to the wall with his foot, and leveled another on the floor with his arm. At last, when exhausted, and about to be overpowered by their numbers, and the steady determination of Moore, he lay in a delirious agony of fear.

Bernard Moore determined at once to send an express for Dr. Evylin. He had inquired of the servants, and

learned that this was far the most alarming attack which he had had. Leaving the unfortunate youth in their charge for a few moments, he dispatched such a note to the old doctor as he knew would bring him, at the same time leaving it to his own discretion whether to alarm the family or not. Having seen the boy depart on a fleet horse, he resumed his melancholy position by the bedside of his friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS—CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SEXES.

About ten o'clock next morning, Moore was startled from his position at the bedside by the rustling sound of a lady's dress in the entry below. He slipped out and ran down, just in time to meet Kate at the foot of the stairs. He took her hand, and led her into a room, where he seated her.

"Oh, Mr. Moore," exclaimed she, almost breathless, "do tell me what all this means—what *is* the matter with John?"

"Tell me first how you knew anything about it."

"Oh, it matters not; for Heaven's sake do not keep me in suspense, but tell me when was he taken? how is he affected? is he dangerous? and oh, above all, will he recover?"

"My dear Catherine, calm yourself; your brother is ill; I will not deceive you about it, but I hope there is nothing dangerous in his disease."

"Well, lead me to him at once, let me see and judge for myself; you know that I am not one to faint at the sight of a sick-chamber."

"Stop, stop, not yet—I must prepare you before you go for your brother's state of mind. He is quite delirious, and sometimes frantic."

She waited to hear no more, but threw open the door and ran up-stairs herself, and entered the room so silently that

a sleeping infant would scarcely have been disturbed; but there was an ear listening to that soft tread upon the carpet that would have caught the vibration of a thread, so magnified was its sense of hearing.

John had roused himself upon one elbow in spite of three powerful arms, the instant he heard the first foot-fall, and was waiting with distended eyes for the approach of the dread visitor which his imagination had conjured up. As Kate passed the threshold he shaded his eyes with his hands, and glared at her with that vacant stare which betokens a wandering mind. She approached slowly, so as to give him time to recognize her, and hoping every moment to hear him call her name, perhaps coupled with some endearing epithet, but it was all in vain.

His eyes distended wider and wider as she came nearer, until the iris looked almost like a ring of fire. As she gently laid her hand upon his arm and uttered the words, "My brother!" he started as if stung by a scorpion—pushing back and back, until he had planted himself firmly against the wall, and drawn the bedclothes over his head; trembling and quivering she repeated, "My dear brother, speak to me!"

Kate threw herself into a chair, and buried her face in the bed, and wept long and bitterly. During the while the poor patient several times raised his head from beneath the bedclothes, and listened to her sobs, as the startled stag listens to the approaching huntsman, bending his head forward, and turning one ear foremost in the attitude of one who listens intensely.

The sounds seemed at last to soothe him into a gentler mood, and he stretched forth his hand and smoothed down her glossy blonde hair, as one who commiserates the object caressed. Kate raised her face toward his, all streaming with tears, gratified in the midst of them that he had at least ceased to dread her presence; but still he did not recognize her.

"Go home, now," said he; "go home to your poor blind mother, that's a good girl, and weep not for me."

Dr. Evylin and Governor Spotswood soon after entered; the latter was terribly shocked, and even the venerable old physician found the case worse than he had expected. He immediately ordered the room darkened and cleared of all but the necessary attendants, and then poured out a dose of some liquid medicine and handed it to Moore. "There, give him that," said he, "enough to kill any two of us." After which Kate was led out by Mr. Moore to another room.

"Oh, Mr. Moore," said she, "this is very dreadful! can you form any idea of the cause of his derangement?"

"It is not ordinary madness, Catherine, it is not ordinary madness, but, from what I have heard and seen, it is the mania induced by intemperate drinking."

"Is it possible?—and is my brother indeed that degraded thing, a drunkard?"

"Distress not yourself; the case is no worse now, perhaps, than it has been for some time; indeed, this very attack may wean him from the wretched thraldom."

Half an hour afterward the old doctor came in, a bright smile breaking upon his features, his pipe in his mouth, and assured Kate that her brother slept—"a thing," said he, "which I will venture to say he has not done for hours before." He assured her, also, that if this sleep continued for some time he would awake better, and probably in his sound mind.

Kate insisted that she would watch by his bedside, and that the servants might stand at the door within call; and, sure enough, there she posted herself, and remained six long hours. She watched in that dark room until her eyes at length became accustomed to it; and she could see her brother's countenance, the corrugated brow, the quivering eyelid, the alternately distended and collapsed nostril, and the compressed lips—the latter sometimes muttering the delirious wanderings of the mind.

Was it anything wonderful that Moore's attention, as he occasionally stole to the door and peeped in, was not wholly absorbed by the condition of his friend? Was he

not excusable if a stray glance wandered over that fair neck and arm, as they rested upon the table, while their owner gazed upon the unfortunate sufferer? In fact, he caught all the changes upon John's distorted features reflected with beautiful fidelity upon that of his sister's.

About five o'clock in the afternoon her brother waked up to a stupid sort of consciousness, took a little broth, and fell off again into a deep sleep, the first of the kind that he had enjoyed for many, many weeks. After Kate saw her brother thus comfortably disposed, she took a few turns through the garden, to see how her flowers had been attended to in her long absence. This garden presented some of the rarest exotics ever then seen in America, and was furnished with conservatories and hot-houses upon a large scale.

The gardener was now preparing to re-convey many of the tenderest of his silent family to their winter-quarters. Kate walked through the box hedges, inquiring into the condition of each old acquaintance, deploring the sickening condition of some, and praising the luxuriance of others, here clipping off a decayed leaf, and there propping up a rickety stem.

Moore was as excessively fond of flowers as he had been remarkably devout when Kate read the responses; he went into raptures over the faded beauties of some little foreign stranger, and was really pathetic over the disasters which absence and want of delicate culture had produced upon her favorites. Oh, what a hypocrite! he did not care a fig for the most delicate pink that ever blushed through its green foliage, any more than he did for a red cabbage, *i. e.*, he had none of the true fervor. He loved the flowers, because he was in love with everything that she loved; but he did not love them for themselves.

This is the way that men generally love flowers—they like to see the ladies of their love fall into raptures over their silent and beautiful little friends, but few of them

have that sort of *affection* for flowers—genuine affection —which ladies have.

Kate not only loved her flowers, but there was a sort of secret communion between them. Moore was of a philosophic turn, even in his love, and he desired to penetrate deeper into this connection.

"Will you tell me," said he, "what this passionate admiration of flowers is like in your sex?"

"Adoration would have been the better word, Mr. Moore," replied she; "not that we commit idolatry in our enthusiasm, but we approach the Deity through them, as the Catholic approaches him through the saints."

"Ah, that is a new idea to me altogether; with us it is different; we do not ascend so high in our purest poetical feelings concerning them. We have—I mean the least groveling of us—have very sweet associations with the memory as well as the presence of flowers."

"Is that all?" said Kate, looking up from a pale, delicate autumnal flower; "is that all? Why, what poor creatures you are! we mix up our love for these gentle, silent things with our higher sentiments. I am sure I never look at one of them without silent adoration to that Great Being, who could so extend his broadcast benevolence, as to create them that they might minister to our pleasures. Did you ever reflect that they were created for a wise purpose? Nothing was ever created in vain, neither were these. Look at this frail and beautiful thing; it has no medicinal properties whatever, and, of course, must have been created to minister to our pleasures alone. God must delight in these innocent enjoyments of his creatures, or else he never would have strewed them so plentifully along our paths through this world."

"The passion is all very well in your sex—very lovely, very beautiful; but would it not be a little effeminate in ours?"

Kate rose up, and looked him steadily in the face, before she replied, "Effeminate! effeminate, Mr. Moore! Take back that word, I pray you. Remember what our

Saviour said: 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Ponder upon those beautiful words. All the poets that ever sung never uttered in such a compass a sentiment so full of innocence, purity, and beauty. Oh, it is almost sublime in its perfect sublimation. Think of that word 'arrayed'—he speaks of these, my little dumb friends, as if the very angels had been employed at their toilet. What an eye for pure and perfect beauty he must have had! The morning robes of the lily surpassed the glory of the most sumptuously clad monarch in the history of the world in his eyes. What a contrast that was, in the comparatively rude age in which it was uttered! Who at that day had ever before comprehended the whole and perfect beauty of that pale and unobtrusive flower? And yet you are afraid of being thought effeminate, if you indulge in enthusiasm like ours."

"No, no, not afraid. I asked if it would not look so to you."

"Well, then, I answer no—certainly not; but tell me truly, is it so, that your sex does not feel these things which I have been describing as we feel them?"

"To tell you honestly, Miss Catherine, we do not. I see that it will lower us in your estimation, but I have been reflecting upon it, and I'll tell you what I think is the reason, and perhaps that may set us all right again in your favor. We are not pure enough; we mix too much with the business and the anxieties of the world. The Saviour, though in the garb of humanity, was pure and spotless. Does not his very capacity for the highest enjoyment of these, old Mother Nature's pets, seem to favor my idea?"

"There is force in your remark, but I must say at the expense of your sex; I had no idea that it was so debased; but it cannot be true of all men—there must be some exception, some pure enough to relish flowers. I will

henceforth, I believe, go through the world looking for one who loves flowers for their own sake."

"He stands before you; do not leave me just yet; your brother sleeps, and do you listen into what a rhapsody I will fall over this little yellow flower."

Kate laughed at him heartily over her shoulder as she entered the house, and replied "that the one he had selected was the poorest thing in the garden, but that it would do very well to begin with, and by the time he had mounted to a potato-blossom she would be ready to listen to him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TUTOR'S NARRATIVE.

During Kate's absence Ellen Evylin wandered over the house like one in a dream—Dorothea tried her rural system upon her one morning, by dragging her to see the dairy-maids perform their manual exercise, but it was all labor in vain. Ellen told her that it required high health and spirits for these things.

"There you are wrong," said Dorothea, "for it is these that bring health and spirits—did you ever see me low-spirited?"

"No, indeed, my dear Dorothea, I never did, but remember you are just fifteen; the next five years to you may contain the sorrows of twenty."

The little girl laughed and replied, "Not unless all the cows take the hollow horn. Do you think I will?"—to young Dandridge, looking on.

"No; I am sure if you ever have the blues," replied he, "it will sour all the milk in the dairy."

Ellen sauntered off alone, leaving the healthful and merry young pair to their fun and frolic. She had not wandered long on the banks of the little brook at the foot of the garden, before she discovered Mr. Hall standing opposite to that gloomy structure, before designated as

the scene of the night funeral. He was standing with his hands locked behind him and his hat drawn with the corner down over his eyes, and his head bent upon his breast, every now and then raising it to look at the tomb or vault, and then sinking it as before.

Ellen walked within a few feet of him, but he heeded her not. She was determined not to be baffled this time, however, and accordingly took her stand at a few yards' distance, to wait the termination of his colloquy with the dead, for she could hear him talking in an undertone, and once or twice he raised his right arm and let it fall listlessly again by his right side. She heard him say, "His last words to me were, 'We shall meet again!' but who could have thought that it would be thus?"

Ellen coughed, so as to arrest his attention, and preclude the suspicion of stealing upon him unawares. He turned round quickly and colored to his ears, but approached her, removing his hat.

He was aware that she sought his presence, and was not a little surprised at it, and approached her with an inquiring, anxious look, as he said, "Can I render any possible service to Miss Evylin?"

She seemed puzzled how to communicate her errand, but after a considerable pause replied, "Mr. Hall, it would be useless to attempt to conceal that I have been for some time seeking this interview."

"Is it possible?"

His surprise startled her, and she was on the point of retreating at last without accomplishing her end, but she mustered up her courage and came to the charge again. "Yes, I acknowledge that I have sought for it with a particular object in view; I suppose you capable of throwing some light upon a dark portion of the history of"—here she stopped short; she did not know how to finish the sentence—but presently added—"of another."

She looked up—the change was indeed surprising—every muscle of his mouth quivered with excitement as he struggled for an answer, and his eyes told of the most

intense interest. They were riveted upon her face as if he would search her very soul.

"Of whom?" at length he asked.

"Of Frank Lee."

He started as if a bullet had pierced his heart. "Of Frank Lee!" exclaimed he.

"Ay; did you know him?" said she, tremblingly, anxious for his reply.

"Know him—know him," he drawled out; "too well, too well," still gazing with a dreamy eye and absent manner upon that beautiful, agitated, downcast face.

Instantly her countenance rose, and she sprung forward with her hands clasped together beseechingly, as she asked, "Oh, tell me, does he live?"

"Live—live—does he live? I cannot say."

"Oh, why do you hesitate?"

This question seemed to rouse him to his full consciousness, and he answered, "The truth is, Miss Evylin, your inquiries have been so sudden and unexpected, and, let me add, so embarrassing, that I scarcely know what I say."

"Why are they embarrassing?"

"Because I cannot tell you all I know of him for whom you inquire without exposing myself. I have not always been what I now seem."

"Oh, you need have no fears of me—secrets in which he was involved would be sacred with me at least; and you—could you suppose that *I* would betray you, if there was anything to betray?"

"No, I hope not; but there is another embarrassing point which I know not how to approach without offending you."

"There need be no offense between two straightforward, honest people."

"Here, then, is a seat in this arbor; you look fatigued and exhausted—let me fetch you a glass of water from the fountain."

"No, no—no water; I will take the seat, but I could listen forever while you talk of him."

"You must know that I was more intimate with him than with any living being."

"Oh, tell me all, then, quickly, and end my suspense."

"I knew your story when I first entered yonder mansion as well as I do now, but poor Frank labored under a grievous mistake as to your feelings toward him, unless they have lately changed back again into their old channel."

"Changed back again! old channel! What can you mean? The course of that stream has not been half so steady and constant as the current of my very heart's blood in his favor."

"Before God, I believe you; but there was some gross deception practised upon him somewhere. Not an hour before he made the desperate and suicidal attempt to rescue the brave officer who lies buried there, he expressed the desperate determination to throw his life away. All this produced by a letter from this country."

"From whom?" exclaimed she, with vehemence; "from whom, I pray you?"

"From his own brother."

"From Harry Lee! Is it possible? And what could he say to produce so desperate a resolve in Frank?"

"I saw the letter, and can speak very positively to that point. He said that he expected to marry you before his brother's return; that he had already obtained her father's consent, and only waited to break down the obstacles which young maidens love to gather round themselves; that they were already giving way, and would soon totally disappear before the warmth of his suit. Those were almost his very words."

"Oh, the base ingrate! There was scarcely a word of truth in the whole. It is true he asked my father's consent to pay his addresses to me, but *he* only referred him to me for a decision, telling him at the same time that he would never interfere with my inclinations, so long as

the object of my choice was respectable and intelligent; and as to the obstacle, I was really endeavoring to teach myself to look upon him in the light of a brother, until finding my motives entirely misunderstood, I had to put him upon the stately footing which you have seen, and which much better suits him. Now, all being explained, tell me what become of Frank after the attempted rescue?"

"There was still another thing which made him believe Harry's letter—your own had ceased for some time, which gave his statements a remarkable coloring of truth."

"Of the cause of that I know nothing, except his frequent change of place after leaving London. I wrote to him regularly."

"I believe you, most sincerely, and now I will tell you what little I know of him. When he first came over, he spent some time in traveling, and then entered the University at Edinburgh, as was his first intention, and made great progress with his studies, and would really have been distinguished as a scholar, but for an unfortunate circumstance which happened. You will recollect that General Elliot, the half-brother of Governor Spotswood, came to Edinburgh about the time alluded to; and his brow being adorned with the laurels obtained in battle, he was, of course, a subject of curiosity to all the ardent youths about the city, and especially to those with any aspirations after military honors. Frank sought him out, and their mutual relations to Governor Spotswood soon produced an intimacy. Frank was burning with impatience to join the army; but his guardian's instructions were so positive about the necessity of finishing his collegiate course, that he resisted his impulses for the time. The intimacy with the general, however, still continued. The affairs of this country furnished a never-failing theme of mutual interest between them, and it was the intention of the general at some future day to emigrate hither. Alas! he little supposed that his removal would be after death. I was in college at the same time, and knew every turn

of Frank's mind as well as if he had been my brother. I was actuated by the same motives, and longed for the same chance of distinguishing myself.

"General Elliot at length left the city; but we did not return to our studies with the same ardor after his departure. Our hearts were in the army, and of course the books were soon thrown aside for the foil and the broadsword, and if we read at all, it was works connected with military science.

"The general was absent some months, and when he returned he was a changed man.

"His fine, blithesome, and sportive humor had left him for a settled and perplexed air. He walked about like one in a dream, and we were not long in discovering that the character of his associates had entirely changed. You know that both himself and the governor were Scotchmen by birth, and in that country there was a strong predilection for the hereditary claimant of the crown, running through all ranks of society, more or less. Even with those who held office and had fought for the existing order of things their affections were with the young Chevalier. Besides, it was thought that the Queen could not live long, and there was little hope entertained even then of a direct hereditary descent of the crown. I believe that if the question could have been impartially put to the Scotch people, without fear or favor weighing in either scale, whether the young Stewart or a foreigner should reign, that the former would have obtained seventy-five in every hundred votes. General Elliot, in his then recent excursion into one of the counties of England, had (most unfortunately, as it turned out) encountered the young Pretender himself. He became at once charmed with the youth, and enamored of his cause. The result was brought about not a little by the disgust which filled his breast against the ministry for their treatment of his patron and commander, the Duke of Marlborough, who was just then beginning to reap that bitter harvest of ingratitude with which his sovereign repaid his noble achievements.

"General Elliot on his second visit to Edinburgh, had come expressly on business connected with another contemplated attempt of the Chevalier, and hence his perplexed air and new associates. His time was now almost wholly taken up with these men and a very extensive correspondence. We were not long in discovering that something very unusual was in progress, and it was, therefore, I suppose, that the general determined to take us into his fatal confidence. It was with no desire to involve us in difficulties, for his own sanguine nature scarcely contemplated defeat; but if he had any misgivings he was not to blame, for he was in some measure compelled to take us into his confidence, owing to Frank's intimacy with him—brought about by his position with regard to this country; and Frank and I, you know, were relations, and very intimate, of course. So that we were, almost without premeditation, linked in the treasonable affair. Not that we designed to commit treason, or contemplated our acts as such; we had been led to believe that we were espousing the cause of the rightful heir to the crown, and that it was our opponents who were the traitors. It is success, you know, that re-baptizes these things with new names—rebellion is patriotism when successful; and treason, when defeated.

"The better to blind suspicion, we were still nominally attending our collegiate routine, but in reality hatching a most formidable plot against the occupant of the crown. General Elliot was not a man to go tamely to work in anything that he undertook; his whole heart and soul were in the enterprise, and we were not less heartily engaged.

"He had now taken a house, the better to have complete control over all those around him, and for the purpose of receiving such young gentlemen as were anxious to join our cause. Such neophytes were generally sounded first by my cousin or myself, and if found of the right materials, were then introduced at headquarters, which the general's house literally was. Over his household a young

lady presided, who I must say was one of the most arch little traitors that ever ran away with the hearts of a set of young gentlemen. My cousin was greatly attracted by her society, as well as myself."

Poor Ellen, she looked aghast at this, which the young man seeing, he quickly added, "But Frank's attentions to this most charming lady were dictated by the purest brotherly regard, in which you would have joined him, heart and hand, had you been there. Her name is Eugenia Elliot, a relation of the general's. She came to this country in the same vessel with me."

"To this country!" exclaimed Ellen in surprise; "where is she?"

"Not long ago she was in that very house."

"Is it possible? I never heard this before."

"Did you hear nothing of the three masks?"

"Ah, then you were one of the three, and this young lady was another; and who was the third?"

"Her father, Humphrey Elliot, Esq., another of those unfortunate gentlemen, like my cousin and myself, who were ruined in fortune and reputation."

"And where are they now?"

"Gone to a place called Germana, a frontier settlement, I believe. They have doubtless changed their names ere this, and are happily settled, I hope, in as peaceful and as happy seclusion as their circumstances will permit."

"And why have you kept these things from Governor Spotswood, when you know that he has been making such anxious inquiries for them?"

"Because I pledged myself to Mr. Elliot that I would do so, and I now only reveal them to you to make my story complete, and under the same injunction of secrecy."

"It shall be observed faithfully; but go on with your narrative."

"While our preparations were in such fine train, as we supposed, for the intended enterprise, and just on the eve of accomplishment, the city was one morning astounded with the news that General Elliot had been

arrested in his own house, and conveyed to prison. We had scarcely heard the news before my cousin and myself were arrested, and our papers submitted to the most rigid scrutiny. Fortunately there was nothing in them which could in the least compromise us, and we were after a short examination liberated. I need not dwell upon the melancholy particulars of the general's trial; you have doubtless read them in the English newspapers; suffice it to say, that he was convicted of high-treason, and sentenced to be beheaded. Before that fatal day came all of us who had been implicated in fact, but not in law, resolved to make one daring and desperate effort for his rescue. You know, also, the result of the mad attempt. It was led by Frank—he was cut down by the soldiers on duty, and rode over by a troop of dragoons. No one supposed it possible that he could survive. He was carried off by a party of collegians, who witnessed the affray and recognized him. To the world he has been dead ever since."

"To the world!" exclaimed Ellen, seizing his hand entreatingly; "then he yet lives to his friends?"

"I will not, cannot say positively; but I will say, that I saw him after he was reported to be dead."

"Oh God, I thank thee!" exclaimed his auditor, and would have fallen from her seat had he not supported her.

When she had somewhat recovered he continued: "While he was yet in a state quivering between life and death he dictated a long letter to you."

"I have never received a line from him since that fatal day, and, indeed, for some time before."

"I have that letter in my possession."

"Oh, then give it to me at once—keep me not in suspense."

"It is in my trunk—if you feel able now to walk to the house, I will hand it to you as soon as we arrive there."

"On the instant I am as strong as ever I was in my life; I could walk to the capital, if that were necessary."

Toward the house they moved; the invalid, who but a few hours before dragged her steps along, now almost

pulled the tutor, so impatient was she, and so buoyant and elastic her step.

When she had received the precious document she rushed out of the door leading to her apartment, never stopping to thank the donor or make any salutation whatever. There he stood in the middle of the floor, his hands still extended, and his moist eye resting on the place where she last stood. Whether he envied the unfortunate youth all his misfortunes, who was the subject of such an undisguised attachment, we cannot undertake to say. His interest in that pale, young creature seemed to have been deeply aroused, but whose would not under such circumstances?

She never afterward recollected how she arrived at her room, but the door was locked all the balance of that day. Occasionally she was heard walking about; no one could account for it, except Mr. Hall, and he said nothing. Such things were so common for her, however, that her prolonged absence was passed over. Her father, the governor, and Kate, were all at Williamsburg.

The letter ran as follows:

"Dear Ellen,—I still call you so, in spite of all that is passed. Before you receive this letter I shall be in my grave. What a termination is this to all those bright and hopeful dreams of youth, which mutually inspired our hearts at our last meeting! But I do not regret it—indeed, I have sought an honorable death, as a relief from the deep, deep disappointment of those hopes. Oh, Ellen! you recollect—you must recollect that blessed evening, when our young hearts were suddenly and unexpectedly laid bare to each other. Why could not those blissful moments continue forever? Does the curse which has gone forth against our race interdict the continuance of such happiness as was then ours? It seems so; our betrothal has but terminated as all other youthful engagements have done before it; but I did hope other and better things of her who was so entwined round my heart that

to tear away her image would be to unseat my very soul itself; and so it yet appears to me. I can die and leave my possessions to my brother; and above all of them I can resign you to him—for I considered you as much mine as the pupil of my eye; but I cannot live and see these things. I would scarcely trust myself with the sight of you as another's wife, even if that other were my brother.

"I could not have believed that it could come to this; and would not now believe it, if I had not received it from Harry's own hand, and no one who bears the name of Lee can lie? It was corroborated also by your own mysterious silence. But think not, still ever dear Ellen, that I have propped up my feeble frame on the bed of death to utter reproaches against you—far from it—far, very far from it. I thought it might relieve your burdened memory in after-time, if I would, before I died, voluntarily release you with my own hand from all engagements to me. I know that you were very young at the time of our rash promises to each other, and I know that our affections are not always within our own control. Let not the memory, then, of our youthful loves poison those of your maturer years.

"May you and Harry glide gently down the vale of life, undisturbed by the trials which have wrecked my peace! May the gentlest dews of heaven moisten your green paths; and hand-in-hand may you support each other through whatever afflictions may be thrown in your way—and at last may we all meet hereafter in a higher and nobler sphere of action.

"These wishes are sincere and honest, for they are the products of the bitter and honest hour of death. I could not write them sooner, and it were not safe to defer it longer, for already I feel the damp dews of death gathering upon my brow, and the shadowy visions of the dark valley falling over my eyes—they are covered with mist. Farewell! farewell! FRANK LEE."

It would be impossible to depict the various and con-

flicting emotions which agitated her heart while perusing this letter. She read it over and over again, and walked the room with it in her hand, occasionally referring to it to note some passages whose meaning she was attempting to understand more clearly. Night came, and still she pondered over that single page of writing, though she had learned every word of it by heart. The very punctuation became a matter of moment. A single note of interrogation after the word lie, though placed there in the hurry of agitated composition, or by mistake, seemed to her excited fancy as if poor Frank had intended to ask the question, whether Harry could have falsified her or not.

Who is there in this world of trouble who has not thus dwelt upon a letter containing bad news, vainly endeavoring to draw consolation from some chance word by which the disastrous news might be softened, and torturing the words of the writer into meanings never meant to be conveyed? Though that long day and night were spent in grief and suffering, it was merely over a new aspect given to the old sorrow by the letter. On the whole, her heart was relieved by a review of the story of the tutor, and she now, with something like reason, nursed the hope in her heart that she would one day yet meet her long-lost lover. In this happy conviction she fell into a deep sleep before morning, from which she was not roused until the sun was high up in his daily rounds.

CHAPTER XIX.

VIRGINIA COURTSHIPS.

In the course of a few days John Spotswood was able to sit up in his chair and receive the visits and congratulations of his friends. He seemed to have lost all relish for the disgusting poison which had thus carried him to the very brink of the grave, but the same settled despond-

ence still brooded over his young hopes. Kate was ever at his side, not only anticipating every desire, but exerting her powers to the uttermost to entertain and enliven her dejected brother.

She read to him, she sung to him, she culled flowers to amuse his solitary hours, and even affected a gayety which she felt not to cheer him from his settled melancholy; but all to no purpose—to the books he listened not, to her charming voice he turned a deaf ear, and her flowers he would take in his hand and perhaps snuff their fragrance, and then let them fall listlessly upon the carpet beside him. No subject, no book, no person seemed to possess the least attraction for him; he hardly tolerated the society of his own sister, delightful as that society was. His whole comfort now consisted in his tobacco, which the old doctor allowed him to whiff occasionally. He would sit for hours with his pale, emaciated face thrown up, his head resting upon the back of his couch, and his eyes fastened upon the ceiling, or following the rich volumes of smoke which issued from the fragrant weed, and never utter a syllable.

Kate would steal away into another room and weep and sob as if her heart would break, and then, after removing all traces of her distress, glide back again to her position at his side. Many times she was compelled to rush out of the room to hide her emotion at some remark of her brother's, showing his utter hopelessness and deep despondence. She was not always alone in her duties at her brother's sick-couch. Bernard Moore spent a great portion of his time there, and, by his lively conversation and playful humor, assisted Kate in her endeavors to pluck the rooted sorrow from John's heart; but it is very questionable whether he was not much more successful in planting the seeds of it in his own.

Kate was wholly absorbed with her brother's condition; she seemed entirely unconscious that a very assiduous beau was as constant in his attentions to her slightest wants as she was to those of her brother. Not that she slighted

Moore in any degree, nor on the other hand did she manifest that alarming politeness which to the discerning lover is the prelude to a dismissal. The most keen-sighted and sagacious observer of the sex would have been sorely puzzled to say in what estimation she held the youth.

Moore (as all other Virginia lovers do even at this day) doubtless weighed these things, and certainly took encouragement from the examination, as his perseverance evinced, but Carter did the same, and both could not be right.

Once, after a little playful bantering of Moore's, and several ineffectual attempts to reinstate her in her usual cheerfulness, she thus spoke to him:

"Will you be frank and sincere with me now, and say if you know the cause of this sad change in my brother?"

"Thus appealed to, most assuredly I will, Kate; but it is a fruitless frankness in this instance, for I am as ignorant as yourself. The day that you sent me in your place to accompany him on the road I endeavored to draw it out, but he baffled me."

"You know more of human nature, at all events more of young men's nature, than I do; what do you imagine could cause this dreadful despondence? Place yourself in his situation as near as you can—what would depress you thus?"

"I know not, unless being crossed in love." Kate turned her head slightly from the speaker, and a warm and just perceptible color flashed over her cheeks for an instant, leaving her face rather pale, and her ears very red. He continued: "But I do not know that any such thing has happened to John."

"No," replied she; "there was a slight effort made by their friends to induce my brother and Ellen to fancy each other, but they very soon discovered that these are feelings which, in their origin at least, must be spontaneous. Neither of them, I believe, were heart-broken by the effort; I can speak with certainty of the lady."

"And I of the gentleman—of course that cannot be the

cause. Have you never heard of any other attachment of his?"

Kate made no reply, but seemed busied with some mortifying recollection, and then darted off to perform some little nameless duty about her brother's sick-couch. When she returned, she did not seem to think the question still required an answer, and the subject was dropped.

That same night Moore was seated in his room at the hotel, wrapped in his dressing-gown, his feet cased in slippers and thrown over a chair, while volumes of smoke rose up in pyramids over his head, and broke in fanciful festoons for many yards around. A large volume, with plates, was open before him, and his table was strewed with flowers. He did not seem to be studying very attentively, for every now and then he threw his eyes to the ceiling, and was lost in a pleasing reverie. Presently a rap or two was heard at the door, when who should enter but Carter, just from Temple Farm! Moore sprung up and grasped his hand cordially, as he said,

"Oh, Carter! where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

"Tom, my fine fellow, how is Kate?"

"Well, I thank you; but I had supposed you would ask first about her brother."

"You thank me! And who the devil gave you any right to thank me? You speak as if you were already one of the family. Come, come, Moore, fair-play; there must be no stealing a march upon me. We are pledged to a fair race, and that it shall not be terminated until we have crossed the mountains."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Moore. "Gad, that would be a long track, sure enough; the governor to hold the stakes, I suppose?"

"Moore, what a fellow you are for turning everything into a joke."

"Ay, Carter, true; but where my tongue *tickles* yours *stings*."

"But what do you mean by having these flowers upon

your table, and that huge book on medicine; are you going to study the art?"

"This is a book on botany, and these are specimens. Kate is giving me lessons."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Carter; "love makes fools of us all. You know that you have no more of the genuine passion than a savage. If she were to order you upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, don't you think you would undertake it?"

"By Heavens, Carter, we are both going on one little short of it; and if the honest truth were told, it is more the daughter's influence than the father's arguments that leads us over those mountains, as studiously as you may pore over the old veteran's maps. Is it not so?"

"Right, Moore, right."

"Well, what is the difference now between my courting the daughter with botany, and your courting the old gentleman with geography?"

"None, except that I fear you have taken the shortest and pleasantest road. But, talking of mountains, I understand our expedition is to be no child's-play after all; there is terrible work with the Indians along our Southern borders. The North Carolinians have had quite a brush with them, and the infection is extending even to some of our tributaries, and to the whole of the South-western Indians. I do not like the idea of that fellow, Chunoluskee, being our guide."

"Nor I—did you ever hear such stuff as that which he palmed off upon those three old gentlemen that morning? He is an arrant hypocrite."

"As ever lived, and yet the governor will not believe it; he will peril the success of his expedition, if not the whole of our lives, if his eyes be not opened before we set out."

"It must be our business to see to that. But tell me, have you heard from any more of the counties? Will the young men join us?"

"Yes; I saw the governor to-night, and he is in fine

spirits. He says they are pouring into the capital from every quarter."

"What—the gentry, or the recruits?"

"Both; some have brought their men, and mules, and horses, and are now actually ready; while others have been brought here by the proclamation, to see and learn for themselves. I left at least twenty of the latter down-stairs as I came through; they are smoking and drinking over the discussion of the subject even now."

"How talk they—for us or against us?"

"For us—I think most of them seem to have caught at that new idea of the tutor's about the immense rewards in land. Gad, Moore, that's an extraordinary fellow, a clever rogue; but the governor says he's a soldier, every inch of him."

"Yes, you can see that in his very step; he never turns his head but he seems as if it were on a pivot."

"But I forgot to tell you the news about him since you left the farm; he is desperately smitten with the old doctor's little nun."

"Is it possible?—he is presumptuous."

"Yes, it is a fact; and what is still more remarkable, the little prude is quite pleased with his attentions; she seems at last to have found one of our sex whom she can tolerate, and a pretty selection she has made of it. Only to think of her rejecting John Spotswood, and then accepting this desperate adventurer with the seedy garments!"

"As to fortune, Carter, I grant you it would be rather a *mésalliance,* but in every other respect he is a match for any man's daughter. I am very much mistaken if he has not always moved in circles of the highest rank. But tell me what induces you to think that there is anything in the story?"

"Well, I'll tell you: since you left the Farm they have been inseparable. The morning that Kate came away they spent about half the day together, over that strange vault at the foot of the garden, about which there is so much gossip just now; after which she locked herself up

for the remainder of the day and night. Next morning she came out bright as a new guinea, and again they wandered off together, along the bay shore, he talking poetry, and she discoursing of heaven, no doubt. Well, they came in to dinner, and there she sat laughing and talking as loud as Dorothea herself. I asked the little *dairy-maid* in an undertone if she did not think her friend was hysterical, for which she slapped me in the face with her fan. It, however, proved to be no hysterics, after all, for she has been quite cheerful ever since, and sits out the evening in the parlor, and has taken Kate's place at the organ every evening. There is a great change in her, from some cause or other—others have noticed it, and her bloom is already returning. If I had not engaged in this everlasting race with you over the mountains for the prize of Kate's hand, and if Ellen was not such an intolerable little blue-stocking, I could find it in my heart to fall in love with her myself; she is a bewitching little fairy after all."

"Well, how does the representative of all the Lees bear being choused by a poor tutor?"

"Oh, there's the sport—Dorothea, I fear, will die with the effort to suppress her delight; she encourages the mutual attraction of the two quiet ones, while Lee struts like a peacock."

"But, Carter, how was it he played the magnanimous to the tutor about the property left him? Has he taken all that back?"

"Oh, he was in a patronizing mood then, and cannot very well retract, for the governor actually drew some of the proceeds of the estate out of him before this business commenced. The adventurer carries it off boldly, I assure you, for he treats Harry as if he were the debtor and Hall the creditor."

"Such is the fact, Carter, if his story be true."

"Pooh, pooh, Moore! will you never learn the world better? I tell you he is some broken-down gambler, or attorney, or perhaps a cashiered officer."

"How could he have known all that family history which he detailed to Lee?"

"Learned it for the purpose of swindling, no doubt."

"I cannot believe it; if Hall is an impostor, I'll never trust mankind again."

"Well, we shall see; for, depend upon it, if he goes on putting his spoon into Lee's dish, as he is doing now, that gentleman will soon bring him to the proofs of his identity. Indeed, I heard him swear before I left the farm that he had suffered himself to be imposed upon, and he wrote a long letter by me to Attorney-general Clayton upon this very subject. You will be sure to see a fox-chase before the matter is ended. Clayton read the letter in my presence, and questioned me very closely about the young man. He evidently thinks with me that he is an impostor. He says the question can be placed beyond doubt, in a short time; that there is a man now living in the colony who came from the neighborhood of these Halls in Scotland, and who knows the young man, Henry Hall, to whom the estate was left. He is, moreover, one of the witnesses to this very will, and was consulted, it seems, by the old lady, about his character and habits, and all that; and her selection of him from the rest of his family was mainly through his instrumentality. His name is McDonald, and Clayton has written to him to be at the capital by the time the governor's family remove thither for the season. So you see we are likely to have some sport."

"Should this business terminate as you so confidently predict, it will be another terrible blow to that little sensitive-plant of the doctor's; that is, if she is really pleased with his attentions, as you say."

"Tut, tut, Moore; if she can be inveigled from her seclusion by one man, she can by another. She is no man-hater, take my word for it. It is only your broken-backed girls and old maids seared with the small-pox that truly hate the men, and then it is only because they discover the aversion in us first. I never saw one of your man-haters

who was a pretty girl in my life. I confess that Miss Evylin came near shaking my faith for awhile; but since I have observed her closely, as she conversed with this man Hall, I have become more confirmed than ever in my belief. If ever I saw a girl's soul in her eyes, it was in hers while conversing with that man."

"You astonish me, Carter. Miss Evylin is the last person in the world whom I would have supposed would be accessible to a stranger at all, but that the affair has progressed to the length you describe really astounds me. As much as I confess myself taken with Mr. Hall, I would have preferred a longer probation in the case of a lady."

"Kate leads us a different sort of a dance, eh, Moore? I rather suspect you would not object to any precipitancy in that quarter."

"No, Carter, no; you are a generous rival, I must confess, and bear off our mutual sufferings with a happy grace; but will you excuse me if I say that I do not think you are very deeply touched?"

"The devil you don't! Wherefore do you think so? Is it because I can still crack my jokes and be merry over my wine and tobacco?"

"Your jokes, Carter, as I said before, sometimes sting more than they tickle."

"Ha, ha, ha! they do, do they? I thought I had wrung your withers. Forgive me, Moore; I have no right to rejoice over your greater sufferings, but being a fellow-sufferer, I have some right to laugh."

At this time a slight knock was heard upon the door, with sundry scrapings of the feet. Moore smiled as soon as he heard them, and cried "Come in." In glided old June, wringing his tarnished cocked-hat with both hands, as if he designed rending it in twain—bowing his head at every step as he approached, and scraping back his right foot with a grating noise upon the floor.

"Well, June," said Moore, "what brings you to the capital?"

"I come wid Mass Carter, to fetch back letter for miss."

"Ah, and you are going back to the Farm to-night? Well, what's your will with me, June?"

"Glass rum for poor nigger—please God."

Moore ordered the servant to bring it, which June having prefaced with a long speech, by way of toast, drank off at a single breath, and then smacked his mouth and wiped his lips, and stood as before, still rolling or twisting his hat with his hands.

"Well, June, now you have got the rum, what next? Your tongue is loosened; now for the news on the Farm. Have you seen any more ghosts since the night of the thunder-storm?"

"No, massa, ant seen spirit since, but June dreame last night."

"Oh! well let us have your dream; what was it? About your Miss Catherine and her beaux again?"

"No, massa, not dis time. I dreame say, I bin der der trable, trable, trable, ta-a-ah! clean wha neber been befo. De keep on trable, trable, so tay! at las I see high fence—look jis like big wall—he white, jis like chork, ony he bery shine. When I see dat I walk all about, der try find who lib dere. I walk, I walk—tay I see big gate dey tan wide open. I gin peep dis way, and peep dat way—las I skin he eye open tight, and I see plenty ob people. Some dey walk about—some dey lay down—some dey eat—some dey drink—some dey sleep, ugh! dey look so happy. Tay, I look gin, and see some ob my fellow-sarbents, dey aint hab nottin 'tall for do. One call me—say, 'Broder June, come in, come in, glad for see you, him de look for you long time—me too glad for see you.' I gone in, ugh! de place pirty, for true—I'h! de corn—de tatoe—ebery ting growin' dey. All my fellow-sarbents dey walk bout in de sunshine. No hab no close 'tall—ebery ting comfort—no spade, no hoe, no plow—nottin 'tall do but eat and drink, and sleep in de warm sunshine. I walk 'bout, and I eat and drink, and feel too happy. My

lor', feel too happy last night—happy for true—so tay, I gwine haben to look hine de do, ugh! Wha you tink I see, Massa Moore—wha you tink I see dey?—Lor', massa, see big red cowskin hang up dey? Kerry, when June see dat, he trable, trable back gin, till he bark shin ginst skillet, and wake up and find he no nigger hebben arter all."

The youngsters burst into a loud laugh, in the midst of which the banjo-player, with many quaint bows, departed, as he had done from his negro heaven, and was soon riding at the rate of eight miles an hour in the direction of Temple Farm; thereby verifying the old adage, that a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

CHAPTER XX.

HARD WORDS.

WHILE a portion of those in whom we hope our readers take an interest still linger at the capital, let us again revisit the charming shores of the Chesapeake—that choice region, which is daily deserted by its natives for an unknown land of frogs, and vapors, and swamps.

Our readers have caught a glimpse of the position of some of the parties at Temple Farm, from the conversation of Kit Carter and Bernard Moore; but there were others at the Farm to whom they were not so amusing. Harry Lee could scarcely believe his own eyes, when he saw the young lady at whose feet he had been casting his princely fortune, and not less princely self, daily wandering along the shores of the bay, and through the garden and the shady groves, and along the banks of the little brook, with one whom he considered as only occupying his present social position by sufferance.

He was struck with the fact, that the more Ellen and Hall were together, the more the hatred of the latter was manifested to him. He determined, therefore, to seek

an early opportunity for explanation from both. In the meantime, it seemed to him as if the stay of the old doctor would be prolonged forever, so impatient was he for his return. He inquired for him at every meal.

On one of these occasions Dorothea, with a sly smile upon her face, proposed to despatch a messenger for a doctor, if Mr. Lee was getting much worse, as she said her brother was better, and the doctor could, no doubt, be spared in case of emergency.

"I thank you," said Lee; "I am not myself the patient who most needs his valuable services," glancing scornfully at the tutor.

"I did not know," innocently replied the little girl, "but it might be gout in the stomach, or a disease of the heart, and these things, you know, mamma, are so frightful and so insidious; they never have any external signs, I believe."

Ellen on these occasions would look beseechingly at her little friend, while her ladyship would carry off the conversation upon some other topic, as if Dorothea had not spoken. On one of these mornings Lee walked into the library, at that hour when he knew the secretary was at work and alone. He bowed stiffly to Hall. The latter rose hastily, handed him a chair, and at the same time stuck the pen behind his ear, after which he took his own seat, and waited for Mr. Lee to open the conversation, which he did as follows:

"Mr. Hall, in the absence of Governor Spotswood and Dr. Evylin, I have taken upon myself a very unpleasing duty, and one which I fear in its performance may inflict pain upon you."

"I am utterly at a loss to comprehend you."

"You shall not long remain so, sir; I am not one to shrink from the performance of what I consider due to the worthy and honorable gentlemen, whose representative I consider myself, in some measure, in their absence."

"Indeed! I had rather thought that I had been charged by his excellency with representing him in his absence."

"I thought, sir, that you must be laboring under some strange delusion as to your position here."

"I am still in the dark, sir."

"So I perceive, and it is my intention to enlighten you."

"I will listen with the greatest attention and all the respect to which your remarks may be entitled."

Lee bit his lip, and elevated his person still more than usual, if possible, as he proceeded:

"You must know, sir, that it is not usual in this country for one who holds the—the subordinate office of tutor or private secretary, to assume an equal station with gentlemen of birth and fortune."

"I am at a loss to know, Mr. Lee, in what I have transcended the indulgence extended to me by Governor Spotswood himself. I even abstained from presenting myself at his table, until expressly commanded to do so by himself."

"In that matter he had, doubtless, a right to do as he pleased; but you must know that the governor is a very eccentric man, and somewhat whimsical—he may command you to sit at his table to-day and refuse you to-morrow."

"But, sir, he expressly stated it to me as his desire that I would sit at his table as one of his family. Am I to understand Mr. Lee as expressing a contrary desire?"

"By no means; I only alluded to your appearance at table as an example, and because you first alluded to it yourself; my design was to touch upon other matters—your intimate association with the female inmates of his family."

"Ah! you allude to my late rambles with Miss Evylin."

"I do, sir; and it is somewhat remarkable that they should have commenced the moment the governor and the doctor disappeared."

"With regard to the point of time I had nothing in the world to do. The interview was sought by the lady. I state this in justification of myself, and only under such circumstances as the present would I say this much.

Farther I will not utter a single syllable, unless you can show by what authority you question me in this matter at all."

"I have already said that I consider myself, in some measure, as the representative of those two gentlemen."

"Yes, sir, but you are the self-elected representative, and have not yet exhibited to me any other authority."

"Then, sir, I have another title to question you in this matter. I have the authority of the lady's father for occupying a very delicate relation toward her."

"And the lady's, also?"

"About that, sir, you have no right to question, and I consider it rather presumptuous in one in your position to presume as far you have."

By this time both had risen. Hall replied, "And I consider it equally presumptuous in you, sir, to question me."

Lee looked astounded. "Very well, sir," said he, "I have at least brought this matter to an issue, and I will state the case to the ladies of the family, and they can act as they choose until the gentlemen return."

"And I, sir, will relate the whole of this conversation, word for word, to Miss Evylin, so that she, at least, may know how far each of us have presumed."

"Beware, sir, how you mention my name in that quarter. I will hold *your person responsible.*"

"I don't know what you mean by holding my person responsible. If it be that you imagine that you can hold me to any sort of responsibility, in which you will not be equally so held, you have mistaken me far more than I can have mistaken my position."

"We shall see—we shall see; it will depend upon your success in establishing your claims to bear the name which now you wear. In the event of this unpleasant business proceeding to hostilities between us, you will not find me unwilling to yield you far more, in such a case, than I think you have any right to claim now, in a social position."

"That is, am I to understand that Mr. Lee is willing to grant me to be a gentleman in war, but not in love?"

"Beware, sir, how you trifle with me in this matter! It is no proof of either your courage or breeding to taunt me while your hands are tied."

"There, sir, you spoke the truth, and I honor even an enemy for that. It is, indeed, too true, my hands are tied, and that I was to precipitate—thus far, I retract; but the main issue between us must continue, until I establish my claims to be your equal."

Soon after which Lee left the room, with a rather more polite and respectful air than he had entered it. He, nevertheless, went straightway to the parlor and dispatched a servant for Miss Evylin. While he was kicking his heels in the parlor, we will glance into the governor's library again, where we left the tutor. There was no more drawing of military maps that morning: he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands, and if he did not weep, his frame was convulsed mightily like it.

He threw on his hat and walked abroad into the fields to cool his feverish brow and excited feelings, and to reflect upon what it was best to do under the accumulating embarrassments of his situation. He had hoped that the tramontane expedition would set out before his own private affairs might come to a crisis, but that he now foresaw was impossible, and this reflection made him miserable; for he had entered into all the governor's plans with spirit and enthusiasm, and besides had other private motives, above the ordinary youthful desire for notoriety, to distinguish himself.

He was waiting, too, anxiously for news from Europe—alas! he little knew how disastrous would be the first aspect of that news to him—he little imagined that at that very moment a vessel was plowing her way into the bay, bringing information almost the reverse of what he expected. Without this last drop to his already brimming cup, he found the weight of his troubles sufficient for all his fortitude and patience.

The main subject of his present reflections was the impending personal difficulty with Mr. Lee. He foresaw that a crisis in that affair was inevitable, and that it was surrounded with difficulties which would ruin him, if he seized upon either horn of the dilemma. He could neither fight Lee nor refuse to fight with honor, according to the prevailing notions of the country and the times, and yet he gathered from some expressions dropped by that young gentleman in their altercation that he would force it to such an issue in the last resort.

We will leave him, however, to struggle with his own difficulties, while we return to Mr. Lee, who waited a considerable time for Ellen to make her appearance. She dreaded the interview, because she supposed it was like so many that had gone before it, but she resolved that it should be the last. As she descended the stairs she was pondering the best manner of communicating to the gentleman, not only her utter aversion to him, but also how she might make him comprehend, with his arrogance and great self-esteem, that his persevering suit amounted to persecution. It may be readily conceived that such a train of reflections were not well calculated to prepare her to receive in a very amiable mood the harangue which was to follow.

She saw as she entered the room that she had mistaken his object for once, and seating herself, kept her eye upon his countenance with an anxious, inquiring look for his object.

"Miss Evylin," he began, "I have sent for you to have some conversation upon a subject which I fear will be painful, but I felt it to be my duty to do so, in the absence of Governor Spotswood and your father."

"You startle me, sir!" she suddenly exclaimed; "will you be so good as to mention the subject without farther circumlocution?"

"I am not one given to much circumlocution, Miss Evylin, but on occasions such as the present, when very

delicate matters are involved, it is right to prepare the mind for the reception of disagreeable news."

"News!" cried she, "of whom—my father?—has anything happened to him?" and she ran up and grasped his arm.

"He is well, as you might have divined from my mentioning his absence as the cause of my having imposed the present disagreeable duty upon myself."

"True," she said, and threw herself into a chair in a listless mood, as if she cared not what else he might say. She was, however, mistaken there, for she was roused again in an instant, as he proceeded:

"Miss Evylin—Mr. Hall has used your name in a way which, I have every reason to believe, was entirely unauthorized by you, and one, too, which I must say becomes you to authorize me to contradict at once."

"Mr. Hall use my name! authorize you to contradict! why, what could Mr. Hall say of me?"

"Oh, I see that it was all made up for the occasion; I thought it would turn out so. Why, thus it was: When I took him to task for his presumption in associating so intimately with the ladies of the governor's family in his absence, and more especially with yourself, he, with quite an air, boasted that his society had been sought by you, and not yours by him."

Ellen rose to her feet and walked straight up to Lee, and looked into his face, as she inquired in a slow, almost whispered voice, so deep was her emotion, "Did Mr. Hall use such language of me, and with such a motive, and with such an air?"

"He did—and I cannot, of course, speak as to the exact words, but such was precisely the impression left upon my mind."

"Mr. Lee, refresh your memory again—I would have periled my life upon the truth and honor of that gentleman—have not your own feelings colored his expressions?"

"I have already stated how the conversation happened, and given you the result as near as I am capable of; there

can be no mistake, for it happened not half an hour ago, in the governor's library."

She threw herself back into a seat, as one who gives up, and said, "Then I have indeed been grossly deceived."

"You have truly, and by as arrant an impostor as ever lived, and as bold a one. This comes of the governor receiving men into his family without credentials of any sort; but I need not say anything of his excellency, for this man imposed as bold a piece of clumsy swindling upon me as any one, and is actually now in possession of moneys belonging to my aunt's estate."

Ellen rose to take her leave, from which Mr. Lee endeavored to persuade her, saying that he had far more important matters to discuss with her than the clumsy tricks of an every-day impostor; but she pleaded her deep mortification, and the confused state of her mind, from the perplexing doubts which still crowded upon her, and that she needed repose and that calm reflection which solitude alone can give.

As she slowly mounted the stairs she thought of the letter which Hall had brought her, and from whom, and was on the point of rushing back into the room and telling Lee that she would rather doubt him than Hall; but such was his high standing for a man of honor and veracity, that she did not dare thus to brave the pet of public opinion. She resumed her way, the same train of reflections still forcing themselves upon her mind—how could he (Hall) know all the delicate and intricate matters which he had related to her, if he was the gross and vulgar impostor that Mr. Lee represented him to be?

Her reason was almost bewildered by these conflicting views—between the internal evidence of truth in Hall's narrative to her, and Lee's positive testimony as to his gross and ungentlemanly statement in regard to herself. In whatever manner he might have possessed the information alluded to, if Lee's statement was true, he was undoubtedly some low creature.

Any sagacious observer of human nature will readily

divine on which side the victory lay. Ellen was all a woman, and of course the heart won the day against the judgment. Nevertheless her indignation every now and then burst out whenever she thought of the manner in which he had perverted her acts and spoken of them. Whatever might be her heart's leaning to the accused, she resolved that nothing of it should appear in her conduct—that she would show him that she knew and scorned his assumptions. Such was about the confused and doubtful result arrived at, when her maid entered to prepare her for dinner.

In the meantime Lee had not been idle—he next sent for Lady Spotswood, and to her and Dorothea he related a somewhat similar story, suppressing particulars in Ellen's case, barely referring them to her for proof of base ingratitude as well as falsehood. He found all the ladies prepossessed in the tutor's favor, and Dorothea remained so in spite of all he could say to the contrary. Of course she did not presume to controvert her mother's decision in a grave matter like that, in the absence of her father too, but she left the room tossing her head, and declaring that there was a mistake somewhere.

Lady Spotswood held a long consultation with the accuser with regard to what was to be done until his excellency returned, and whether it was best to send after him; and they came to the conclusion to let the business stand just as it was, only that all intercourse between the ladies of the family and the tutor was to be cut off, except, of course, at table; and ladies generally understand full well how to keep improper persons at a distance.

Reader, didn'st ever see some poor wight who had fallen under the displeasure of a party in the country, sitting apart? If you have, you can form some idea of the situation of Hall that day at Temple Farm.

Dorothea encountered young Dandridge as she made her exit from the family council, and to him she related the story of the tutor's reputed perfidy. Little Bob, too, formed one of the youthful council, and the three came to

the unanimous conclusion that he was innocent. How slow is the young heart to believe in the guilt of those for whom they have taken a liking! and with all of us, even of maturer age, how easy to believe what we wish to believe!

Bob took his hat straightway and followed his tutor to the fields, where he had lately seen him. The young man seemed to understand the warmth of heart which had brought his pupil upon his errand of love, and he silently folded the lad in his arms, while scalding tears trickled from his scarred face. The child was dumb at this sight, his own heart was overflowing, and had any more been wanting, the finishing stroke was added to his convictions. He took the hand of the tutor and silently and slowly accompanied him to the house.

Dinner was soon after announced, and Hall took his seat as usual, entirely unaware of the extent of the prejudices which had been excited against him. His own countenance exhibited traces of excitement which would have claimed the sympathy of any company not previously set against him. There was inexpressible sadness, almost despair, marked upon every feature; but he had yet to experience a far greater degree of suffering. In that pale and beautiful face in which he hoped to find sympathy and comfort he encountered nothing but scorn and indignation.

Not a word was vouchsafed to him of any sort; and when her eyes met his it was the cold glance of a distant acquaintance. He turned an inquiring look toward her ladyship, and there he met the same cold displeasure. The conversation was carried on between her ladyship, Lee, and Ellen, as if the poor tutor had been still in Scotland. Not so, however, the youthful three; Dandridge, Dorothea, and Bob vied with each other in helping their favorite to the choice dishes; but he ate nothing. Altogether, it was a very unpleasant meeting. Most of the guests had departed, except those specially named, and among the

others the Indian Chief, so that there was no relief to be found in numbers.

The meal concluded, Ellen hurried to her room and burst into tears. She was soon followed by Dorothea, who exclaimed, when she saw her weeping, "I'm glad of it, I'm right down glad of it, so I am! You ought to cry your eyes out, so you ought, for treating poor Mr. Hall so naughtily!"

"But, Dorothea," said Ellen amid her sobs, "how could I help it?"

"Why, slapped Mr. Lee's face, and told him to go home about his business. Didn't he make all this mischief here? Harry Lee will take the house, plantation and all, if papa don't soon come home."

"Fie, fie, Dorothea! Mr. Lee is not to blame for Mr. Hall's faults."

"I tell you, Ellen, it's Mr. Lee who has the beam in his own eye; and he has swallowed one too, for what I know, he's so stiff."

The little girl flirted out of the room in the pouts, little imagining that she left behind her, in the heart of the other, a warmer advocate even than herself in favor of the tutor.

CHAPTER XXI.

WORDS COMING TO BLOWS.

The same afternoon Hall encountered Ellen as she was passing through the apartment. He followed and begged her to grant him but a few moments' conversation. She stopped, and looked at him with an expression which said as plain as words might speak it, "It is more in sorrow than in anger that I avoid you."

"Will Miss Evylin deign," he said, "to inform so humble an individual as myself how he has fallen, not only under her displeasure, but also that of the family?"

She replied, "Mr. Hall, you have so grossly misinterpreted what I have already said and done that it is hazardous to hold any communication with you."

"I have misinterpreted what you have said? Never! I have never for one moment of my life harbored any but the kindest and gentlest thoughts toward Miss Evylin, much less spoken disrespectfully of her."

"Then you have been shamefully slandered."

"I thought as much, and it was therefore that I sought this opportunity for an explanation. Will Miss Evylin be so good as to inform me what I was reported to have said of her? I need not ask by whom."

"You are reported, sir, to have boasted that, so far from your having sought my favor, that I had sought yours."

"Miss Evylin, this is one of those ingenious falsehoods which none but a perverse head or a false heart could have coined out of what I did say."

"Then you acknowledge that there was some foundation for it?"

"As stated by you, it is wholly false in coloring, and nearly so in fact; but the world is governed by such falsehoods as these. What is called public opinion is made of these many little streams combined into one great torrent —why should I endeavor to arrest the mighty current with my puny arm?"

"You can, at all events, set yourself right in my esteem by a plain statement of facts; do you consider it worthy of the effort?"

"Hereafter I can only hope to enjoy the good opinion of the choice few, among whom I would gladly rank Miss Evylin. I will state how the offense was given, if offense it be. Mr. Lee undertook to take me to task for pushing myself, a poor tutor, forward into society where my presence was not wanted. He went so far as to intimate that I presumed in sitting at the table with the rest of the family; and when I told him I had done so at the express command of his excellency, he then changed his ground, and claimed to catechise me with regard to my

attentions to you. I challenged his right to do so, and he then stated that he was an avowed suitor, with your father's approbation. Under these circumstances I thought myself justified in stating the fact that *the first interview* was sought by you. I stated neither more or less, without coloring of any sort, and simply to justify myself from his charge of presumption. This is the whole of my offense."

She offered him her hand as she said, "Mr. Hall, forgive me, but I am not to blame. I was led astray; I trusted too implicitly to his honor; for though he did not, it seems, tell what the world calls a falsehood, it answered all the purposes of one, and was so ingeniously designed as to mislead me and baffle detection."

"Ay, his conduct in this affair was not unlike another in which you were concerned, Miss Evylin; I should have thought that would teach you to guard your too confiding nature against him. But enough for the present; if I am wholly reinstated in your good opinion I am satisfied."

"You are, and I take shame to myself that even this explanation was necessary."

"Having, then, judged hastily this time, promise that in future, when circumstances appear to be against me, you will hear my vindication before you decide."

"Most assuredly I will."

"I ask it, Miss Evylin, because I foresee that I may soon be placed in a position from which it may seem impossible to extricate myself. I will not deny to you that I am surrounded by difficulties, the causes of some of which you know more than any other person. I make it, then, my last solemn request to you to hear before you judge. Good-day."

He had seen Lee passing in front of the veranda, and followed him down the garden, where he soon overtook and addressed him thus: "You came to me this morning, sir, professing yourself under the painful necessity of communicating something disagreeable; I now address you under precisely similar circumstances."

"I am ready with all patience, sir, to hear you."

Few words will suffice to convey my meaning, and therefore your patience will not be heavily taxed. You prevaricated, sir, in relating our conversation to Miss Evylin."

"Prevaricated, sir! And this to me!"

"Ay, prevaricated is the word, sir."

"Very well, sir! very well! You shall hear from me shortly." And with this he strode off, but presently returned, and said, "Hark you, Sir Tutor! you must establish your claims to be treated as a gentleman, and that right speedily, or I will not only chastise you in a way you will not fancy, but I will take such steps as to guard the community from your becoming heir to any more stray legacies."

Hall's lips curled in disdain as he replied, "Choose your own manner and time of redress for the insult which now adheres to you. I shall be ready to repel in whatever way you advance." Lee was again retreating as Hall continued: "And hark you, in your turn, sir! beware how you report any more of our conversations! I will not trust your memory." This was said in a bitter, sarcastic tone. Lee strode rapidly up to him in a threatening attitude, with his hand upon his sword, his face but a few inches from that of his adversary, and replied, "Do you mean to provoke me to forget that we are the only grown white males upon the place, and that the ladies are under our or rather my protection?"

"You should under such circumstances remember the truth; it is peculiarly incumbent on you to do so."

Lee drew his rapier and flashed it in the face of the tutor, as he exclaimed, "By heavens, another such taunt and I will let out your base churl's blood here upon the walk, in spite of all the restraints upon me! Human nature can stand no more."

Hall wore no sword, but he carried a small rattan in his hand, which he elevated, touching the point almost in his adversary's face, as one who puts himself in the attitude

to guard, exclaiming, "Come on, sir; I am more than a match for you, even thus."

Lee scorned his scientific posture and rushed upon him as if he would dispatch him at a single lunge, but the next moment found his sword twirling in the air, and Hall leaning upon his cane, laughing at the foaming and now fruitless anger of his adversary. A few yards distant, among the shrubbery, he saw little Bob's face peeping out in the same mirthful delight, but, truth to say, it was blanched white with fear, and the color had not yet returned.

Lee clutched his sword and hurried from the garden, swearing vengeance against the impostor. He rushed to the house, and after a hasty word or two with Lady Spotswood, ordered his horses and rode post-haste to the capital. Not, however, before he had scratched a few words on a slip of paper, and sent them to the young man in the garden. They read as follows: "The first moment, sir, after you have established your pretended claims to gentle birth and breeding, you shall hear from me. A reasonable time elapsing and this not done, I will chastise you at sight."

Hall's countenance lowered as he read this note, and then tore it into fragments and gave them to the wind, but instantly relapsed into the merry mood as Bob ran at him with a stick, exactly imitating Lee's murderous thrust. "He did not see you twist the foil out of Mr. Moore's hand that night, or he would not have ventured his sword even against your rattan," said the boy.

"No, Bob, I am glad he did not, and then we should have met differently; which I assure you I am rejoiced to avoid, more than you can imagine."

"Well, now I must run and tell Nat and Dorothea; they will laugh till their sides ache. Let me see how it was thus you twitched him that double demi-semiquaver. I would give my pony if I could just catch that trick."

"All in good time, Robert; but come here: you must not mention this unless Mr. Lee communicates it first; now,

remember, you will injure instead of befriend me, if you do."

"Well, to be sure, it's a great privation not to be allowed to tell of this. But you will not object if I make them promise not to tell?"

"Yes, Bob, I do object; I have particular reasons for keeping it quiet for the present, and I am sure you would do nothing to injure me willingly."

"No, no," answered the boy, "I would not injure you for anything; and if telling it would do so, I will keep it though I burst in trying."

Still, he kept on playing with his stick, every now and then bursting into a loud laugh, as the tutor would humor him by twitching it out of his hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

Twilight, that witching time between day and night, came; always a pleasant hour of the twenty-four, but in Virginia particularly so. Here the climate, at the season upon which we have arrived, renders it very delightful; the sun just leaves enough of heat lingering with his departing rays to temper the cool breeze of the evening. It is not to be denied, however, that there is something melancholy in these early autumnal twilights.

"The fall of the leaves," said Ellen to Hall, as they wandered along the banks of the little stream which wound through the grounds—"the fall of the leaves in autumn reminds us too forcibly of the death of a human generation. These pale heralds of the coming death to all their class are like the sickly and the feeble and the old of our race; do they not produce that impression upon you?"

"Sometimes, but not always. It depends much upon our circumstances at the time. If the country has always been our home, and we have drawn our chief delight from

rural pleasures, then the impression is pretty sure to be a melancholy one; but to the city dame it is the dawn of the gay season, of routs and parties and balls—here, I mean, in our capital. In London the season of pleasure is much later. To the literary man they produce a mixed sensation —a pleasing melancholy, tinged with the philosophy you have described, and also a cheerful looking forward to long winter nights, and bright, blazing fires, and sweet communion with delightful books."

"That, indeed, gives a cheerful and warm glow to the wintry picture which my melancholy imagination scarcely fetches. Your remark has brought to mind a similar one, with which poor Frank rejoiced my heart one night. Oh, what a bright and cheerful spirit he was blessed with! We were sitting listening to the dismal howlings of the wind as it rattled our windows and whistled through the key-holes, and the rain and sleet alternately vied for conquest, when I remarked that it was a dismal night and affected my spirits sadly. He took my hand and looked up in my face (we were alone), and said, cheerfully, 'It is from within that the brightest illumination is to be drawn. There, if the heart, and mind, and affections be all right, is an everlasting sunshine of the soul, so bright that no night or storm ever comes over it.' 'Well, Frank,' said I, 'unlock that magic lantern of yours, and try its bright rays on the contending storm and darkness struggling for entrance at all these windows. Look how the contending demons scowl at us from without; now do drive them away, that's a good boy.' Straightway his eye dilated, and he commenced a description of a domestic fireside scene of comfort, which really heightened its colors of beauty from the contrast of the darker shadows without. I imperceptibly caught the bright blow from his more daring imagination."

"Poor Frank!" said Hall, musingly, "some of his brightest fancies have been extinguished, I fear—like my own," added he, hastily, as he saw Ellen's eye reading his thoughts.

"No, they are not extinguished," at length replied Ellen, with a sudden flash of enthusiasm; "for if alive, those bright illumination of genius, like the light of the diamond, but shine the brighter when all that is earthly around is obscured. There is but one thing on this earth that can extinguish the glorious light from within—*it is crime!* Let the conscience be clear, and the light of the soul illumines our dreary path—sheds the ray of hope through the valley of death, and is rekindled again at the parent fountain of the ever-living God."

"In this world man is impelled forward to action amid the stirring adventures which are gathered around him like the meshes of a plot, until it becomes, with his doubtful and doubting reason, hard to separate the narrow boundaries which divide crime from errors of judgment. Nay, even when the actions are past, the everbusy monitor you have named, conscience, hangs suspended over the deeds, at a loss whether to strike or be silent."

"For a little while only," replied Ellen, quietly; "when time has sobered the tumult of the passions which drove him forward, conscience, though scared away for a while, will come back in the calmer moments of our lives. This very witching hour of twilight is a favorite time for such visits. In the bright and pure morning our spirits are elastic and cheerful, and few heinous crimes are committed then; in the noon-tide the storm of human passions rage, and if the intent is deadly and malignant it is prolonged into the silent watches of the night; but with a large majority of our race darkness brings repentance for the crimes of the day. What a beneficent provision of the Creator it was, rolling our little planet but one side at a time next the sun, that while one-half the world fretted and stormed and sinned, the other half might repent and sleep!"

"You seem to have observed mankind."

"Nay, I am only sporting in borrowed feathers; at all events, only a part of them are my own. These very subjects were discussed by poor Frank and myself many a

time before he sailed upon that fatal voyage. So much had we learned to think in common, that it is hard now for me to separate my own ideas from his. Doubtless my constant association with him gave a masculine cast to many of my thoughts, the observation of which, no doubt, elicited your remark."

"No, no; I cannot say that they are masculine; at all events they are not unfeminine. Whatever relates to our higher sentiments and our spiritual natures certainly belongs in common to the sexes; and if man has usurped the whole claim to discuss them, he assuredly has no right to do so. Indeed, your sex is so much purer than ours that anything of heavenly philosophy seems to fall with peculiar propriety from their lips. Poor Frank! indeed he little knew how the germs of his young, immature philosophy have been treasured in his absence, and into what good ground they had fallen, and to what a rich fruition they are even now springing up. Do you know that every boyish dreamer sketches, for his own futurity, the very circumstances which have fallen as a rich inheritance to my friend in his absence?"

"I cannot say that I understand you fully."

"Every youth, in the heyday of his imagination, sketches out some charming little *beau-ideal* of a partner for life, and into this beautiful creation of his own he almost performs the part of creator, for he breathes into her such feelings, sentiments, and opinions as he desires she should possess. How, here is poor Frank, with the ideal creature reduced to reality; but like all the bright glimpses vouchsafed to our race, no sooner is it perfected ready for him to grasp, than it either eludes his pursuit, or he is himself ingulfed in that remorseless and relentless vortex whither have been hurried so many bright spirits before him."

"I certainly feel flattered, Mr. Hall, that you should consider me worthy to represent Frank's ideal creations, but I fear the drapery with which your own imagination has clothed me would speedily vanish amid the stern reali-

ties of such a homely world as ours. I am conscious of the fact, however, so far as the mind is concerned; for there is not a day of my life, and scarcely an hour, as you have seen, that I do not detect myself uttering some of his sentiments at second hand. His mental superiority must have been greater than even I gave him credit for, as I can see the impress of his association even upon your own thoughts, as unconscious as you may be of it."

"I grant you that his influence over me was very great, not less than that which was swayed so powerfully over your own days of childhood."

"Nearly every girl that arrives at womanhood has passed through the same schooling of the affections. True, in our cases there was a constant similarity in training, association, and circumstances which merged down the dissimilarities of mental character; but in every other case the experience is the same, even without these. The heart of every girl clings to some image or other, real or imaginary, and they cling to it through life, whether married or single. If married, the idol of the imagination is set up in secret as one of the household gods, and this is one reason there is so much matrimonial unhappiness. It was the early observation of these very things which led me so pertinaciously to cling to that prize which I had drawn in the lottery of life; and I shall continue to cling to it, even if it is but shadow, far preferring that to all the real pomps and honors which this world affords."

"The experience of our race seems to be everywhere the same. Not only was it cursed and condemned to earn its bread by the sweat of the brow, but the sentence extends much farther. All that beautiful poetry of the fresh and pure young heart's sentiments, which promises such a heavenly harvest of future flowers, before those sentiments become tainted with grosser passions, seem never destined to fruition in this world. We are just allowed to peep into the Garden of Eden, and then banished forever amid the dark by-ways and crowded thoroughfares of busy life. True, we cling fondly to the memory of this poetic dream

of youth, and, doubtless, these bright morning glories continue to throw a mellow but saddened light over all the future. This constitutes the sum and substance of our ideal paradise in this world—the poetry of real life."

"And do you really think there is no exception to the sweeping denunciation? Are there none who ever realize the romantic dreams of youth?"

"Oh, very few indeed. Look into your experience, Miss Evylin. You are one of the very few who have struggled heroically against this sweeping flood of the busy world, which overwhelms nearly all who oppose it. Where there is one who thus stands out against the decree, hundreds have fallen victims around; some to ambition, some to avarice, and a much larger portion to the mixed motives which interested parents know so well how to ply the young heart with. And even you, are you not daily beset to listen to the voice of the tempter? Comes he not to you with splendid estates and gaudy establishments and tinseled honors, which your sex loves so well?"

"True, true; but I would not give up that one dear, dear dream of my young life for all the honors of the world."

"And do you know the fate of the pious and noble few of your sex who thus devote their lives to the perpetuation of life's young dream?"

"No; I have never counted the cost."

"It is a life of single blessedness. Pardon me, Miss Evylin, but you are a candidate for admission into that abused sisterhood ycleped old maids; that slandered and traduced class, nearly every one of which are living monuments of the infidelity of man; that noble sisterhood which lives forever upon the memory of the past, keeping up perpetual fires upon the pure and vestal altars, before whose shrines were offered their first, best, and dearest affections."

"Welcome, thrice welcome the lot!" said Ellen, a pure light beaming from her eyes as she locked her hands with energy in the earnestness of her invocation. "It has no

terrors for me. As you say, I can turn back upon the past, and, what is much better, I can even look to the future with hope. Thanks to that divine personification of hope, charity, and mercy, I can look beyond the narrow confines of this world. Believe me, sir, these disappointments of the young heart's freshest aspirations are not ordered in vain. If we could here enjoy an uninterrupted paradise, this world would no more be one of probation and trial; and though I for one am determined never to be merged with the interested throng you have described, I do not, therefore, repine at and rebel against an inevitable destiny. My own course is one of difficulty and self-denial, and perhaps of reproach and odium, and therefore we—old maids, I mean—work out our salvation, if successful, by one road, while our more ambitious sisters travel another."

"Oh, I do not mean to class you just yet with the class alluded to—I only pointed out what would be the result unless you listened to some of these splendid proposals so often laid at your feet."

"I am willing now to take the veil of the sisterhood, and shoulder all the odium and reproach."

"What! and surrender up the hope of Frank's being alive and one day returning?"

"No, no, not exactly that; I would only take refuge among them until this short and fitful and feverish state of suspense be over."

"And should he even yet return, the fountain of your joys has already been poisoned."

"How, I pray you?"

"Why, he has been carried by the tide of this world far past those beautiful eddies in the stream overhung with green leaves and redolent of summer flowers. He has been tossed upon some of life's stormiest billows, and if not actually wrecked and lost, he may be so weather-beaten and pelted by the contending elements as to be, when he comes, like an ancient mariner—a better subject for repose and repentance than for a fresh voyage."

"I know he was fashioned somewhat like other youths —impetuous and rash, and perhaps ambitious; but no storms of the world such as you describe can ever leave indelible stains or scars upon him. He may be weather-beaten and worn, but he will be my own Frank for all that; and whatever he may be—should even his tender conscience have suffered with the wear and tear almost inevitable in the dreadful conflicts of the thronged and busy and turbulent world—still let him be welcome; for better, for worse, come weal, come woe, joy or sorrow, our destinies are linked forever—throughout this life, and I trust a longer and a better hereafter."

Hall's eye fully expressed his unmeasured admiration of the little devoted creature as she poured out almost her whole heart. Our readers will readily perceive that he had been purposely tampering with the purest and brightest sentiments of her nature, whether in wanton sport or with higher motives will be developed as our narrative proceeds. He continued:

"Ah, Miss Evylin, the experience of your pure and charming sex is very different from ours. Your views of the world and your estimate of human nature are taken through a very clear medium; and, pardon me, I do not wish to flatter, but I must say that Miss Evylin is even exalted above that of her sex."

"No, I am sure it is not; my experience of the world has been short, it is true, computing it in mere years, but it has been long in sorrow and bitter in disappointment. You yourself have furnished me with some of the evidence upon which my views are based. What can I think of Henry Lee after his conduct to his brother? And in what way can I interpret his late disingenuousness of conduct to you unless very unfavorably to himself and to his kind? I have endeavored to think that the whole proceeded from his blinding passions and consequent obliquity of moral vision, but I find it hard to make excuses for him."

"And you will find it harder, Miss Evylin, as his character is more fully developed. But I do not wish to speak

touching him—another very unpleasant altercation has occurred between us, and he has gone off very much enraged."

"I am very sorry for what you state, but I am glad that he is gone."

By this time they had entered the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A JOURNEY—THE END UNFORESEEN.

John Spotswood was soon well enough to ride out with his sister in the carriage, and after several experiments of his strength and continued improvement from day to day, it was at length determined to remove him for a short time to Temple Farm. His spirits had now become placid, if not cheerful, and every one remarked that he began to look and speak and act more like his former self than he had done for many months before.

It was a mere farewell family reunion which was proposed to take place, preparatory to the removal of the whole establishment to the capital. That removal could not now longer be delayed, for the House of Burgesses was soon to assemble, besides a general meeting of all those favorable to the great tramontane expedition. Accordingly, the same principal parties were soon re-established in the country who were there when we first introduced them to the reader, with such additions as had been made from time to time. Henry Lee did not return with the governor.

It was impossible for his excellency not to observe that Lady Spotswood was highly offended with the tutor from some cause or other, and he very soon took occasion to inquire into the mater.

He first heard his lady's reasons for the difficulty, and then summoned Hall to the library to hear his.

"Well, Mr. Hall," said his excellency, as the tutor en-

tered, "sit down here and tell me all about this difficulty with Harry Lee and the ladies of my family. For once they seem to have sided with him, and, of course, are against you."

"Not all of them, your excellency; I have satisfactorily explained the matter to the only one who has afforded me an opportunity, and the one, too, about whom the unpleasant altercation occurred."

"I am very glad to hear it. That is Miss Evylin, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; and I am very sure she will be kind enough to set me right with her ladyship, which she can do so much better than I can."

Hall here related the whole of the conversation with Lee, word for word, as near as he could recollect it. While he progressed the old veteran's brow at first lowered, but presently cleared away again, and by the time Hall had finished he was laughing quite heartily. When this humor had somewhat spent itself he wiped the tears from his eyes, and extended his hand to Hall, saying, "Never mind *him;* if I had been here the affair would not have occurred; and if you had known him as well as I do you would have given the whole thing the go-by, more especially as it was no more your interest to quarrel with him than it is mine. In your case there is an estate pending, in which his good opinion is worth cultivating, and in mine there is a vote in the House of Burgesses; but I suppose it is too late to mend the matter between you now."

"It is, your excellency." He did not tell him of the rencounter in the garden—he did not think it necessary."

"But tell me, Mr. Hall, is this true that I hear, that you are likely to carry off the doctor's charming daughter, after all, against all these rich and high-born rivals? You need not blush, man; I meant no insinuation against your own parentage. Was Lee's rumpus nothing but a freak of jealousy?"

"Nothing else, sir, I solemnly believe—not that there

was the least foundation for it. I have put in no claim to the lady."

"Ay, claims refer to rights, and these are rights something like squatting upon lands, or our corn-laws, which you have heard talked of, no doubt. Is it so, and have you been squatting upon Lee's lands? Come, man, out with it."

"No, your excellency, my temporary association, with Miss Evylin grew entirely out of her solicitude for another. I have no right to bring those matters farther into discussion between us; but assure you, sir, that our frequent meetings had very little to do with me personally, any more than the reader of an interesting history has to do with the historian."

"Well, well, it is best perhaps as it is. Here comes John— I will leave you with him, for I want you to get well acquainted. You will find that he has an ardent thirst for military adventure. In the meantime, be sure I will set all things straight in the other end of the house."

John came hobbling upon his stick on one side, and leaning on Kate's arm on the other, looking very pale and careworn. His face, which was before full and unnaturally fleshy about its lower features, was now thin, clean-cut, and intellectual, with perhaps a dash of reckless determination about the thin, closely compressed lips.

He had evidently taken a prejudice against the tutor, and, notwithstanding Kate's warm encomiums, he received him coldly and rather cavalierly. Hall's late experience had well prepared him for this, and he bore it with patience and even humility. He waited for John to lead the subjects of conversation, and dropped in so gently, and yet threw so much light upon whatever he touched, that John was compelled to respect him, at least. Kate had left them together.

After John had conversed with the tutor for an hour or two his prejudices vanished, and he then communicated to him a proposition of his father's, and which he frankly

confessed he was unwilling to do, until he had seen a little more of him. It was that Hall should proceed to the capital, taking with him the Scotch-Irish recruits from York, and there take the command of the garrison in John's stead, until his health should be entirely restored.

Hall professed the utmost readiness to do so—indeed, he said he would prefer active employment, in the present state of his mind, even to teaching Master Bob, for whom, he said, he had taken a great liking.

"Well," continued John, "I must prepare you beforehand for a motley array which you will find at the garrison. There are ten companies of the Rangers, a little over two hundred men—they are old campaigners, and well enough, perhaps; but if the volunteer militia, who have come in with their homespun clothes, and with the burrs yet in their horses' tails and manes, can be drilled into decent-looking dragoons before we set out, I will call you a soldier indeed."

"Never fear, never fear," said Hall, rising at once to make his preparations for the march. "Some of Marlborough's bravest soldiers were, doubtless, once as raw as your homespun militia."

"Oh, the materials are good enough," replied John; "these Virginia yeomanry would fight the devil, or thrice their number of Indians; it is their appearance which I fear will discourage you; but we are getting them equipped as fast as possible. You will find ten lieutenants of Rangers; these we are distributing among the raw recruits, so that soon we hope to present quite an imposing little army to the good citizens of Williamsburg. The arms and accoutrements you will find in the tower, and at your disposal."

After receiving farther instructions from the governor, Hall was ready to set out for York. When he went to take leave of the ladies he found Lady Spotswood somewhat mollified, but still rather stately. Bob shed tears, and begged to be permitted to march over the mountains with

Mr. Hall. Dorothea and Kate were warm and unreserved in their good wishes, and old Dr. Blair bade him God-speed. Ellen Evylin said little, but seemed to feel keenly that she was about to lose the society of one who had contributed not a little to that renovation of health and bloom spoken of in admiration by all the party just returned.

Hall cantered off, attended by old June, with a portmanteau bearing his baggage strapped behind his saddle. The former had already exchanged his seedy garments for those more becoming the society in which he had been moving, and every time he glanced at his external renovation it rankled in his heart to think that the money with which they had been purchased was obtained from Henry Lee—not that it long interrupted his reflections as he cantered down the avenue on his departure from a place where he had enjoyed so many hours of calm and delightful intercourse with its inmates.

His thoughts were soon running upon far different matters than cocked-hats, and silk hose, and velvet waist-coats. He had sought the governor's country establishment as a quiet retreat, where he might for the present shun the observation of men; and though he was at first thrown into the company of some of the very persons whom he would have avoided, yet they were now gone, and he could have remained there for the short time still intervening before the departure of the family without danger of exposure.

He was ordered off just at this opportune moment, and into the most conspicuous part of the capital. Little did he imagine how speedily he would be removed from that position and in what manner! But we anticipate. There were other and gentler thoughts which forced themselves upon his attention. Could the image of that fair little blue-eyed girl be so soon obliterated from the memory even of an indifferent observer? But to him who stood sponsor, as it were, for her long-lost lover, and with a skilful and gentle hand had led her back over memory's brightest

and darkest pages, could he forget her? Was there no impression left upon his heart by an association so dangerous?

CHAPTER XXIV.

REFLECTIONS IN PRISON.

When Hall alighted at the tavern in Williamsburg, after installing the York recruits at the garrison, and delivering his credentials to the officer in command, he was met immediately by a man who was a stranger to him, but whom Hall soon discovered to have something sinister in the expression of his countenance. The stranger approached with one of those official bows; or, "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Hall?" said he.

"You have, sir," replied the gentleman.

"Mr. Henry Hall, late tutor at Temple Farm?"

"The same, sir."

"Will you be so good, sir, as to cast your eye over that paper, and tell me whether it is your signature?"

Hall took the paper, and colored slightly as he read it, and then turned pale as he answered, "It is, sir."

"I am authorized by the gentleman in whose favor it is drawn to request the payment."

"To request the payment!" exclaimed Hall. "Why, sir, the debt is not due to him, except nominally. The money was advanced to me voluntarily by him as part of the proceeds of an estate which he himself informed me that I had fallen heir to; and he told me when that paper was given that it was intended as a mere voucher on the final settlement of the estate, and now he demands payment almost before the warmth of his hands is off the money."

"I am sorry, sir, but I must do my duty."

"And I am, I suppose, more sincerely sorry, first, that I took the money at all; secondly, that I spent it

after it was taken; and, thirdly, that I accepted an obligation at all from such a man."

"Then I am to understand that you cannot pay it?"

"Not to-day, sir—not until I can write to Governor Spotswood."

"I am sorry again, sir; but if you will read that paper, you will see that I am required to demand bail."

"What?"

"Yes, sir, I am compelled to perform a disagreeable duty."

"And suppose I cannot give bail?"

"Then you must go to jail, I am sorry to say, sir. But you certainly have some friend who will go bail for your appearance?"

"No one in the world—at least, none here. Let me see. Is Dr. Evylin at home?"

"I cannot say; but I will walk there with you with pleasure."

Away they walked to the old doctor's house.

How Hall's heart thumped as the deputy-sheriff knocked at the door! It seemed to him as if every jolt upon the panel was re-echoed by his ribs. The servant came, but informed them that the doctor was out of town. Hall turned away, rather relieved than otherwise, so mortified was he at the bare thought of asking the old gentleman to bail him from jail the very first hour of his appearance in the capital of Virginia.

There was something inexpressibly sad in his voice and countenance as he turned to the sheriff and said, "I am ready now, sir, to accompany you to jail; lead the way. I have no other acquaintance in the capital."

In half an hour he was sitting at the iron-grated windows of the prison, situated in one of the lowest and most disagreeable spots of Williamsburg; but the locality affected him little: time and place were to him matters of indifference.

He turned away from the window and paced his solitary cell. His thoughts became calmer by the exercise, and,

once his observation was withdrawn from without, they naturally turned within. There all was calm, pure, and bright. He felt that thus far in the drama of life he had most signally failed in his part, but he was conscious at the same time that he deserved to succeed. Like all the sons of Adam, he knew that he had erred, and of those errors he repented sincerely; but, on the whole, his conscience bore good testimony upon the cross-examination to which he now subjected it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTERS CONTRASTED.

It was at night. The candles burnt brightly and the fire blazed cheerfully, while the governor's family and guests were seated in the same room in which we first presented them. A more than usual cheerfulness pervaded the family circle, not only on account of the governor's brightening prospects with regard to the great enterprise of his life, but likewise on account of John's returning health. They all thought the mystery now cleared up, and that henceforth his bright career would go on brightening as in days of yore. Essex had already announced June's arrival from the capital, having just learned the fact from a little negro who conveyed the important tidings from the kitchen. He went out to bring in any letters or messages which June might have brought, and soon returned with the two epistles alluded to in the last chapter.

The consternation of the circle may be imagined when the following letter was read from Hall. They had all before perceived that something therein contained had moved the governor greatly. It ran as follows:

"*To his excellency Sir Alexander Spotswood.*

"James City Jail, Williamsburg.

"Dear Sir,—You will, no doubt, be surprised that I date this letter from the county jail instead of the barracks;

but, sir, so it is, deeply mortifying as it is to me to state the fact. I had scarcely alighted in the capital, after marching the soldiers to the garrison, before I was waited upon by the deputy-sheriff of the county with a bail writ (or whatever that process is called by which the law seizes a man's person) at the suit of Henry Lee, Esq., and for the very money which your excellency was mainly instrumental in procuring at his hands for me. You will recollect, no doubt, *that, as a mere matter of form* (so the gentleman expressed it), I gave him a note of hand for the amount. Unfortunately, I paid away part of the sum for my passage-money, and the remainder to recruit my dilapidated wardrobe, so that instant payment was out of the question. None of my new and kind friends were in the city. I had, indeed, hoped to find the good doctor at home; but, unfortunately for me, he was absent in the country.

"I had no other friend upon whom I dared call; indeed, to confess the truth to your excellency, I have not a friend left in the whole world, now living, upon whom I have any right to make a demand for such help as my circumstances require. This, my honored sir, is but a passage in the chapter of accidents which have fallen to my lot in the last few years; and until the storm has spent its fury it would seem useless to attempt to assist me. I will honestly confess to you that I came to this country at this time to avoid those very difficulties (or kindred ones) which have assailed me here. A superstitious man might be inclined, under such circumstances, to imagine himself pursued by some invisible agency, but I have no such idle fears. *I know my persecutors well;* and I can afford, even in my humble lodgings, to pity them. I am very sure that I am a happier man this evening than he at whose suit I am thus deprived of my liberty.

"I have accidentally heard that he utters very bitter and unwarrantable things against me, and even threatens a prosecution for swindling. My ears tingle as I write the word, but I may as well write that which I may soon be

compelled to endure the odium of in a more tangible shape. All that I can say to your excellency and to those who have hitherto espoused my humble cause is, that I rest for the present in the calm and perfect security of an injured and innocent man, trusting that that God who has permitted the snares of the wicked thus to gather round me will clear them away in his own good time. This, you may think and say, is poor evidence with which to furnish you against one so rich and powerful as my adversary; but, sir, it is even so—it is all I have to give at present. Under such circumstances I shall not be the least surprised to find that you have turned me over to the tender mercies of my creditor. I cannot hope that my unsustained protestations of innocence of the charges that I hear he brings against me will be sustained. So let it be. I am willing to sojourn even in this dreary prison for a while, well assured that the time will come when my name will once again be redeemed from reproach; until then I must be content to subscribe myself your excellency's obliged, humble servant, HARRY HALL."

A profound silence prevailed while the governor (spectacles on nose) read over this letter. The letter remained in his hand, and his hand on his knee, while with the other he raised the spectacles upon his forehead in a thoughtful, abstracted mood. The young ladies waited in respectful silence for a few moments, expecting every instant that he would burst out into some vehement exclamation; they could not long suppress their own indignation.

Ellen Evylin was the first to give utterance to her excited feelings, which she did in no measured terms. Kate took the same view of the subject, while Lady Spotswood remained entirely silent, watching the changes of her husband's countenance with not a little interest, heightened, no doubt, by the late circumstances which had happened under her own eye.

Dorothea wanted to know how the sheriff could take Mr. Hall for borrowing his own money from Mr. Lee.

"A very pertinent question," said her father, with a nod of approbation.

Carter declared the *dénouement* was what he had been looking for for some time, and appealed to Moore whether he had not predicted it when they were last at the capital.

Moore confirmed the fact of the statement, but demurred to the truth of the charges, alleging his still undiminished confidence in Hall, whatever might be the apparent suspicious circumstances against him. "Suppose your excellency would read Lee's version of the affair? I see his seal upon the letter before you," said he.

"True, true, I had overlooked it in the first excitement produced by Hall's letter. Let us hear the other side." Saying which he broke the seal and read as follows:

"*To his Excellency Sir Alexander Spotswood, Lieutenant-governor of Virginia and Commander of her Majesty's forces.*

"WILLIAMSBURG.

"DEAR SIR,—I owe you an apology for the very abrupt manner in which I left your house, where I had been tacitly, as it were, left in charge of the ladies; but the fact is, sir, that I found the young person whom you had hastily employed as tutor presumptuous and impertinent, and that I must either degrade myself by a personal encounter with him or leave the premises. I chose the latter, and had hoped to have paid my respects to your excellency before you left the capital, but was detained by unavoidable legal business until you had, unfortunately, left the city. It is useless now to enter into particulars as to his conduct in your absence; for the evidence is now before me that he is such a gross impostor and swindler that it is scarcely worth while to inquire into minor particulars of conduct. While I was in the very act of consulting Attorney-general Clayton (who is also my own legal adviser) about the steps necessary to be taken in order to repossess the funds out

of which I weakly suffered myelf to be cheated, I received a ship letter by way of York. Whom does your excellency suppose that letter was from? Why, sir, from Mr. Henry Hall, my cousin, the real gentleman, whose name and character this base impostor had assumed for the lowest purposes. You will recollect that I had written to the young man before this person appeared at your house, informing him of my aunt's will. This letter which I have received is in answer to that one, and states among other things that the writer would sail in the very first vessel for this country after the one which would bring the letter, so that by the time that this pseudo Mr. Hall manages to release himself from prison, where I have snugly stowed him, the real personage, whose name he has assumed, will be here to confront him. I am delighted that I am thus able to relieve your excellency from the disagreeable duty of unmasking the impostor; for if your excellency will permit me to say so, your kindly nature has so far led you astray with regard to this man that you might have found it rather unpleasant to deal with him. Leave all that to me, sir; I will give him his deserts, be well assured; and if he escapes with whole ears and a sound skin he may thank the clemency of the law, and not mine.

"I have the honor to be your excellency's most obedient, humble servant,

"HENRY LEE, of Westmoreland."

The party was truly astonished by these two letters, both conveying such surprising news. The governor took a few turns hastily through the room, pained and excited. He was very loath to give up one for whom he had taken such a liking, and for whom he intended such an important share in the great enterprise; but the evidence was too plain and palpable to be resisted, and he resolved to let the law take its course. As he came to this conclusion he threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed, "By heavens, I would have believed nothing less!"

"And I do not believe this!" said Ellen, vehemently,

her eye bright with excitement, and her frame quivering with the thoughts which oppressed her.

The governor was reclining in his arm-chair in an attitude almost of hopelessness, but when Ellen uttered her bold challenge of the truth of Lee's statement, he sat bolt upright, as if his mind would seize upon the slightest pretext to reinstate his favorite. "Why, what reason have you to doubt Harry Lee's veracity, Miss Evylin?" said he.

"The best evidence in the world, Governor Spotswood. He has committed as great mistakes as this before."

"Indeed! Do you mean to say that the young gentleman has ever knowingly swerved from the truth?"

"I cannot say whether it was knowingly or whether it is his remarkable obliquity of moral vision, but I assert the fact that he had before wronged others as much as I believe he now wrongs this unfortunate young gentleman."

"You surprise me exceedingly; do tell me, I pray you, who the person was."

"Well, sir, I have no objection to saying that it was myself."

All the gentlemen exclaimed at once, "What! a lady?"

"Farther than that," continued Ellen, "I do not say at present."

The governor seemed very much perplexed to know what to do; he strode rapidly about the room, his lips compressed and his shaggy brows lowering over his eyes, and muttering violent expressions through his clinched teeth. While he was thus swayed by contending emotions, Moore rose hastily, took his hat, and left the room. In a few minutes he was followed by Ellen Evylin, and soon afterward by Kate. The latter found Ellen in a most earnest conversation with the former in the veranda. She had never seen her friend under such excitement. She was pressing upon Mr. Moore a purse of gold, which she held in her extended hand, and which she pleaded with him to take.

"No, no, no," said Moore, "I will attend to all that; guilty or innocent, he shall have the benefit of the bare

doubt. To-morrow morning's sun shall see him a free man. Will that not content you?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Moore, it will not; I claim to have rights in this matter which you have not. I beg of you not to deny me."

"But, my dear young lady, if I take your gold and offer it to him, it will be the very way to make him refuse the assistance: many a sensitive man will accept aid from his own sex, when he would peremptorily refuse it from one of yours."

"Well take it and give it, without letting him know from whom it comes. I ask it as a particular favor."

"Do, Mr. Moore!" said Kate, pleadingly, and with a look which was irresistible.

"By all that's lovely," said Moore gayly, as he pocketed the gold, and threw on his cloak for the night's ride, "I think I will contrive some way to get into jail myself, if it is only to excite the tears of sympathy in so many lovely eyes. Suppose I find myself in the young man's position before morning, do you think I should have a couple of as fair damsels contriving my release?"

"Indeed you shall," said Kate.

"Good-night," said Moore, kissing his hand gallantly, and striking his spurs into his horse at the same moment.

The girls returned to their own apartment, and there Ellen informed Kate of all that had transpired in her absence; but still there were many things wanting, even to them, to unravel the mystery of the two Halls.

A very keen encounter of tongues was going on below meanwhile, between Dorothea and Carter. The latter contended that Hall was a bold, bungling impostor, and that he had seen through him at a glance, and that he had no pretensions to gentility whatever.

"How comes it, then, Mr. Carter," asked Dorothea, "that he overmastered so many of you at accomplishments considered quite refined? How was it at the small-sword?"

"Oh, any French dancing-master may and often does possess such tricks."

"Ay, but French dancing-masters do not often read the classics very elegantly, if at all; and here is Dr. Blair, who says that Mr. Hall is an elegant scholar."

"Doubtless a schoolmaster, then—some broken down pedagogue."

"But papa says he is an accomplished and scientific soldier."

"Learnt no doubt, while acting as drummer or fifer to some marching regiment—said you not awhile ago that he played upon the flute?"

"Yes," said Dorothea; "he is a musician."

"I'll tell you what it is, Carter," interposed the governor, "if Hall is a hypocrite and impostor, he is one of the most accomplished swindlers that ever I have met with. It is a rare thing in my experience of human nature—and it has not been confined in its range—to see a man descending in villainy, and elevating himself at the same time in all the elegant courtesies of life. Neither is it common to see men of that stamp cultivating their minds highly."

"Oh, I grant you," said Carter, "that he is no common vagabond; he is a very accomplished rogue, if you will, but still a sly rogue for all that."

"I am not so sure about that," replied the governor. "There may be some mistake, or Harry Lee may have been imposed upon, or his own feelings may have colored the matter too highly."

"What, your excellency? When he has actually received a letter—a foreign letter too—with the European post-mark, from his real cousin—could his imagination make facts, stubborn facts, like these? No, no; either Hall is a consummate swindler and impostor, or Harry Lee is an outrageous liar—one or other horn of the dilemma you must take."

"It has an ugly aspect, to be sure," said the governor, musingly, and dropping off into a brown study, while Carter turned once more to the playful and amusing combat

with his little lady antagonist. But we must follow the main thread of our narrative while they are thus agreeably employed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WANDERER.

It was a bright moonlight night, and Moore rode merrily on his way, notwithstanding the melancholy nature of his errand. His fancy was busy with the sweet, pleading Kate; he remembered only that her eyes had rested upon him, with confidence that her appeal would not be in vain. So busy was his memory with the most delicate shadows of his mistress's countenance, that he was entirely unconscious that he was riding the fine animal which he bestrode at a murderous rate, until his servant made an appeal in behalf of the horse.

His train of reflections was now turning to the other end of the road. He had a disagreeable duty before him—not in liberating Hall, for that was pleasant to his feelings, but he would be constrained to show that his confidence had been a little shaken, far more than he had been willing to acknowledge to the friends whom he had just left.

This business of the two Halls bore an ugly aspect, and he dreaded the laceration of feeling he would suffer in seeing a man of gentlemanly feelings floundering between inextricable tergiversations. Unless Hall came down frankly and explained the difficulty, he was resolved to make short work of his liberation and be done with him. He began to see, moreover, that he was about to interfere in a more delicate affair than he at first imagined. Not that he was a man to shrink from a task he had undertaken because of any displeasure of Harry Lee, on his own account; he was anxious to make fair weather with him because of the governor's interests.

He rode immediately to the house of the sheriff, whom he well knew, and roused him up. The whole city was

buried in slumber, and Hall himself, no doubt, slept soundly after the wholesome and honest self-examination through which he had put himself. The jailer was next aroused, and together they proceeded to the apartment of the prisoner. He was, indeed, very unromantically sleeping soundly, wrapped up in his old military cloak, and stretched at full length upon a hard straw mattress.

Moore stood and gazed at him for a few moments, and then remarked to the sheriff, "That man's face, in the *honest expression of sleep,* looks as little like that of a swindler as any man's I have ever seen. It is impossible to look at him thus without being interested in his face."

"Fact, sir," said the sheriff; "he has a taking way with him; he has the whole establishment here—jailers, family, and all—interested for him already. But it is generally the way with your gentlemanly rogues; I have seen some of them capital company."

"You think him a swindler, then?" asked Moore, sadly.

"Certainly I do, sir. What else can he be, when he takes another man's name in order to swindle honest people with it?"

Moore paid the money without farther words, and had, influenced by the homely common sense of the hard official, determined to slip away without being seen, but just as he was escaping Hall sprung to his feet, very much startled and surprised by the lights and the persons he saw in the room, rubbing his eyes in perplexity and bewilderment. "Mr. Moore," he at length exclaimed, "I ought to say I am glad to see you, but I cannot do so honestly, under present circumstances."

"Not when I inform you that I come as a friend?" inquired Moore.

"It will be a friend indeed who shall adhere to me under present circumstances," said Hall, sadly.

Moore made a sign to the officials to withdraw; when they had done so he drew one of the miserable stools which the place afforded, seated himself, and motioned for Hall to

do likewise, which he did upon the edge of his rude couch.

"How far I may adhere to you," said he, "depends upon yourself. I have come to release you from confinement, in any event."

"My mere liberation from this place is a matter of little moment to me at present; not that I would in the smallest degree lessen the obligation which I am under to you for the generous intention, but that I consider my confinement here as a small portion of my embarrassments."

"Explain, then, to me the mystery of the other Hall. You have doubtless heard that Mr. Lee has received an answer to his letter addressed to Mr. Hall, which he says is the real one?"

"I have, indeed, heard such a rumor, but I cannot do more at present than beg those who are disposed to befriend me to suspend their opinions until the other Mr. Hall arrives. Let us be confronted, and then the mystery may be explained, and not until then."

"But why cannot you explain it all now, and authorize me to satisfy your anxious friends at Temple Farm? Surely this would seem to be the proper course for you to pursue."

"No one, Mr. Moore, can judge of my circumstances but myself. No one could be more anxious than I am to stand fair once more with the dear friends to whom you allude, but I must be content for the present to be suspected. I cannot expect them to take my character upon trust, under such adverse circumstances, and, therefore, I do not ask it; all I do request is for them to suspend their opinions of me if they can. I promise you that the time will come when they will no longer blush to own me; but if they cannot even do that, and they must condemn me, I will not blame them. They shall not be troubled with my presence again until such time as I may be enabled to vindicate myself fully before the world."

"Well," said Moore, rising, and evidently chagrined and disappointed, "be it so. I cannot force your con-

fidence; until the time you have mentioned—and for your own sake I hope it may come speedily—I must wait patiently; I, at least, will suspend my judgment. I am more than half willing to take you upon trust now, but I could not promise to reinstate you in the good opinion of all your friends so easily. You have therefore, I think, decided wisely to seclude yourself until such time as you are ready to clear your name and fame from all aspersions. You are free to go hence when you please, and I would advise it to be speedily as possible, both from hence and from the capital. Your creditor will find other means to seize upon your person; indeed, I have heard that he meditated a criminal prosecution. Excuse me, sir, but I must be plain with you."

"No apology is necessary to one in my situation, and more especially for an act of kindness. My desperate fortunes have arrived at that pass when it will not do for me to shrink at the bare mention of those things which I may be compelled to experience in the next twenty-four hours."

Seeing Moore about to depart, he followed him to the door, and extended his hand, as he continued, "Farewell, sir. I shall never forget that you have ridden eight miles and perilled a considerable sum of money to befriend one against whom the world is *almost* unanimous in its condemnation."

"No, no, not unanimous, Mr. Hall; there are gentle hearts at the Farm whom any man would feel flattered to have interested as you have—there is a warm interest in your favor there, at least. You don't know how much you are indebted to them for my exertions, which you are so willing to attribute to my generosity alone. You may find out some day that I am not so disinterested after all. Farewell, farewell. I hope we may soon meet under happier auspices."

Saying which he left the prison, leaving Hall standing at the door, wrapped in profound reflection. Recovering from his abstraction, he bundled up what few things he

could call his own, tied them up in a pocket-handkerchief, and sallied out into the dark, wide world, not to seek his fortune, but repose from the turmoil of life, and its fierce passions and bitter enmities, and heartless friendships. His rapid strides soon threw the capital far in his rear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GOVERNOR'S LEVEE.

WILLIAMSBURG, one of the ancient capitals of Virginia, was first laid out in the shape of the letter W, in honor of the prince after whom it was named, and through whose munificence its principal ornament was first endowed. This strange and even enigmatical plan of the town was, however, soon abandoned for one more consonant with the natural features of its admirable position.

The houses of the gentry were principally built upon one great thoroughfare, and this was then called the Duke of Gloucester Street—for shortness, Gloucester Street. At one end, and immediately at right angles to it, stood, and yet stands, William and Mary College; and at the other, about three-quarters of a mile distant, the Capitol.

About the center of Gloucester Street two parallel avenues of noble trees led through a green lawn, near two hundred yards, to the front of the palace. A little to the left of this opening, as you faced the palace, stood the Episcopal church, then recently built. On the opposite side of the street its line was again broken a little nearer to the Capitol by a public square, in which were contained the Market-house and the military round-tower, already alluded to as having been erected by Governor Spotswood. Facing this public square was a small theater, and nearly opposite to these again, on the other side of the street, was the hotel frequented by the gentry and burgesses, when the Assembly was in session.

The palace was a large brick building, flanked on the right and left by two smaller ones, nearly adjoining it, one of which contained the dormitories and offices connected with the culinary department, and appropriated exclusively by the servants; the other contained the governor's library, official departments, etc., etc.: so the whole of the main building was appropriated to the elegant and extensive hospitalities at all times considered as appertaining to the gubernatorial mansion in Virginia.

It was a few days after Hall's departure from prison upon his melancholy pilgrimage that the well-known sound of a trumpet startled the denizens of the city—many of them from their early dinners. It proceeded from the governor's body-guard, not yet visible in the city, but the enlivening blast of the bugle could be heard from time to time, as they wound along the turnings of the road—the breeze sometimes wafting its mellow sounds to the ear, and at others suffering them to fall faintly in the distance, as it lulled with the breeze.

It was always a glad day to the citizens when the governor and his family returned from his summer residence. Joy was visible upon the countenances of the portly dames and merry urchins, as they crowded round their respective doors to welcome back the loved inmates of the palace. Near the gate of the mansion, among the trees of the double avenue, stood a long line of little girls, all dressed in white, with flowers in their hands, waiting to strew the path of the ladies from the carriage to the house. They were pupils of a female school, of which Lady Spotswood was chief patron.

First came a company of Rangers, which had been detailed to escort the governor, followed by the veteran body-guard, all in full regimentals. Then his excellency, with his staff, and male guests on horseback—next, the state-coach with the governor's immediate family, and Dr. Evylin's carriage containing his daughter alone; the rear of the cavalcade brought up by the family servants, in carriages and on horseback, old Essex riding at their head.

like a field-marshal, and June bringing up the extreme rear, awfully caricaturing the major's stately equestrianism.

The troops on duty at the capital, consisting mostly of Rangers—under the command of Duke Holloway, second to John Spotswood—were drawn up on the green in front of the palace, and presented arms as the governor approached: the military escort filing to the right and left as they entered the avenues.

Dr. Evylin's carriage drove on to his private residence, which stood a little back from Gloucester Street, between the church and the college, embowered in trees and vines, and presenting to the eye one of the sweetest retreats it was possible to imagine in the midst of the capital. Everything about the premises gave evidence of the ministering hand of that gentle and tasteful spirit which, since the death of the doctor's lady, had conducted all his household affairs.

The good old physician stood at the wicket-gate, almost as impatient as a lover to throw his arms round the neck of his cherished idol. Even before entering the house they walked hand-in-hand among the fast-fading shrubs and flowers, the old man giving an account of his stewardship during his daughter's absence, and having a little history ready for each favorite plant.

Once more seated in their quiet parlor, Ellen's arm thrown affectionately round her father's neck, we will leave her to detail all the transactions of the governor's country establishment, while we return to the palace, where the bustle and excitement of the important arrivals still continued.

The city was thronged with visitors, brought together by the proclamations of the governor inviting them thither, and also by the arrival of many of the burgesses, who came in obedience to the call of his excellency for the assembling of their body, somewhat in anticipation of their usual time of meeting.

In the evening a levee was held, where all the gentry,

without distinction of party, were expected to call and pay their respects.

The governor was very much gratified to find that his proclamation, containing the scheme for new conquests of lands, had fired either the cupidity or ambition of most of the young men of the colony; but while he listened with sparkling eye and gratified feelings to the plans of his young friends, he could not resist the feelings of regret which the subject brought with it for the young secretary who had originated the scheme.

His eye turned anxiously to the door at each successive arrival of guests, but Hall made not his appearance. He had been greatly prepossessed in favor of this young man; and notwithstanding the powerful array of circumstances against him, he was loath to give him up entirely. He still hoped that something would turn up to prove at least that he was not criminal. In these hopes he was seconded by most of the females of the family.

Kate and Dorothea at all times expressed their most decided convictions that he would yet turn out to be a gentleman of untarnished name; and Ellen, before her departure from the country-seat, could brook no suspicions of his integrity or honor. She maintained openly that there were no charges against him except those brought by Harry Lee, and that she was ready at any time to lay as great ones at his own door if necessary, and consequently that he was not an unimpeached witness.

It was expected by the young ladies that something would turn up during the evening by which Mr. Lee might understand that Hall's case was espoused by them, and that they intended to carry the war home to him if he continued his persecutions against their favorite. Only one thing prevented an open rupture between the parties. Lee was a member of the House of Burgesses, as before stated, and the governor wanted his vote. He had, consequently, warned them against a premature move in the matter. Those, however, who are experienced with the

world will understand how difficult it was for him to make the ladies of his establishment understand anything of political expediency.

Lee was among the earliest arrivals, and it may be well imagined that his movements did not pass unnoticed by any of the parties just mentioned. His first demonstration, however, was in quite an unexpected quarter. On encountering Bernard Moore, soon after paying his respects to the governor and his lady, he treated him with the utmost hauteur and disdain. Not a hand was extended by either party.

Moore was quite taken by surprise, but in a moment recollected his late interference in Lee's schemes of revenge. He passed on after a cold and distant bow, a smile of derision playing about his mouth. Could he have seen Kate's eyes flashing fire and indignation as she witnessed the interview, he would have been truly flattered and pleased, and, perhaps, might have sought a renewal of the experiment; but he did not. He passed on, and joined himself with more congenial spirits than Harry Lee, and soon forgot that young gentleman amid the animated discussion going on relative to the tramontane expedition.

Not so with Kate; she followed with her eyes the haughty young aristocrat's movements wherever he went. She was moved by strong impulses, which brooked no control from cold political expediency. She was all a woman in her feelings, and like a woman would she have acted had the opportunity offered. Fortunately for her father's interests, no occasion was presented for the execution of the plans of the female trio; those developments were destined to fulfilment in another quarter.

Ellen Evylin was not present at the levee, seeing which, Mr. Lee soon absented himself from the party, and bent his steps toward the doctor's house. He rejoiced in his own mind that it was so; for he now imagined that he had placed the man who had interfered with his movements in such a light that Ellen must feel nothing but

gratitude toward him for his efforts in the cause. Such were his anticipations as he lifted the knocker of the doctor's door: he was admitted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

How delightfully fell the impress of all he saw upon the cold nature of Harry Lee! How his intense selfishness warmed itself by the cosy fire blazing on the hearth! The pictures that hung round the walls, too, delighted him, because they were, many of them, painted by a hand that he hoped to call his own. He stood before them in succession, and pleased himself to think how the same gentle hand would sketch the glorious landscapes presented in many aspects upon his own thousand acres. The sweet flowers, too, snugly stowed away from the rude September blasts in a little glass conservatory, separated from the room in which he was but by a single step. He walked out into the green artificial summer. The lights of the parlor windows threw their bright rays over and around, revealing a little aviary high up among the green shrubbery.

Henry Lee knew every nook and corner about the charming little dove's nest which he intended to rob. He was like a boy climbing a tree in search of such an object; his head grew dizzy as the prospect of clutching the prize seemed just within his grasp. He walked back: the nest was still warm, but he had frightened the pretty songster away. A score of music was lying open upon the table, which she had evidently just left in her precipitate retreat, for some of her female paraphernalia was lying beside it.

He walked up and read the title of the song—it was in his brother's own handwriting. Hurriedly he closed the book, and wheeled upon his heel to another part of the room. He picked up a book lying open in a rocking-chair,

the face turned down, as if it had likewise received a share of the lady's recent attention. He picked it up and seated himself; the leaves fell over of themselves, as even they acquire habits sometimes; and there again was his brother's name as the donor. It seemed as if his ghost was haunting him at every turn.

He threw down the book hastily, and strode through the room with his head down, determined to see nothing more which might recall painful memories. At this moment the old doctor entered, cloaked up to the neck, a shawl tied over his cocked-hat and under his chin, and his thin legs cased in warm cloth spatterdashes buttoned up close to his knee-buckles.

"Ah, good doctor!" said Lee, advancing to meet him, "still administering to the sufferings of the sick and the afflicted? What a noble calling is yours!"

"Yes," said the doctor, rather gruffly, as he took the proffered hand, before he seated himself over the blazing pine-knots on the hearth. "Yes, it is indeed a noble profession, and all those should earn the crown of martyrdom who practise it."

"You surprise me, sir—I thought, if there was a man in the world satisfied with the lot which had fallen to him, it was Dr. Evylin."

"And so I am; but that makes the remark I made none the less true. I am content to be a martyr. It is true that I am sometimes a little chafed that men look upon our paths as if they were strewed with flowers."

"Well, doctor, I confess that I am one who looked upon your profession as affording the highest gratification to its followers. You are always relieving the pains and sufferings of others."

"No, not always; we stand by a dying patient powerless, and feeling as nothing before the great Ruler who holds the destinies of man in his hands. But that is not all; we are forever shouldering the troubles of other people—always looking upon the black shadows of the picture of human life—it is impossible for one of my profession to

be uniformly cheerful. Then its dreadful responsibilities weigh down all those who have any sensibility, and only such are fit to enter a family when the hearts of all its members are laid bare; when the lacerated affections require to be ministered to as well as the physical suffering. One advantage we have over other men: we see less of the hypocrisy of our race than they do; suffering stamps a solemn sincerity upon every countenance around a sick-couch. I was called the other night to visit one of the comedians of our little theater: he was very sick, and his bedside surrounded by his brethren of the sock and buskin in the same dresses which they had just worn upon the stage. Farce and Comedy sunk abashed before the Tragedy of real life. The sufferer himself, though the principal comedian, was one of the most captious and fretful men I ever attended. The scene impressed me powerfully; yet, somewhat of the same thing is presented to me daily. The sick-couch disrobes every man of his masquerading dress."

"Yes," said Lee, musing, "you have fine opportunities to study human nature. You see it in its undress."

Ellen entered at this moment, and returned Lee's salutation with a cold and formal inclination of the head. Her lips were compressed in a way quite unnatural to them, and giving a rather harsh expression to her usually pensive and mild countenance.

Her health seemed still on the mend; she walked firmly and actively to the seat which her father had just vacated. She threw a beseeching glance at the older gentleman as he left the room, as much as to beg him to remain and support her through the interview; but he seemed to have a sly suspicion of the subject about to be brought upon the tapis, and he retired—a quizzical and half-humorous smile playing about his mouth as he shut the door, and gave one glance back at his daughter.

The two thus left alone sat for some moments without exchanging a word; the gentleman, for once in his life, very much embarrassed, and the lady more at her ease. The former at length broke the silence:

The purpose of my visit to-night was to renew the highest compliment which a gentleman can pay to a lady. I went to the governor's country-seat for the same purpose, but my object was there frustrated by some unfortunate occurrences, which it is needless now to allude to more particularly. I hope I shall find you more inclined to listen to me than I have found you hitherto. Always some unfortunate interruption, either designed or accidental, has prevented me from laying open my whole heart to you. Is this to be the lucky time?"

"I will not profess to misunderstand you in any particular, Mr. Lee, either with regard to the object of your late and present visit, or the occurrences at Temple Farm. I am, indeed, now ready and willing to listen to you."

Lee was immediately on his knees before her, and made an effort to seize her hand; but she rose up on the instant, and said, "But not in that posture, Mr. Lee—it does not become the relations which henceforth we must bear to each other. I professed myself willing to hear you, and I expect to have something to say myself; and that you will be equally courteous to me—more than that we can never be to each other."

"You shock me, Miss Evylin, inexpressibly, both by the manner and matter of your discourse. I see now that there is displeasure in your eye; but let me hope that I shall by a frank and full explanation of everything be enabled to remove it." He had again seated himself, as had the lady.

"Everything, Mr. Lee?" exclaimed she, putting particular emphasis on the words.

"Yes, Miss Evylin, everything; why do you question me so pointedly?"

"Because I have doubted, and still doubt, whether you will be explicit upon everything which you have said and written concerning this matter."

"The very object of my visit is to have just such an unreserved conversation with you. I have long seen that it was necessary to rip up those old matters, which at first

I avoided out of delicacy to you; I have seen that it was necessary before we could properly understand each other."

"I am all attention, sir; proceed."

"Since my late visit to the Temple Farm I am more than ever convinced of it; excuse me, therefore, if I touch upon subjects which I once understood were forbidden in this house."

"If you allude to my engagement to your brother, you are free to speak."

Lee seemed surprised for a moment at the prompt and unembarrassed manner in which she spoke of the long-forbidden subject, but proceeded: "I will not pretend to conceal from you, Miss Evylin, that I rather more than suspected the fact, which you have just acknowledged, at the time of its occurrence. I mean your engagement to my brother, and as long as he lived you know that I never openly interfered or expressed those feelings which animated me as well as him." (Ellen's eye flashed and she could scarcely restrain an indignant exclamation.) "Even had he lived, I cannot even yet see why my claims would not have been equal to his own, unless, indeed, I were to attribute those mercenary motives to you from which I know too well no human being is more free. My attachment was at least coeval with his own; and though he possessed greater powers of address, you know enough of human nature to be aware that the strongest passions, like the deepest rivers, run the most smoothly and silently. I was always firmly persuaded that his love was far less deeply rooted than my own; indeed, I might have given way altogether, had I not been so firmly persuaded of the evanescent nature of his. Had you not some evidence of this even before his death?"

"Such as I had, or rather have, you shall see before we conclude this interview," replied Ellen, with compressed lips, and struggling to appear calm and unmoved.

"I am sure that such was the fact. I could exhibit evidence of it myself were it necessary, but we will take it for granted for the present. After the sad affair which

deprived me of an only brother, all those impediments which had so long restrained me were removed. You cannot deny that up to that time I was governed by a scrupulous delicacy toward you both."

Ellen again became restive, she could no longer restrain herself, and she exclaimed, pointedly, "Mr. Lee, recollect yourself! Before that time had you not spoken to my father on the subject?"

"True, true, I had," replied he, somewhat embarrassed, "but my offense proceeded no farther; nor was my suit prosecuted afterward until I supposed your lacerated feelings had entirely recovered from the blow. From the time of my first unsuccessful proposal to you up to the time of my late visit to Temple Farm, I have lived but with a view to prosecute it. I have studied nothing but your pleasure; I have devoted myself to you, and followed you like your own shadow; notwithstanding the oft-repeated, partial rebuffs with which my devotion has been rewarded, I have still persevered, in hopes that when the recollection of your first attachment had softened away by time, it would naturally glide into that strange storehouse of childish things which every memory contains, and at last give place to the more matured and rational feelings of the woman."

"And your letters to your brother, was there nothing in any of them inconsistent with what you have just said?"

"Nothing, so help me Heaven! so far as I can recollect."

"Mr. Lee," said Ellen, with a severe expression of countenance which he had never before witnessed, "I must refresh your memory; I would not question your veracity, but I cannot suffer you to go farther without convincing you that I am far better informed on this subject than you suppose me to be. You may have forgotten what you wrote then—I hope you have—but you will never forget it again as long as you live when you have read that letter. Here she handed him Frank's last letter, and continued: "I hope and pray that it may

soften your heart toward your brother" (she hastily corrected herself)—"toward his memory, I mean. You will find there that not a few of his troubles were produced by the very interference which you have just so emphatically denied. Read it, and reflect upon it. I am sure it will move every generous and feeling impulse within you."

He took the letter with a trembling hand, and drawing the light toward him, commenced its perusal. His eye dilated as he did so, while the cold perspiration gathered upon his brow and lip, and his whole frame shook with ill-concealed excitement. Before he had half finished he turned it over and examined the superscription carefully—he seemed re-assured by it, and became rather more composed as he finished the remaining portion.

"Whence did you obtain this letter, and through what conveyance? I see it has no post-mark."

"It matters not, Mr. Lee, how I obtained it; it is sufficient for me, and for you too, I suppose, that it is genuine. You will not deny that it is poor Frank's handwriting?"

"I will not deny that it is admirably imitated, but I must know from whom you obtained it before I grant that it is genuine."

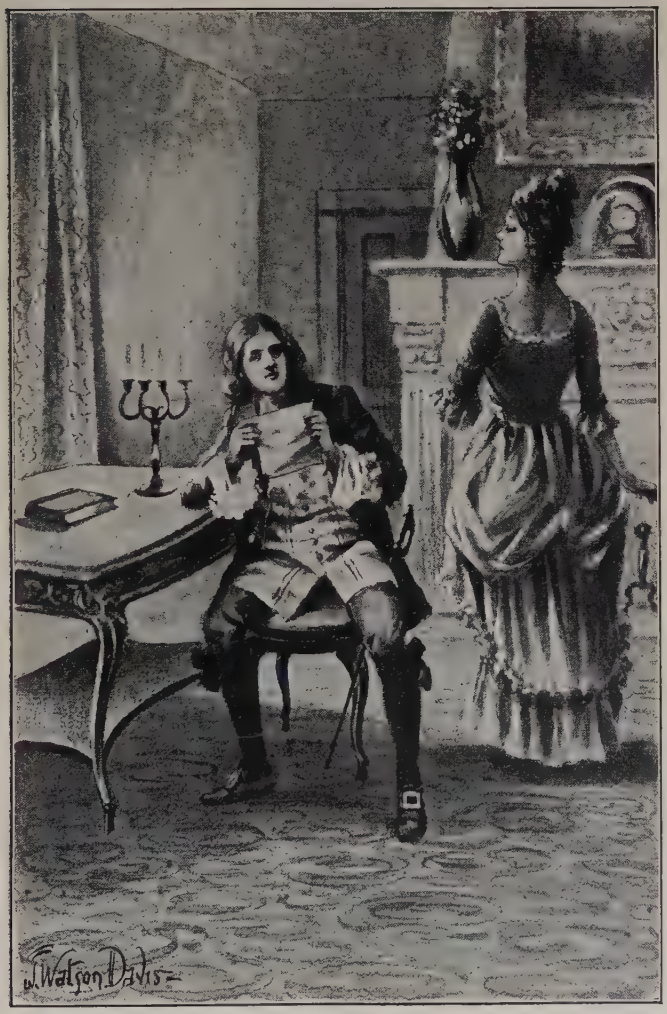
"Well, then, I obtained it from one who had suffered alike with him—from one who received it from his own hands—from one whom you have treated in a manner very poorly calculated to recompense your brother's last and dearest friend."

"From the arch imposter, Hall?"

"I did receive it from Mr. Hall; but he is no impostor, Mr. Lee."

"He is the veriest impostor and swindler that breathes! He has assumed another man's name, has swindled me, if not others, out of money; and he has forged every word of that letter; there is not one word of truth in it, as I verily believe."

"Mr. Lee, I will not quarrel with you; it would neither become my sex nor inclination to do so; but I as firmly



"Whence did you obtain this letter?" asked Mr. Lee. "I see it has no postmark." Page 190.

—*The Knights of the Horseshoe*

believe in the genuineness of that letter, and in the truth and honor of its bearer, as I believe in my own existence. Indeed, I would rather surrender my life than doubt either."

"Very well, Miss Evylin, very well; the time will speedily come when you will repent this hasty decision. I pledge my word, before many weeks have elapsed, to produce such evidence of the falsity of this man, at least, that none can doubt. I will not only confront him with the real person whose name he has assumed for the most disabolical purposes, but I will put the matter beyond all question by the testimony of a disinterested witness, who knew the real Hall and all his family in Scotland."

"It will be time enough for me to believe it when you do so; in the meantme let me at once and forever close the main subject between us. I have already said that I would no longer profess to misunderstand the motives with which you pursue me so constantly. Now let me undeceive you; if you can establish all that you say; if you can fortify your own honor, so that it will be entirely free, even from suspicion; if you can make out Mr. Hall the swindler that you say you believe him to be, it can make no alteration in my feelings toward yourself. We can never be more toward each other than we are at this moment."

"Time may work wonders, Miss Evylin, as it has done before; are you willing to allow me the poor contingencies which it may produce?"

"I am not; because you have already satisfied me that you could not calmly wait its developments, even if there was a possibility of any such contingencies as you suppose —there is none. I tell you frankly, Mr. Lee, that I would not marry you if there was not another man in her Majesty's colony. Will you believe now that my purpose is fixed?"

"I am answered"—taking his hat and standing in the door-way—"I have only to bid you now a long farewell. I trust, indeed, that you may *fare well* in the hands into

which you seem, by some strange and wayward destiny, to have fallen. Should you see me, or hear of me prosecuting vigorously to punish the man whom you are so unwilling to give up, do me the justice at least to believe that I am actuated by no motives of petty revenge against yourself. Farewell—farewell!" Exit Mr. Lee.

"No, no," said Ellen, musingly but bitterly, as she heard him slam the door," no one could suspect the gentle, amiable, forgiving Mr. Lee of harboring revenge against any one. Thank God, my father is no way in his power!"

The old gentleman entered as his name passed her lips, having exchanged his spatterdashes for black silk stockings and gold buckles, and all the other corresponding articles of dress befitting his presence at the levee, late as it was. There was a mischievous smile upon his mouth as his daughter threw her arms about his neck and burst into tears, her bitter and sarcastic mood already gone.

The father looked down upon her with untold stores of affection beaming in his eye, but still that playful smile lingered as he said, "So you have given that proud boy his quietus at last! I am glad of it, my Ellen, glad of it —indeed I am!"

"How did you know what happened, dear father?"

"Oh, I knew it from the way he slammed the door, if I had no other evidence; but your expression about his power over me as I entered would have been enough without that."

"Well then, go, dear father, and leave me to myself, while you pay your respects to your friend the governor."

"And, Ellen," he called out, as she left the room, "what report shall I make to your young friends? They have doubtless missed Mr. Lee from the saloon, and will know full well his whereabouts."

She came back again, threw her arms round his neck, as she said, beseechingly, "Make no report at all, dear father. However much you might be amused at Mr. Lee's pompous absurdities, you cannot exhibit him in a ridiculous light without involving me too—and I would like

everything connected with the affair which has terminated to-night forgotten forever. Let Harry Lee be to us as if he had never been. I do not like to think of him, because I cannot think well of him; and, for the sake of one whose memory is dear to me, the next thing is, not to think of him at all. Do impress this upon the dear mischievous girls at the palace. I see the smile upon *your* face has already given place to a tear, but let me kiss it away, and then a long adieu to Mr. Harry Lee. Good-night, dear father, good-night."

"God bless you, my child, God bless you!" said the old man, as he drew down his broad cocked-hat over his eyes, and took his long ivory-headed cane to trudge his way to the palace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEETING OF THE BURGESSES.

THE great day at length arrived—that day the events of which were to fulfil the highest hopes of the chivalrous and enterprising Governor of Virginia, or blast them forever. The burgesses at the previous session had refused to vote the necessary supplies; and should the present representatives be governed by the same feelings and opinions there was forever an end of the great tramontane expedition. Very different means and exertions had been used this year, however, from those which preceded the former election. Though the governor was not formed by nature so much for a politician as a soldier, he was compelled to learn by experience. His frank and noble nature was coerced to adopt those measures of policy and expediency always found inseparable from high political station. Governor Spotswood soon learned, like all others who have trod the devious ways of politics, that human nature must be dealt with by means suited to its groveling propensities. Not that we would insinuate, for a moment, that any improper or criminal influences had been used to secure the

election of his friends—far from it. Dearly as he desired the fulfilment of that long-thought-of and anxiously-studied enterprise, he would have sacrificed his highest hopes and aspirations before he would have stooped to anything mean or unworthy to accomplish it. But he had taken pains to have the counties actively canvassed, and had, in several places, suggested the most proper persons to be run by his friends, while no means were spared to diffuse correct information among the people. After all those means had been used, however, the governor was well aware that the fate of his darling hobby rested with some half-dozen grave old planters, in whose hands was the balance of power. They were friends and followers of Mr. Bird, the celebrated traveler and journalist, who was at the time of which we write a member of Council. The governor had been closeted with him half of the previous night, and, up to the meeting of the House of Burgesses, had received no assurances calculated to allay his anxious fears. The neutrals were known to be under the influence of Mr. Bird; and thus, as it were, he held the fate of the whole expedition in his hands.

It was known that the governor was to make a speech to the Assembly, and consequently the town was thronged at an early hour. Even before daylight crowds were pouring into the city, insomuch that long before the first meal the taverns were full. The back streets and lanes in and around the city presented the appearance of a great camp-meeting. Horses were tied to the fences in continuous lines wherever the eye could reach, while Gloucester Street, the Palace, Capitol, and Market Greens were filled with a dense crowd of men.

Of course not a tithe of these could squeeze within the walls of the Capitol; but it mattered not—it was a great public day, and the governor was to make a speech, and it was sufficient that they were on the ground.

As characteristic of the times, let our readers just cast their eyes over one of these groups collected round the tail of a cart from which was sold eatables and drinkables.

The old planter, at the right extremity of the semicircle, with a pewter mug in his hand, has on a hat which was perhaps made in London, but it now bears indubitable marks of having passed through perils of flood and field; it is of a foxy-red color, and the loops by which it was held in shape being all gone, the brim is rolled up on each side, so as to give it the shovel shape in front and rear. His coat is homespun and of a gray color, the flaps falling almost to his heels, and containing pockets equal to a modern pair of saddle-bags. His waistcoat is made of a web with staring figures as large as our curtain calico, and the pockets covering the hip-bones, where it is met by his inexpressibles, made of the same material as his coat, and terminating at the knee and fastened by huge buckles; homespun stockings cover the remainder of his legs, and his shoes are fastened with the same sort of buckles as those at the knee.

His wife stands next him, waiting for the pewter mug most patiently; on her head is a fur hat, exactly such as the male sex wears in our day, with less stiffening. It is kept on her head by a shawl tied over the top and under her chin. Her dress is made of materials which bear a striking resemblance to those of her husband's waistcoat —the same straggling, large red figures. The waist terminates just above the hips, and below, on each side, are pockets to match those in her husband's coat-tail.

The other parties of the group were dressed very much after the same general fashion, varying somewhat, perhaps, with the taste of the wearer. At every corner and cross street such a group might be seen. It mattered little to those primitive tobacco planters of the humbler sort how eloquently the governor might discourse at the other end of the city—the tail of a gingerbread-cart was their exchange, tavern, and reading-room; there they received all the information they ever acquired.

The next grade above them were seated round tables in the tavern, covered with bottles and glasses, and there the same theme occupied their attention. What strange

ideas were then developed of that great country which now gives character to our land! They thought the mountains inaccessible, in the first place, and even if crossed that the French and the Mississippi were both immediately beyond.

We would like to stand near with the reader, and take down a few of their dialogues, but time presses—the Capitol bell is ringing and the crowd is in motion. Carriages filled with elegantly dressed ladies are sweeping up the Capitol Green in one direction, and, after depositing their inmates, pouring out at the other in a continuous line.

The young bloods, on fine, prancing steeds, are endeavoring to force their way through the dense throng. The police-officers are cracking the crowns of obstreperous lads trying to force their way in; while the white teeth of a grinning cuffee or two might be seen shining from every tree in the neighborhood, staring with all their eyes to see they knew not what.

At length the booming sound of a cannon announces that the governor has set out from the palace. Immediately the crowd breaks away to the right and left, and soon a troop of cavalry passes through, and file to the right and left on each side of the avenue; next, the body-guard, and then the state-coach, with the governor in full-dress, attended by two of the Council. There was an expression of anxiety on his countenance as he entered the Capitol which he could but ill conceal; he was evidently laboring under apprehensions for the fate of his cherished enterprise, at the same time, no doubt, reflecting upon what he should say in order to fire the enthusiasm of his auditors.

The members rose respectfully upon his entrance, and were gracefully saluted by him in turn. He took the seat appropriated to him for a few moments, a profound silence obtaining the while. He rested his head upon his hand, as if he would still its tumultuous throbbing.

The house was packed as tight as it was possible, and at

least one-half the members' seats given up to the ladies, their gay feathers and brilliant colors contrasting strangely with the grave faces and dresses of the members.

The governor rose and stepped forward a pace or two, and commenced slowly and under some embarrassment. He related the history of the inception of the undertaking —said that while carrying out the benevolent views of Mr. Boyle with regard to the Indian scholars in the college, he had been induced to make the effort to accomplish a double purpose, *i. e.*, he had taken the Indian prisoners of the proper age to school instead of to prison —that some of them had been taken by the tributaries from beyond the mountains, and it was from them that he had obtained his first information of that glorious country.

He said that he saw some of those then in the crowd who were willing and ready to testify, if the burgesses desired to hear them. The old veteran began to warm as he described the glories of the conquest, and the beauty of that Eldorado which his imagination constantly presented to his mental vision. Most eloquently did he also present it to the minds of his hearers. He gave a faithful and graphic detail of the then known geography of the continent, passing rapidly from the Northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. He declared that nearly every other colony had hitherto done more toward the advancement of the great interests of civilization than Virginia, and that it was peculiarly incumbent on her, the representative in America of the intelligence, the religion, and the liberty of her father-land, to prosecute what Smith and Raleigh had so nobly begun.

When he arrived at the military aspect of his subject the old "war-horse" was roused up, as if he smelled the battle afar off. He fired up the ardor and enthusiasm of the most lethargic by his historical and classic allusions, and wound up his address by describing Virginia as holding in her hands the very key to all that rendered the discoveries of Columbus available.

"If we are tamely to fold our hands," said he, "and suffer this mighty inheritance to pass from us, we may as well return at once to Old England. If we are to be content with a sparse settlement along the sea-coast, and never make an effort to enlarge our boundaries, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the whole scheme of British colonization in America nothing but a splendid failure. France has already seized upon both ends of the cornucopia, while we are penned up within the horn, too feeble or too inert to strike a blow for our extrication. Shall it be said in after-times that the descendants of the noble Cavaliers and gentlemen, who conquered and reclaimed this country, had become so degenerate as to suffer this great inheritance to pass from us? Oh, never let it be said! Gird on your armor, Virginians, and follow me at least to the mountain's brow! Take one glance over those hitherto impregnable barriers, the great Appalachee, and I will show you a finer country than that promised land which Moses beheld, but never reached. It may be, as my enemies predict, that I too must fall by the wayside; but if it must be, I trust that God will grant to me, as to his servant of old, to view before I depart that land which my waking and sleeping fancies have so long held before my, I trust, prophetic vision. I ardently desire to see before I die the western half of this great, glorious, and gigantic picture. In the language of our eloquent red brethren, I long to travel toward the setting sun, and behold his golden rays as they reveal the beautiful savannas, and boundless prairies and forest-crowned hills, upon which the foot of a European has never yet trod. Is there nothing in this idea to fire the ardor of my young friends whom I see around me? Have they no desire to experience the sensations of Columbus when first he planted his foot upon the maiden soil? Follow me, all ye who are desirous of new sensations; all ye who would live hereafter in the pages of history alongside of Columbus and Americus; all ye who would grow rich as well as famous; all ye who would carve out that which is greater and better

than a deathless name—the future scene of the grandest enterprises yet in the womb of time and destiny. No military or scientific eye can rest for one moment upon the map of Virginia, which I hold in my hand, without being struck with the fact that such an achievement is immediately within our grasp. Look at these noble rivers, forever pouring their rich tributes into the bosom of our loved Chesapeake! Shall it be said by our children that their fathers were afraid to seize upon the fountains—the streams and lands of which they already possessed? Does any planter purchase land the fountain-head of whose springs lies within his neighbor's farm? and shall we, as a people, be less wise than any one of us would be individually? Shake off the lethargy which oppresses you, and go with me to this great, this boundless country—this future seat of empires. Cast your eyes forward into a probable futurity and behold the rich resources which your discoveries and conquests may pour into the lap of our loved colony. Behold the rich meadows, and neat farm-houses, and the gilded spires as they point toward heaven! Think of the thousands and millions of happy emigrants and their descendants, from the crowded marts of the Old World, for whom you will have carved out homes.

"But there are broader and more profound bearings to this subject than even these, grateful as they are to the philanthropist and Christian. We have arrived at a crisis, not only in the affairs of the colony, but of the world. No statesman, no man of enlarged views can cast his eyes over the boundless field which Providence has opened up to the irrepressible energies of our race without being impressed by the critical position in which we are placed.

"It is needless to disguise that, from this time forward, there is to be a contest for supremacy on this continent between the French and the English, between the Protestant and Catholic religions. Thus far the race has been equal, or nearly so; now, however, Virginia holds

in her hands the pass, the key, the gates of the mightiest empire ever conceived of by the most towering ambition. Is she to close this entrance of the world to the far West —to suppress the energies of our race—to stifle the great onward enterprises, upon the threshold of which we have barely entered? Rouse ye up, Virginians, and sleep no longer at the portals of the world. It is not merely to explore a few insignificant water-courses and thread an unknown mountain-pass that I would urge you, but it is to enter upon that grand inheritance which Providence opens to our acceptance. Beyond the mountains spreads out the most wonderful country ever dreamed of by the most daring imagination. I base this opinion not alone upon the evidence of the Indian hostages, but upon other and irrefragable testimony within our reach. Compare the distance from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico—examine the mouths of the vast rivers pouring into that sea. Whence come they? Is it consistent with the known geography of the world, and the philosophy of its construction, to suppose that they burst suddenly from the ground? No, my fellow-subjects, there is a vast unexplored region between us and the mouth of the Mississippi, which it almost beggars the imagination to conceive of. So far from the poor hostages having exaggerated its wonders, I believe that the half has not and cannot be told—at least by them. Their poor, bewildered intellects become numbed and paralyzed in the vain effort to grasp the outlines. It requires the far-reaching eye of an intelligent and cultivated mind, of a philosopher, a statesman, a philanthropist, a Christian—in the largest acceptation of the term—to comprehend these things. I trust there are many such in this enlightened assembly. Certainly the interests of our sovereign and country never required their presence more. Trusting that your deliberations will redound to the honor and interests of both, as well as to your own lasting reputation, I leave the subject with you, to make such response as to you may seem wise and proper. The needful documents will be furnished you in due time."

After the governor had retired there was a considerable murmur of applause and some stamping of feet and clapping of hands; more among the spectators, however, than the burgesses. With the common people, as distinguished from the gentry, as we have before remarked, the proposed expedition was extensively popular, but with the latter, especially with the elders among them, it was not so much so.

The discussion of the response necessary to be made to the governor's appeal, and which was also a test of the fate of the bill for subsidies, which would follow of course, was long and animated, and enchained the attention of the crowded hall until a late hour of the night.

In this debate Bernard Moore took a leading and distinguished part. Kate slightly hung her head, and drew down her veil, when she saw him rise, and color to his ears and clear his throat, through the awkward exordium of his maiden speech, but it was not a long while before her veil was thrown to one side and her ringlets parted from her face, which now responded to her lover's eloquence in the brightest glow of her enthusiastic and ardent temperament.

Moore felt and spoke as if his own fate hung upon the success of the measure before them. He had somehow or other brought himself to consider his own suit as connected with the expedition. He had so long, jestingly with Carter, put it upon this footing, that he really began to think that there was some sort of mysterious link between the two dissimilar affairs.

When he had concluded there was a breathless silence for many minutes—there was a "counting of noses"—and the governor's friends trembled for the result. The opposition, it is true, had already spent its force, and no one seemed disposed again to take the floor in answer to Moore. But then there was one member absent who had been calculated upon certainly to vote for, if not advocate, the measure—namely, Henry Lee—he was most unaccountably absent. The governor's friends, as soon as it

was discovered, had sent messenger after messenger for him, but nowhere was he to be found.

The governor was sitting in the general court-room, surrounded by some of his old friends and members of his Council, and most anxiously canvassing the probable state of the vote, when Moore hastily entered, and whispered to him the disappearance of Lee.

"Damn him!" said the old veteran, striking his hand upon the table and speaking in an under-tone, through his clinched teeth. "If I had supposed that he could have deserted me at such a moment as this I might have saved a deal of expensive politeness. Send for him again, Moore!"

General Clayton, who was sitting near them, hearing Lee's name pronounced, and suspecting the cause of the governor's excitement, came up to the latter and told him that Lee had left town some time before, he believed, in pursuit of some young man who had swindled him.

The governor and Moore exchanged glances of mutual understanding and indignation; and the former exclaimed, rising, and with some vehemence, as he strode about the room, "Go back, Bernard, and let the issue be tried. If it is destined to be disastrous, as at former trials, by heaven, I will march without them and their aid. Keep up your spirits, my lad; I will as surely lead you over the mountains as the sun shines, and that before the world is a month older."

Moore did go back to his place—very much disheartened, however, by the untimely desertion of Lee, for he knew that the vote would be a very close one, and a single *aye* might be of immense importance. Some stupid proser was concluding as he returned. He walked round among his friends and communicated the disheartening news. Several of the young men had determined to speak against time until Lee could be found; but the plan was now useless, and they suffered the question to be taken.

Respiration almost seemed suspended during the short and exciting period. The audience rose to their feet,

and crowded round the clerk's table so much that the officers had to be called in to preserve order. The votes were at length counted, and the Speaker announced that there was a tie. So that, had Lee been at his post, the victory would have been gained by one vote. His absence was, however, not long a subject of regret, for the Speaker gave the casting vote in favor of the measure.

There was an instantaneous rush from all parts of the house for the green in front of the Capitol; and when the eager throng without caught the bright glow upon the faces of those who rushed out, and, even before the result could be embodied in words, a loud and deafening shout of applause made the welkin ring again, the boys and the soldiers about town and all the other idlers took up the peal and echoed it again with interest.

All that day nothing but songs of the mountains was heard, and every popular ballad that could be at all tortured into anything having the slightest allusion to the subject was sung. It was a great day, also, at the barracks and the taverns. Such victories, from time immemorial, require to be moistened with plentiful libations, as if Bacchus alone presided over the contest. Partisans of the same school drink in congratulation; the victors offer the wine-cup to the vanquished, at once as a pledge of still enduring good-will, and at the same time as a fitting opportunity to meet again on the middle ground of the social board.

There was one in that thronged assembly, however, who, though feeling as deep an interest as any one in the vote just taken, quietly stole away, without manifest exultation, and really feeling the heart's heaviest oppression in the midst of her friends' rejoicing.

Ellen Evylin sought her father's carriage alone, while every one else of the governor's party mingled in the scene of mutual congratulation. She threw herself back in the carriage, and thought how Frank Lee would have rejoiced to be present. These regrets were far from being selfish; she knew that he would have pressed forward with the

young chivalry of Virginia toward the high prize which was then firing the imaginations of all the youth of the colony; she knew that it was an enterprise exactly suited to his temperament and impetuous impulses; and she could not but regret that his already disastrously spent energies had not been reserved for an occasion so well calculated to develop them with advantage to himself and benefit to his follow-creatures.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAST MEETING.

The doors of the palace, the next day, were thrown open to all the gentry in the city, of whatever party, and the governor received the congratulations of his friends with beaming eyes and outstretched hands. He was now, indeed, the frank, hearty, joyous old soldier which he had been in former days. The doubts and difficulties which had so long weighed down his spirits no longer clouded his brow, and his broad jokes and merry laughter were once more heard within the gubernatorial mansion. Indeed, the horizon in every direction seemed brightening to his vision. The ministry no longer interfered with his operations—the faction in the council was silenced—public opinion gathered strength and power from the victory in the House of Burgesses, and, above all, his son and heir seemed now entirely relieved from the dominion of the monster passion, which, as he supposed, had so long thrown that air of mystery and reckless dejection about him.

John entered fully into his father's views, and was eager to plunge into the bustle and business of preparation. There was, it is true, an impetus given to his movements toward the opposite extreme from his late sudden lethargy and gloomy misanthropy, which an acute observer well versed in the human heart would have dis-

trusted, but his father was too much pleased with his renovated spirits and new-born energy to criticise it closely.

This was the last day which he was to spend in the capital. It had been determined that he was to proceed at once to the fort at Germana, and there take command of several companies of Rangers which the governor had ordered to concentrate at that point, and from thence he was to join his father on the march.

As he walked out of the palace gate, and up the avenue toward Gloucester Street, he had not proceeded many rods before his steps were arrested by an object directly in his path. It was starlight, and he could not see distinctly who it was, and made an effort to pass to the right or left, but still he found the same object in his way. He brought his face close up to the person thus waylaying him, and now discovered that it was Wingina, wrapped up in her brother's cloak.

"What, Wingina!" exclaimed he, in a suppressed voice, but hoarse from excitement; "do you dog my footsteps? Do you watch me to my father's home? Am I secure from your persecutions nowhere?"

"Oh, Captain Spotswood! you are very unjust, very cruel. I heard you were going to set out to-night to my own country, and I come to beg you, for God's sake, to take me along. I cannot much longer conceal my dreadful secret. Before you get back it will be not only discovered, but I shall be killed; my brother strongly suspects it now."

"But, Wingina, Chunoluskee goes with my father as his guide, and before he returns, in all probability, your troubles will be over."

"Alas! they will indeed be over; but my life will pass away with them."

"What an inconsistent creature you are, Wingina! but lately you professed to be willing to court death, and now you whine over its possible occurrence, like some sick child!"

"It is a very different thing to court it when the resolution is worked up to it, and to be in continual dread of it

from an angry brother, of whom one has lived in constant dread, and always under his constant authority. You know how arbitrary it is among our race—the male over the female."

"Why, he always appears mild and gentle to me, Wingina."

"Ay, and so does the fiercest warrior of our tribe when mingling with your race, but in the wigwam it is different. An Indian girl should never be enlightened at all, unless she is to be permanently removed from the tyranny of the wigwam. It was a thorough knowledge of this which made me fall so easy a prey to—I will not say to you, but my love for you;" and she laid her hand gently upon his arm, and looked up in his face, as if she would fain discover by the doubtful light whether his mood toward her was softened.

"Hush, Wingina! saw you not a tall shadow pass from behind the trees toward Gloucester Street?"

The Indian girl wheeled her head suddenly in that direction, at the same time clinging with both hands to the young officer's arm as she exclaimed, "It is, it is my brother! Oh, John, I am now lost indeed, unless you save me! I will never return in life to my brother's house."

Spotswood took her arm and hurried her along through the shadows of the trees and across the common, until he arrived at the brick wall of the graveyard, and following this—still keeping close within its protecting shadow—they were soon within its enclosure, and seated upon a low tombstone.

"Now tell me, Wingina—and think and speak quick, for I have not a moment to lose—whether you can ride on horseback?"

"Oh yes, indeed."

"And if I procure you a suit of boy's clothes, will you wear them and pass for my servant, if I take you with me, until I can find some of your people?"

At first she hung her head, as if pressed down with hopeless dejection. Spotswood mistook her feelings, and sup-

posed that maidenly delicacy prevented her from at once acceding to the plan; but her thoughts were running upon a very different point of the discussion, as her next question will show. "And should we happen to meet some of our people, will you go with me and be a great chief among them, as your father is here?"

"Pooh, pooh, Wingina! I thought you had given up all that nonsense long ago. How can I go with you, when I am to lead part of this army over the mountains? Come, decide quick about my plan; I am to set out for Germana to-night, and if you agree to my plan I will take you at once to an acquaintance of mine in the suburbs, to wait while I procure the dress and order round the horses."

"I have no choice left, Captain Spotswood; I am compelled to go with you—I dare not present myself before my brother again."

They were soon hurrying through the cross-streets of the capital, until they came to a small shanty occupied by an old negro woman. There they entered; and John, taking the crone to one side, made her understand that she was to observe secrecy about what they were going to do, and that she was to cut off the girl's hair and assist her to put on the clothes which he would bring, so as to have her ready by the time he came with the horses.

In about half an hour he returned and handed in a bundle to the old woman at the door, and again hurried off.

The negro assisted, as she had been ordered, at the strange toilet of Wingina, the first step of which was to cut off her long black hair. When it was completed it would have been difficult to find in the colony a neater and trimmer little page than she presented.

John scarcely knew her himself when he alighted to see that all was ready, so complete had been the metamorphosis. Still, he found her dress not complete, for she had resisted all the old negro's entreaties to exchange her moccasins for a pair of boots. John soon convinced her that all the other changes were useless unless she completed it by the

change proposed—that her Indian moccasins were the most dangerous mark she could wear about her.

At length she complied, but with great reluctance, for she had been partly ruined by flattery addressed to her diminutive foot and her prettily ornamented moccasins. John understood well what was passing in her mind, and he could not avoid cursing himself that he had undone such a mere child of nature. The fact was, all his reflections and observations upon her character and peculiarities came too late. A lustful imagination had blinded him to everything but her personal attractions. These attractions were still the same, yet how powerless now!

We must leave them to pursue their midnight journey, while we turn our attention to the main thread of our narrative.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FRONTIER SETTLEMENT.

Some three days' journey from Williamsburg there stood a settlement which would puzzle a European traveler of our day to tell what it was. It was neither house, barn, stable, or fort, but a compound of the whole, or rather of many of them. It was called, in the language of the country, "a block-house." There was a strong picket fence running round an open area, and round the inside of these, built in with the fort, were various houses or shanties—some one story and some two; the latter having loopholes to shoot through, and commanding the approach to that side of the palisade. Outside again were some twenty straggling huts or cabins, which were all occupied in daytime, but closed at night, for the owners slept within the fort.

This was not the great frontier station, Germana, to which more than one of our characters are now wending their way, but had originally been a trading station for similar purposes. It was now a sort of half-way house,

a convenient protection for travelers as well as the small planters and traders around.

It was about dusk, several days after the one alluded to in the last chapter, when a traveler on foot, with a bundle of clothes tied up in a handkerchief and thrown over a stick which he carried upon his shoulder, arrived at the settlement. He was weary and wayworn, and his shoes covered with the dust of the road. About his face there was a settled dejection, at the same time a winning grace which would have commanded the sympathy of any one not hardened by constantly rubbing against a cold and unfeeling world.

The women and children around the block-house were driving in their cows and sheep and poultry, for at night the open area was a sort of stock-pen. Hall—for it was none other than the late tutor—took his bundle in his hand and rested upon his cane, watching listlessly the while the proceedings of the women and children in their rural occupations.

"You needn't wait for an invitation," said one of the women; "the block-house is free to all travelers—the only thing is to get something to eat when you are in there."

"And will you not furnish me, my good woman, either for love or money?"

"Faith and with that bonny face of yours you may well ask, but I doubt you have been a wild blade in your day, from that same cut across your cheek."

"That, my good woman, was got in no private brawl."

"It matters not to me if it was, you shall have your supper all the same."

Hall was soon seated near one corner of a log fire, with his plate of smoking viands on one end of a rude bench and himself on the other. From the rapidity of his operations he was neither dainty nor fastidious in his appetite, and, what was still less romantic, he was very soon after leaning with his head against the logs and snoring away at a great rate.

He had not long been thus occupied before a loud noise

at the entrance announced other arrivals, hearing which he rose and lifted the rude seat upon which he had been reclining to the farthest and darkest corner of the room, and again seated himself, wrapped up in his cloak, that he might examine unobserved the new-comers. The same woman soon after entered, ushering in Captain Spotswood and the young Indian, followed by his servant bearing his portmanteau.

Every one about the place was soon afoot when it was ascertained that the son of the governor was within the block, and he consequently found no difficulty in obtaining such accommodations as the place afforded. He walked round the enclosure and examined into the condition of the place. He found the lowest state of discipline prevailing, and, since the erection of the fort at Germana, and the general peace with the Indians, that all precautionary measures had been abandoned, and the place literally turned into a fold for cattle, rather than a military post.

One of the primary Indian schools was also kept at this place, and this also he found in the most languishing condition. For an hour he was engaged examining the orderly who had charge of the establishment, and the master who had charge of the school, together with such Rangers as were left, their horses, equipments, etc., in order to ascertain if he could press any of them into the service of the expedition.

The horses he found to consist of some dozen wretched skeletons, which he declared the ravens were only prevented from carrying off by their poverty. The arms were very little better; the holsters of one soldier carried a single pistol without a flint—another presented his sword, rusty and without scabbard or belt, and so on. John swore that Falstaff's company were veteran soldiers compared to this remnant of the Rangers of the district.

While he was laughing alternately over the ridiculous figure which they cut, and cursing the orderly by whose neglect such a state of things had been brought about, a

gentleman and his servant rode into the enclosure, without let or hindrance. "Ah, Lee," said John, as he recognized that young gentleman, as he came full under the reflection of the pine torches which one of the wiry-haired urchins of the forest bore—"just from the capital?"

"No, Captain Spotswood, I left the city several days ago, and come now from another direction. But what have you here? Is it possible you are marching toward the frontier with such a troop as this?"

"Oh no, not so bad as that either"—and he laughed immoderately at the idea—"I was only inspecting the condition of the garrison, to see how many troops I could muster into my father's tramontane army. You see he has little dependence in this quarter—ten equestrian skeletons, twelve Rangers with ragged uniforms, one stupid orderly (or disorderly), five rusty sabers, three pistol-barrels, and saddles which it would puzzle a philosopher to tell which would win the victory—they, by cutting the horses in two, or the horses by cutting them in two. If the enemies of the expedition could only have paraded this troop upon the Capitol Green while the subject was under discussion, they would have turned the whole thing into ridicule."

Here both the young gentlemen and even the soldiers and servants went off into a merry fit of laughter, in the midst of which the torch-light review was adjourned, and the two young gentlemen retired to the same room into which we have already introduced previous arrivals. John cast a hasty glance round the apartment, in order to whisper a few words into the ear of his page, but it was entirely empty, with the exception of Lee and himself. He saw that the sleeping traveler had vanished, as well as the person whom he sought; but the circumstance made no impression, and he remarked not upon it—apparently satisfied that his young protégé had discretion enough to keep out of sight of those by whom they were known.

Hall had quietly withdrawn upon perceiving through the logs of the hut the new additions to the party. He

remained in the shadow of one of the buildings, until he saw the two young men fairly seated at their rude supper, and then, without any guide or conductor, entered what appeared to be one of the most remote and retired buildings of the establishment, and threw himself down upon some straw already spread upon the floor, and, worn out with fatigue and exhaustion of mind and body, fell into one of those profound slumbers which only those know who inure their bodies to labor and fatigue.

Rude as his couch was, he had accidentally stumbled into the best chamber in the establishment, and that one appropriated as the sleeping apartment of the stranger and wayfarer. One by one the other travelers found their way into the same apartment. Each one as he entered rolled his cloak about him, and threw himself upon the straw, without inquiry as to his bedfellows. Few even of the gentry at the time of which we write but had roughed it after a similar fashion, whenever business or pleasure led them toward the frontier; and though this was by no means on the extreme borders of civilization, yet the settlements were becoming few and far between, and even these were mostly upon the low lands of the rivers.

After all the male portion of our travelers were snugly stowed away upon their straw pallets, and more than one of them giving loud evidence of the sincerity with which they worshipped at the shrine of the drowsy god, Wingina with the stealthy tread of a cat entered the same apartment. Spotswood had secretly sought a few words with her ere he retired to rest, and positively ordered the arrangements differently, and the poor careworn creature had indeed endeavored to find repose elsewhere; but an undefinable dread of coming evil, which her superstitious nature could neither withstand nor resist, prevented her from sleeping so far away from the only protector which she had in this world, and she surreptitiously entered as we have seen.

She paused at the threshold, to listen to the deep breathing and loud snoring of the sleepers, to assure herself that

they all slept ere she laid herself down to follow their example. A blanket nailed across the entrance supplied the place of a door, and neither sentry nor guard was stationed there, or at the great entrance of the block-house, though she had heard Captain Spotswood positively order the sergeant that a corporal's guard should do alternate duty at the gate. She had gone the rounds herself, and if any sentry pretended to guard the great entrance, he slept too sound to be disturbed by her light tread. She walked among the sleepers and stooped to examine their countenances by the starlight until she could find the one she sought.

The first one she examined was Hall, and she gazed upon his face and hastily withdrew to the one who slept next—it was the one she sought. Long and earnestly she gazed upon the sleeping countenance of him she loved by the doubtful light afforded. She crouched down beside him, and watched over his slumbers for some time, occasionally, however, her eye roaming over the other sleepers. Becoming accustomed to the darkness of the place, she soon discovered the various positions of the parties.

Lee slept on the other side of Spotswood from that occupied by Hall, but at a greater distance; and farther still, toward the door, lay the two servants.

Folding a cloak about her person, which Spotswood had furnished her for the purpose, she laid herself down immediately across the doorway, so that should she even fall asleep she might be the first aroused by any one moving, and thus escape before it was clearly daylight. She, too, was worn out by the fatigues of the long and weary day's journey, and though for a while wakeful with her foreboding fancies, nature, or rather matter, obtained the mastery over mind, and she slept as sound as the rest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DARK DEED.

An hour before daylight next morning Hall rose from his straw couch, and bundling up his small stock of clothes and taking his staff in hand, carefully stole out of the room, which he now, to his surprise, discovered was occupied by other sleepers.

It was yet very dark, and a drizzling rain was falling as he walked abroad into the wild, dark forest. He took the road toward Germana, and traveled along with cheerfulness and alacrity, rejoiced to think how fortunate he had been to escape the observation of his pursuer, for he doubted not that Henry Lee was seeking him for some purpose or other.

The circumstances of a young man must be unfortunate indeed, and the weather far more unpropitious than that described, if exercise in the early morning does not produce a bright rebound of the spirits. Hall experienced bright and glowing sensations as he trudged along the muddy road; having left his enemies far behind, as he supposed, and anticipating great pleasure in once more beholding his friends of the voyage and the masking adventure, and, above all, he pictured to himself that calm and delightful repose which he thought must surely be found in a settlement so far removed from the scenes of trade, and politics, and intrigue which he was so rapidly casting behind him.

"There," said he, "I will live in the profound solitudes of nature, where the turbulent passions of men come not to disturb me—where I may hope to escape from the storm which has so long tossed me about at its pleasure. There the consequences of the one great error of my life cannot pursue me—there Nature in her primitive simplicity and purity reigns forever. Beneath my humble log-cabin I may

sit and smoke my pipe in peace, until these lowering clouds have passed away." But while we leave him to pursue his onward way through the forest, as well as the train of reflections upon which he struck, we will glance at the block-house once more which he had just left.

About daylight a shrill scream was heard from the sleeping-room alluded to, which roused every inmate within the stockade, even to the drowsy sentinel at the gate.

It was a prolonged and agonized scream, such as is never heard except on occasions of mortal extremity. How quickly the ear detects these heralds of death or disaster! Instantly the shanties and cabins were seen to pour out their tenants, as if roused by one simultaneous impulse, all rushing toward the place from whence the sound issued.

Some fifteen or twenty persons in all were assembled, crowding thickly round some object which lay upon the floor. Among the others stood Harry Lee, gesticulating wildly, and his eyes dilated with horror and astonishment. Immediately in the center of the group lay the body of John Spotswood, wrapped up in the same cloak which he had borrowed from Lee the night before (having lent his own to Wingina), and perfectly dead. He had been killed by a single blow of a dagger driven through his heart, and sent with such force that the long, formidable weapon (worn in those days by Indian fighters) had actually penetrated the floor and pinioned him to the puncheons beneath. As if the atrocity of the deed was not sufficient, an attempt had been made to mutilate his person by a circular incision upon his crown.

Lee immediately ordered a guard posted at the entrance of the fort, and that no one should be permitted to escape until he had investigated the matter, about which he immediately set to work. He found that the room had been occupied by two sleepers, who had already escaped; and the woman had proceeded no farther in her description of the one who had lain next to the deceased than the whiskers and the big scar, before Lee called to the orderly and commanded him to divide his corps into two bodies, and pur-

sue the fugitive until he should find him, and bring him back, dead or alive.

The other absentee was described as a small Indian boy, and as having come with the deceased officer himself. Lee was sorely puzzled to imagine who this could be, and Spotswood's servant could give him no information, except that he had been picked up in the capital just before they had set out, and that he had ridden with his master more as a companion than a servant.

The woman who had received the travelers on the previous evening, and from whose throat the scream had issued, stated that the boy had slept in another apartment, by Captain Spotswood's own orders, while one of the servants declared that he had seen him lying across the doorway of that very room during the night. The instrument with which the deed had been committed was a silver-mounted, two-edged dagger, highly ornamented, which several recollected, and Lee himself knew, to have been worn by the deceased himself.

From this circumstance some of those present were disposed to believe that the deceased had committed the rash act upon his own person; but this surmise was put entirely at rest by the gash upon the head, as well as several distinct finger-marks upon the throat, showing that whoever had perpetrated it had held his victim by a powerful grasp, to prevent noise while the blow was inflicted.

Hall had deviated from the great military road to take a near cut by an Indian path, and thus his pursuers passed him. About ten o'clock in the morning he again emerged into the great thoroughfare (if two wagon-ruts through a pine-forest could be called such), and was seated with his bundle open before him, and helping himself to some cold provisions with which he was provided. He ate with great relish and a fine appetite, and seemed to be disturbed by naught under the sun. The drizzling clouds had blown away, and he looked forward to a cheerful and happy day amid the almost unexplored beauties of Nature, in one of her wildest and grandest phases.

His spirit was buoyant with the idea that at last he had cast off the cares of civilized life, and, above all, that he had broken loose from those entangling meshes, either of designing men or fortuitous circumstances, under which he had so long suffered. There was a shade of sadness over his face, it is true—it could hardly be otherwise with one who had so lately and so severely suffered; he was more cheerful, however, than at any former period when presented to the reader.

He rejoiced in the anticipation of soon enjoying the society of two persons who were now situated so much like himself—Mr. Elliot and his charming daughter. He recollected well the wiser determination of the old gentleman, when they last parted, to abandon at once the crowded thoroughfares of life, and the arguments they had held upon the subject, and he now freely acknowledged that the elder was the wiser man of the two.

One subject gave him poignant regret; it was the difficulty of his now accompanying the tramontane expedition. His heart had been fixed upon the governor's grand scheme, and he had foreseen that it would be an admirable offset, could he distinguish himself in that enterprise, for the real offense which he had committed against society.

Hall was still seated at his rude and homely breakfast when he heard the distant tramp of horses. His eye was first directed down the road toward the stockade which he had left in the morning; seeing nothing in that direction but the long and monotonous road, he turned his eyes to the other end, and soon perceived five or six horsemen galloping toward him. His mind was relieved at once on perceiving that they belonged to his own race, for he had been for a few moments painfully reflecting how defenseless was his condition should the new-comers prove to be Indians with any hostile intent.

The whole guard immediately dismounted and proceeded deliberately to tie their horses to each other, while the sergeant walked up and, tapping him upon the shoulder, pronounced him his prisoner. When informed of the death

of Captain Spotswood, and that he was charged with the murder, he was awe-struck. A clap of thunder and a bolt falling at his feet from a cloudless sky could not have more truly astonished him; but he was informed farther by the sergeant that his face was even then sprinkled with the blood of his victim, his whole frame trembled like an aspen, under a superstitious dread of that unseen power which seemed so relentlessly to pursue him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RETURN TO THE CAPITAL.

Hall was mounted upon one of the trooper's horses, and conveyed back to the stockade. When brought into the room where the diabolical deed had been perpetrated no one could express more horror and astonishment than the prisoner. Up to that moment a sort of stupefaction had seized upon his faculties; he scarcely seemed to believe that the murder had actually been committed, or if he did, could not fully realize the fact in all its dreadful particulars until he saw it with his own eyes; much less could he realize the position in which he stood, and those circumstances tending to induce the belief that he had done it.

When he heard the evidence detailed he was scarcely surprised that others suspected him, for he would have suspected another under similar circumstances. It made him almost superstitious, when his faculties were sufficiently relieved from the astounding blow to contemplate it, that any one could be placed in such a situation.

When asked by Lee to explain the position in which he found himself, he sunk into a seat and covered his face with his hands. He was bewildered and confounded. To the spectators this looked exactly as they supposed he might; it had a very natural appearance for a murderer, who, if not detected in the very act, was apprehended with the blood of his victim still upon his hands. At length,

however, he rallied, and made an effort to tell all that had happened within his knowledge during the previous night.

He stated that he had sought the room in which he slept for the purpose of privacy, and that so far from seeking to have anything to do with the other travelers, that he had particularly designed to avoid them by going there; that he was entirely unaware that the room was occupied at a later period of the night by others, until he awakened about an hour before the break of day; that as soon as he discovered it he stepped lightly over the sleepers, as he supposed them to be, and pursued his journey straightway.

He professed to know nothing of the other traveler who was missing—the young Indian—that he had neither seen him during the night nor in the morning. He heard no noise in the night, and was, he said, entirely unconscious how the blood came upon his face; that he was as much shocked and surprised to find it there as any one, and was wholly unable to explain it. He called the attention of those around him, however, to the fact that his cloak in which he slept was also stained with blood, which he had discovered since his arrest; that it was impossible for him to have committed the murder wrapped up as he was; that the stains upon the garment corresponded exactly with the position which he had described as the one in which he slept; and that his hands, and not his face, would have been stained—his other garment, and not his cloak—had he been the murderer.

He stated, also, that there was no ill-will between him and Captain Spotswood, that the last interview between them had been of a friendly nature, and that he had actually left Temple Farm on the captain's business.

The whole of this statement, and much more which we have omitted, was written down at the time by Henry Lee, and signed by the prisoner; after which he was secured on horseback—the corpse put into a cart, and, with a guard of half a dozen troopers, set out upon their return to the capital.

It is much easier to conceive than describe the sensations of Hall as he thus begun to realize the fact that he was a prisoner once more, and for an ignominious offense.

At first his whole nature shrunk from the disgrace and exposure, and he thought that he never could or would survive its publicity. He could not help contrasting his present situation—riding between two troopers and tied upon his horse, like a petty larceny thief—with his youthful days, when he had traveled surrounded by those willing and anxious to minister to his slightest wish.

He had ample time to summon up his courage and his energies, for they were nearly three days in making their way back to the capital—very little faster than Hall had walked the same distance.

It is impossible to describe the consternation produced in the city by the news that Hall had murdered the son of the governor. How it got there no one knew, but such news always seems to be borne ahead by some winged messenger.

The cart conveying the corpse was surrounded by hundreds before it entered even the suburbs of the city, and Hall found himself a spectacle for idle boys and negroes to gaze at even before he had entered the scene where he had expected it. For this abject humiliation he was wholly unprepared. He could have met the scorn of gentlemen with scorn, but against the jeers and ribaldry of the mob he had nothing to oppose—he was wholly defenseless.

Public opinion was fast gathering head against him; eager gossips picked up the horrid details from the soldiers and negroes who accompanied the corpse, as the more respectable persons drawn thither by the crowd caught a few brief words and an ominous shake of the head or two from Harry Lee. While the cart containing the body rested in the public square Lee rode on to the palace to communicate the heart-rending news.

The scene which there presented itself beggars dscription; the news had preceded him, and the ladies of the

mansion were already frantic with grief. His ears were saluted with the wild shrieks of despair, and the governor was locked up in his room, and would not see even him. He sent him a message to take the prisoner before a magistrate and have him examined.

This was done accordingly, and the same evidence detailed which we have already condensed. Not the slightest hesitation was manifested by the magistrate in making out Hall's commitment; for there appeared no redeeming circumstances whatever, save those thrown into his former statement, which, of course, passed for nothing at the present stage of the proceedings.

The unfortunate, or the guilty, young man, as the case might be, was loaded with irons, and deposited in the same prison which he had left but a few days before. Very few persons ventured to question his guilt; indeed, the general opinion settled down at once that Hall had killed young Spotswood in mistake for Harry Lee. There was very little room for surmise in the matter; there was no one else to suspect—no one else upon whom suspicion could fasten.

There were some mysterious and unexplained circumstances attending the dreadful deed, as there generally is attending all murders, such as the presence of the Indian boy. Public ingenuity was at fault in fastening upon any one whom the description would suit; and that feature of the tragedy was soon overlooked or forgotten in the absorbing horror of the plain, straightforward matters of fact.

The previous circumstances connected with the history of the prisoner—such as his reputed change of name, obtaining money under false pretenses, with a hundred other things which he had never done—soon accumulated into such a torrent of public indignation that his personal safety might have been endangered in a large and more populous city.

In a few days, however, this all settled down into the undoubted conviction that John Spotswood, the son of

the Governor of Virginia, had been murdered by a young man named Hall, who had found his way into the governor's family as private tutor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VISIT TO THE PRISONER.

THERE was one strange circumstance almost contemporary with the murder which ingenious minds endeavored to connect in some way with that mysterious affair. Three nights before the deed was perpetrated every Indian pupil in the college absconded, and had not since been heard of; the interpreter, his mother, and sister were also missing.

If the desertion from the college had taken place a few days earlier, so that any of them could have arrived at the *half-way* station, then the presence of the mysterious boy might have been accounted for; but all the testimony tended to prove that Spotswood himself had conveyed the boy there, and it was clearly impossible that any one of "Mr. Boyle's disciples" (as they were called) could have reached there on the very night of leaving the city.

As the public mind became calmer all these things were discussed, without, however, elucidating the dark deed much more than the first investigation had done.

Some few persons maintained Hall's innocence even under present adverse circumstances, and notwithstanding the cloud of witnesses who were ready to appear against him. Among the most staunch and active of these was old Dr. Evylin, who busied himself in his behalf by setting about a private investigation into the mysterious circumstances attending the murder—those that as yet had no light thrown upon them from the first moment of the occurrence, such as the affair of the Indian boy and the disappearance of the pupils from the college.

The sagacious old man knew that, if these two circumstances could be unraveled in all their bearings, much light

would be thrown upon the dark transaction; but all his inquiries were fruitless. Spotswood had taken such precautions when he left the city that it was impossible to trace the place from whence he had procured the boy; and all the preparations of the Indian pupils had been conducted with such secrecy that not a trace of them could be obtained, nor could any cause be imagined for their sudden departure. There had been no very recent outbreak between the two races in college; indeed, there had been for the few days preceding their departure uncommon quiet and peace.

The doctor had paid one visit to the prisoner in jail, in order to learn something from which he might pursue his investigations more understandingly; but, except the plain tale which he had already told, he could say nothing. The doctor found him in rather a strange state of mind for one of his intelligence: he seemed to think that, as he had been placed in his present unfortunate position by the unforeseen concurrence of providential circumstances, his deliverance would come from the same quarter, and by means equally startling and mysterious.

The doctor endeavored to reason him out of this superstitious looking-for of miracles, and to convince him that the exertions of himself and friends must be in proportion to the strength of the testimony which would be brought against him; but it was to very little purpose, for up to the termination of the interview the prisoner maintained a state alternating between mental stupor and that wild, dreamy hopefulness already described.

The old man left the prison much affected and deeply pained for the condition in which he found him; he, in fact, feared mental alienation. Nevertheless, he went to work as industriously as ever, but with the same results as before. He at length determined to try what a visit from his daughter would do in the way of bringing the prisoner to a plain, common-sense view of his situation.

She had already been struggling in the same unpromising cause; but she was now precluded from her usual resource of consulting with Kate, as the family at the man-

sion were wrapped up in profound grief, and of course could not be expected to take any part in the endeavor to exculpate the supposed author of their afflictions.

Ellen was thus, so far as female counsel was concerned, thrown upon her own resources; and she naturally turned to her father, that dear, confidential friend from whom she concealed no secrets. She found him already actively engaged in the business, and forthwith they united their counsels. She was not so ready to adopt the old gentleman's suggestion of a visit to the jail as he had expected; but when he described the alternate lethargic and wild moods into which the prisoner was plunged, she consented at once.

It was after dark, and they found him sitting upon his wretched three-legged stool, and a small taper burning on the table, within reach of the chains which hung down from his hands. His feet were free, and he could walk round a semicircle of four or five feet. On the table was a Bible, open, and upon it his eyes rested as they entered.

"Oh," said the old doctor, "I am glad to see you so much more profitably employed than at my last visit; but see here, I have brought you a visitor to cheer a solitary hour."

Ellen was leaning heavily upon her father's arm, her veil still drawn close over her face. Hall made an inclination of the head, and rose and stepped forward as if to seize her hand, but was jerked suddenly back by his chains; his head fell immediately upon his chest, and the scalding tears stole down his cheeks.

All reserve was gone from Ellen at this sight, and she threw back her veil and her ringlets, and advanced and offered him both her hands. He seized and held them for some time; when he raised his face again it was almost convulsed, so fearful was the working of his spirit, brought to a full consciousness of his position by the presence of one who had once before, as it were, brought him back to life and hope.

At length he spoke—"Your presence here, Miss Evylin,

is an assurance to me that at least there is one of your sex who believes me innocent of the horrid crime laid to my charge."

"Oh, Mr. Hall, we have never for one moment supposed you capable of crime, much less such a one as this!"

"Miss Evylin, I have tried to think, but I cannot. My faculties are benumbed by the appalling severity of the blow. I have tried in vain to rally my scattered thoughts and reflect over my past life, to try and ascertain what I have really done to deserve the afflictions which have fallen in such quick succession upon me."

"The judgments of the Almighty are not always proportioned exactly to our past offenses, they have also reference to the future."

"Ah, Miss Evylin, when the poor faculties of the mind are paralyzed as mine have been, it is very difficult to discern nicely the designs of the great and mysterious Power which rules us. If my sufferings are indeed but the chastening rod, administered in mercy and not in anger, it seems to me that the punishment has been meted out rather beyond my capacity."

"You see, Mr. Hall," said the old man, "that we do not even entertain the question of your guilt or innocence, we take it for granted that you are unfortunate and not criminal; but, my dear sir, you know enough of the world to be aware that the public is not so easily satisfied, where appearances are against a man. You must now look about you, and take the necessary steps to make your innocence apparent; and, if possible, ferret out the real criminal. Have you no suspicions of any one?"

"None in the world. I am as ignorant of the person who murdered Spotswood, the manner of its accomplishment, and nearly all the attending circumstances, as your innocent daughter. I was so shocked and benumbed on the morning of my arrest, that I scarcely noted the wretched details taken down by Henry Lee; and since then I have had less opportunity than others to learn anything of them.

"Have you any suspicion that Lee himself did the deed?" and the old man stopped and looked searchingly into his face as he waited for his answer.

Hall mused a moment, and then replied, "No, no—he could not be guilty of such a crime; he had no earthly motive. Had it been me, now, that was killed, I am not so sure that he would not be liable to suspicion—" Hastily checking himself, he said, "But no, it is too bad; I must do even him the justice to say that he could not commit murder upon his enemy."

Ellen's beaming eye rewarded him for his magnanimous admission as she said, "You are right: Mr. Lee, with all his faults, is no murderer; but think you he will be as generous toward you on the day of trial?"

"I know not, nor does it matter much—luckily, neither my condemnation nor deliverance will come from him. My reliance is upon the discovery of the real criminal."

"Well, Mr. Hall," continued the doctor, "if you can throw no light upon the murder, at least you can relieve yourself from your doubtful position before that time. I understand from your counsel whom I sent to you, that all suspicious circumstances anterior to the date of the murder become now of immense importance, and——"

Hall waved his hand impatiently—"No more—no more, my dear sir. Had this thing not happened, then indeed it might have become me to clear my good name from reproach; and, to tell you the truth, I only waited to hear from the other side of the water to do so; but now I must begin the work of purification at the bottom. If I am destined to die the death of a felon, it will make very little difference in what light I stood previously. If, on the other hand, it is the will of Providence to point out the real criminal, so that I may stand forth before all men free even from a shade of suspicion, then I will indeed resume my station in society."

He was much agitated while touching upon these delicate matters, and walked the length of his chains like a chafed lion in his cage, and when he had concluded threw

himself upon his rude seat and buried his face in his hands.

The father and daughter, seeing his deep distress, approached to take their leave. He rose up, and taking both of Ellen's hands within his, shook them with great feeling, and evidently struggling to maintain his composure, and then wrung the old man's hand, without uttering a word.

As the two left the prison the former said, "Did you ever see such a man as that in like circumstances before—such a one charged with a crime so wholly foreign to his whole nature?"

"Ah, my Ellen, if you will look through the State Trials of our fatherland, you will find gentlemen and noblemen whose whole lives gave the lie to the charges brought against them, and guiltless, too, but for which they suffered. It is not that upon which I found my confidence of his innocence, it is the absence of all motive."

"But they say he supposed it was Harry Lee, because poor John was wrapped up in his cloak."

"Ay, but did you hear him just now say that he could not suspect Lee of the deed, and would a man murder another of whose character he was thus tender? No, no, my child, he neither committed it intentionally nor by mistake."

Thus they discussed the subject until a late hour—between them devising the best means they could to assist the prisoner on the morrow, when he was to be brought out for examination before the Grand Inquest of the county, or rather of the colony, for the General Court had jurisdiction to its utmost limits.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TRIAL FOR LIFE.

It is sufficient to say that a true bill was found against the prisoner for the murder of John Spotswood; and as the evidence was pretty much the same as detailed at both

trials, we will not fatigue the reader with the long preliminaries of the law's proverbial delay, but convey him at once to the court-room, where Hall was put upon his final trial for life.

Some time had intervened since he was last presented to the reader: in that time a good deal of alteration had taken place in his personal appearance. He was very well dressed, but looked thin and pale. Never at any time robust, care, confinement, and excessive wear and tear of mind and body had reduced him to great attenuation. His large whiskers, and the scar across his face, made him look cadaverous as he stood up to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge—the latter of which he did in a deep, clear, manly voice, which rung through the court-room with something of the assurance of innocence to those who were interested in his fate.

Those best acquainted with him were struck with his appearance; and Moore, in the benevolence of his heart, and shaken in his faith by the reputed unanswerable testimony against him, moved round to where he saw old Dr. Evylin sitting, and asked him if he did not think that there was a maniacal look about the prisoner's eyes which might account for the deed of guilt. The old man gazed long and steadily at him, and then shook his head, and turning to Moore, whispered to him that "Hall was as innocent of the death of John Spotswood as he was, who was more than a hundred miles distant."

Over this court the governor usually presided in person, but on the present occasion the chair was occupied by the venerable commissary, the senior councilor, surrounded by his associates. No difficulty was made by Hall whatever to empaneling the jury, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his counsel and the old doctor, who came across the court-room and seated himself near them.

The room was crowded to suffocation, and not a few of those present ladies of the first families of the colony. Ellen Evylin was not there; she could not trust herself, or rather her father would not trust her, but she had dele-

gated her zeal and interest in the issue of the cause to the keeping of her venerable parent.

She followed him to the gate issuing into the street, as he was leaving home to come to the court-house, and hung upon his arm, and charged and enjoined upon the old gentleman to leave nothing undone to make Hall's innocence manifest. "Recollect, father," said she, calling after him, "that it is not enough merely to pronounce such a man not guilty, but he must be raised above suspicion; and remember, too, that if it becomes necessary to show Harry Lee in his true character, I must be summoned. Be sure I will not shrink from the trial in such an extremity."

All eyes were turned toward the prisoner when he rose as before described to respond to the challenge—seldom, or never before had such a prisoner stood within that bar. There had, it is true, been interesting trials; for the old Roman at the head of the colony had just hung in chains six pirates who had infested the coast during the previous years of his administration, and who had been pursued and caught through his energy alone; but never had there stood such a man charged with such an offense within that bar before.

There was a death-like stillness pervading the room (after the crowd had become once settled down), showing the absorbing interest of the trial even to the multitude. This multitude, however, was of a higher grade than usually made up the throng of the court-house; for the tramontane army was to set out as soon as the governor was sufficiently restored to himself to conduct it, and most of the youthful chivalry of the colony were present—the very men who were soon to march across the great Appalachee.

Hall seemed to feel that far more than life was upon the issue of that trial. It might have been seen in his countenance that, character and standing in society once gone, he would not value mere animal life at a "pin's fee."

The attorney-general rose, and stated the case of the

Crown plainly and succinctly. He lamented that he was called upon by imperative duty to lend his professional efforts to unfold a career of crime almost unexampled on this side of the water, especially among that class which he had understood the prisoner was so well calculated to adorn. He said he had heard of his elegant accomplishments and brilliant abilities; and however much these were calculated to add to our regrets that such a man should so demean himself, and however much they might seize upon our sympathies, those in whose hands was placed the administration of justice were more bound than usual to prosecute to the utmost extent of the law.

He said that no one within the walls of that court-room would rejoice more sincerely than he would, if it should turn out differently from what he supposed; but he expected to prove that the prisoner had landed at Yorktown, with some Scotch-Irish emigrants, some time before; that immediately upon his arrival he had, with other accomplices, taken the usual means of burglars to spy out the condition of the wealthiest houses in the neighborhood; that in the night-time, and during a thunder-storm, he had found his way into the governor's country-house, with his features secured behind a mask, as well as his two associates, one a male and the other a female.

He was not, he said, absolutely certain that he could prove this link in the chain of testimony by admissible evidence, because the reconnoitre had been undertaken when all the white family were from home. However, from this point, he said, the chain of testimony was unbroken—that he had soon after the mask adventure presented himself to the governor as a young man anxious for employment—that his excellency had him then examined by the reverend gentleman then presiding over the court, and finding him competent, had out of the abundance of his benevolence and kind-heartedness, for which he was well known by all present, given him the employment—that he had most shamefully abused the trust reposed in him by his patron—first, in presenting himself under a false name; and,

secondly, in using that name to obtain moneys to which he had no earthly claim, and for which he would have been indicted as a swindler, had not the minor offense been swallowed up in the monstrous one with which he now stood charged.

That he had gone on from step to step until he had wound up his career of guilt by murdering the son of his benefactor and patron, if, indeed, the prisoner himself knew who it really was that he had slain. He thought it would appear in evidence that he harbored deadly malignity against one of the most honorable and respectable young men in the colony, who slept in the same room on the night of the murder, and who was at that very time in pursuit of the prisoner.

That the young gentleman in question, Henry Lee, Esq., had lent the deceased his cloak, and that in the dark he had been murdered in mistake for Mr. Lee; that the prisoner had fled as soon as the dark deed had been perpetrated, and when apprehended was making his way with the utmost expedition toward the frontier, and had actually left the military road and taken to the woods until he supposed himself out of the reach of pursuit; that upon his arrest he had manifested unequivocal symptoms of guilt, and, moreover, that the blood of his victim was still reeking from his clothes and person.

He concluded by assuring the court and jury that in all his professional experience he had never been able to present to that court, or any other, such an unbroken chain of circumstantial evidence. That though he was not seen in the actual moment of committing the offense, that he would be able to trace him in a career of crime from the first moment of landing to that of his arrest. That the motive was apparent—the usual steps of criminal graduation were also present, so that the enlightened jury would feel at no loss to trace in their own minds the whole criminal process by which this most gifted but criminal individual had reduced himself to his present state of degradation.

The first witness called on the part of the Crown was Kit Carter. He was proceeding to relate the adventure of the mask as he had heard it on his return to Temple Farm on the night of the adventure, but he was stopped by the counsel for the prisoner, and told that he must relate no hearsay evidence.

Hall exclaimed, in a loud, clear voice, "Let him go on. I was one of those masked visitors." His counsel assured him that he would throw up the case unless he intrusted the whole management to him.

Carter then went on to relate what is already well known to the reader—about Hall's introduction as tutor, his conduct while acting as such, and his general deportment so far as he had observed it. His evidence, upon the whole, was rather unfavorable to the prisoner.

Moore was next called to the stand, and he related pretty much the same story, with the exception of his conduct in prison and their private intercourse, which had made a rather more favorable impression than the prisoner's conduct had done upon the previous witness. The facts were mostly the same—the general impressions more favorable.

Henry Lee was then called on to give his testimony. There was a general restlessness in the crowd, and a disposition to get nearer and hear better, as this witness was called. It was known that he would bear hard upon the prisoner, and would give nearly the whole of Hall's history since he landed in the country. Nor was this anxiety to hear him confined to the vulgar—the mutual acquaintances of the parties were also curious to hear him relate all the circumstances of their quarrel, for it was generally reported that they had quarreled. Moore suspected that the quarrel had proceeded to blows, and he knew that there was a deadly enmity on the part of Lee, at least.

The witness stated that on a recent visit to Temple Farm he found the prisoner acting as tutor to the governor's youngest son, and occasionally as his draughtsman and private secretary. That he was surprised to find that

he was of the same name with a young relation of his in Scotland, to whom he had but recently written—preceding his visit; that one morning he had expressed this surprise to the prisoner, when he immediately stated that he was the very man himself; that he stated to the prisoner that he had written such letters, but he, the prisoner, said he had never received them, which seemed reasonable, as there was scarcely time for those letters to have arrived out before the prisoner at the bar must have set sail; that he (Lee) was taken by surprise by the prisoner's statement, but, backed as he was by Governor Spotswood, had yielded to his ready assent; that he had stated to the prisoner the fact that he had fallen heir to a snug little property here, and that he (Lee) had surrendered into his hands part of the available funds of said estate, without any other voucher or guarantee than the prisoner's note of hand. That money, however, had since been repaid by Mr. Bernard Moore.

He stated farther that he had, very soon after forming an acquaintance with the prisoner, and after having admitted his claims to relationship, begun to suspect him—he did not exactly know why, unless it had been the impression made by his general deportment; that they had several unpleasant altercations before the witness left Temple Farm; that the prisoner had never taken any steps to prove his identity—that he could show no letters from any one, either credentials of character or letters of credit; and, moreover, could show no letters from his venerable relation deceased, although there were several found among her papers from Henry Hall—the individual whom the prisoner pretended to be.

The prisoner evaded this by saying that he would be able to show them when the remainder of his baggage arrived, but, so far as he knew, to this day no such letters had ever arrived. He stated that he had lately received answers to those very letters which he had written to Mr. Henry Hall, in Scotland, purporting to be written by Mr. Hall, then in Scotland; so that there were two Henry

Halls, if the prisoner at the bar established his claims to the name.

As to the murder, he stated that he had pursued the prisoner, after he had been liberated by Mr. Moore, and must by some accident or other have passed him on the road, as he was on his return to the capital, when he stopped for the night at the stockade where the deed was committed. He said he had not seen the prisoner on the night of the murder at all, and was entirely unconscious that they had slept in the same room, until the investigation of the next morning had convinced him of the fact.

He said he had lent Captain Spotswood a cloak usually worn by himself, at the request of the captain, who stated that he had lent his own to a boy who accompanied him, and who had none. Who that boy was, and whence he had come and whither gone, he could form no idea. All search for him had proved fruitless, although troopers had been despatched along both ends of the road at daylight.

He described the position in which the body lay when found at daylight, as well as that occupied by the prisoner during the night, and stated that the prisoner had escaped before any one was stirring; that there were distinct footprints in blood on the puncheons of the floor, and on the ground leading to the gate of the stockade; and that these when measured corresponded exactly with the size and shape of the prisoner's shoes; and, moreover, that when the shoes were taken off to be compared with the footprints, blood was still distinctly visible, having deeply stained the leather beneath the mud; that his face and person were also stained with blood, and that he had offered no explanation whatever of all these suspicious circumstances when arrested, except that he had left the block-house about an hour before daylight.

When asked why he had stolen off without seeing any one, and without even thanking the woman who had furnished him with his supper, he acknowledged that he had done so to avoid observation. The prisoner, he said, wore no weapons about him when arrested. The dagger with

which the deed was done belonged to the deceased, and was so driven in when the fatal wound was inflicted as could only have been conveniently done from the side on which the prisoner lay.

Such was about the sum and substance of Lee's testimony, elicited by the questions of the attorney-general. He was then turned over to the prisoner's counsel, who proceeded to cross-question him very minutely; not, however, by any prompting from Hall, who now sat with a solemn serenity upon his features, and scarcely taking an ordinary interest in the details of the evidence. Occasionally he would start as some answer of the witness seemed to surprise him, but speedily relapsed again into his former mood.

He declined prompting his counsel altogether in his cross-examination of Lee, and that gentleman was compelled to call Dr. Evylin and Moore, each side of him, in order to learn more accurately the various relations of the parties touched upon by the witness. Moore very soon discovered that this was a conjunction by no means propitious to the objects in view by the attorney, and he wrote as much on a slip of paper; soon after which he whispered to the old doctor, who retired for a while. When he was gone the cross-examination commenced.

Question. Did you form a bad opinion of the prisoner upon your first acquaintance?

Answer. I cannot say that I formed any very definite opinion of him. He occupied at that time very little of my thoughts. I thought him rather out of place in the society in which I found him.

Question. Did you, Mr. Lee, see anything wrong in the prisoner, until you discovered him to be your rival for the favor of a very estimable young lady, to whom it is generally understood you were paying your addresses?

[Lee curled his lips with high disdain, and at first seemed to think of declining a reply, but the counsel insisted upon an answer.]

Answer. However presumptuous I might have thought

the prisoner, I scarcely esteemed him a very formidable rival, if one at all.

Question. Will you tell the court and jury in what way he was presumptuous?

Answer. By intruding himself into society where he had no claims whatever. It is not usual, I believe, for tutors to associate on terms of equality with the female members of his employer's family, and more especially when that employer occupies the exalted station of governor of the colony.

Question. Was it, Mr. Lee, so much the prisoner's forcing himself into the society of the ladies of the governor's immediate family, which gave you offense, as into that of the young lady before alluded to?

[The witness refused to answer, until ordered to do so by the court.]

Answer. It was not.

Question. Did his presence seem offensive to that lady?

Answer. Not until after I had informed her of the ungrateful return which the prisoner made for her kindness, by representing her as having sought him.

Question. Was there not a quarrel between the prisoner and yourself which grew out of that very representation which you made to the lady?

Answer. He was rather insolent to me, sir, and I threatened to chastise him, and perhaps in the heat of anger I made a pass at him with my sword.

Question. What did the prisoner do then—did he tamely submit?

Answer. By an accidental and fortunate use of his walking-cane he disarmed me for the moment.

Question. For the moment, Mr. Lee! Were you not completely at his mercy, and did he not act with the greatest magnanimity toward you?

Answer. I was somewhat in his power; but the matter was adjourned, not concluded.

Question. Well, sir, the prisoner seems to have been victorious in war—who triumphed in love?

The witness appealed to the court for protection against the trifling and impertinence of counsel.

The counsel hereupon stated that he considered it a very important question—that he wished to show by it that the witness had every earthly reason for cherishing deadly hostility against the prisoner, having been triumphed over by him in two most tender points.

The court ruled that, if within the witness's knowledge, he must answer the question.

Answer. I know nothing as to the result of the prisoner's love affairs, if he had any.

Question. Has not your own terminated disastrously, since the prisoner's acquaintance with the lady?

Answer. It has, sir.

Here there was a general titter throughout the court-room.

Many other questions were put to this witness and answered, but mostly touching points already made known to the reader; we shall therefore intermit them and pass on to the next, who was Mr. McDonald, a man originally from Scotland, and who now lived in the neighborhood of the deceased lady who had willed her property to Henry Hall. He was asked if he knew the individual to whom that property was intended to be given. He said he had known him almost from his infancy. He was then asked to look upon the prisoner, and say whether he was the individual named Henry Hall.

There was an intense interest manifested to hear the old man's reply, as he turned his head and gazed long and searchingly at the prisoner. Once or twice he turned his head away as if satisfied, and then turned his eyes upon him again, evidently baffled and perplexed.

The attorney-general put the question to him again: "Is this man—the prisoner at the bar—the Mr. Henry Hall you knew in Scotland?"

For his life, he said, he could not tell; "at times when he looked at him he thought it was, and then again, when he moved his head, he thought it was not. He is certainly

very much like, if it is not the man himself." He said farther, that he had not seen him for some years, and in a young man doubtless great changes might have taken place.

Lee was confounded—he now sat near the attorney-general, and consulted with him anxiously—he had supposed that McDonald would not hesitate, and that Hall would stand forth before all men, not only a convicted murderer, but one who had run a long career of deception and guilt. He had no doubt of McDonald's honesty from the attorney-general's character of him, and he was utterly at a loss to account for his hesitation.

General Clayton next asked the witness "if Mr. Hall, when he knew him, had that large scar across his face."

"No, he had not."

"Was the color of the hair and eyes the same?"

"Yes, precisely."

"Did Mr. Hall, when you knew him, wear whiskers?"

"No, he did not."

"Did the height of the two correspond exactly?"

"No; the prisoner was taller by several inches, but then he might have grown that much."

"Were they about the same weight?"

"No; this gentleman is broader in his shoulders and a larger frame."

"Then, except the hair and eyes, they were totally dissimilar?"

"He could not say what it was about this man that reminded him of the one he had known, but there was something—whether it was in the features or the expression, he could not tell, but still he would not swear that this was not Mr. Hall."

There was a grim smile of some sort of gratification playing about the corners of the prisoner's mouth during the whole of this examination. He looked straight at the witness, and his eye never quailed for an instant. It was the only time during the whole trial that he conferred

with his lawyer, and seemed to take an interest in what was going on.

The witness being now turned over to the prisoner's counsel, several questions were asked which evidently came from the prisoner himself.

"Did you not know of Henry Hall's having met with an accident—a fall from his horse—by which one of his arms was dislocated?"

"Yes; I remember it well."

"Is not the mansion house of the Halls one of peculiar structure, one that a man would not easily learn from mere description?"

"It is very peculiar, and it would be almost impossible for one to learn its localities from paper."

"Was there not a picture of a celebrated battle hung just between the windows of the gallery facing to the east?"

"There was."

"Had not the frame of that picture been penetrated by a ball from a pistol discharged by accident from the hands of this young man himself?"

"I must believe it to be so, for no one could well know those things but himself."

The witness sat down. His testimony had evidently a little shaken that fickle thing, popular opinion, and in a much greater degree re-assured the old doctor and Moore, and such other friends of the unfortunate prisoner at the bar as dared to adhere to him.

The witnesses of the stockade were now called in—the woman who had waited upon the prisoner—the soldier who had seen him on the fatal night as well as those who arrested him. By these pretty much the same testimony was given as had been already given by Lee, or else made known to the reader at previous investigations. Very few were called in on the part of the prisoner; few, indeed, knew him, except those who had already testified against him. Old Doctor Evylin was the chief one relied upon.

He stated that he had known the prisoner almost from the moment of his landing in the country; that he had felt great interest in him from the very first—partly, he supposed, from the circumstances of his being an elegant scholar and a polished gentleman in every respect, and from his friendless condition when he had made his acquaintance. He saw from the first that he was in a false position—that his circumstances at some period of his life must have been far higher. He drew this opinion from certain habits of thought as well as actions, from deep and inherent tastes, not, as he believed, the growth ever of one generation.

He expressed the opinion unhesitatingly, when questioned, that the prisoner himself was not only a gentleman of the highest toned feelings and instincts, but that his fathers before him had been, and that he was utterly incapable of a mean or dishonorable action, much more of a cold-blooded and deliberate murder. There was a general smile throughout the court-house at the old doctor's warmth of feeling, more than at his thorough and inbred aristocratic notions. The evidence having been all gone through on both sides, and it now being quite dark, the court was adjourned until the next day at ten o'clock, and the jury handed over to the care of the sheriff. The remainder of the proceedings will be treated of in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DEFENSE.

Punctual to the hour the court assembled, and along with it even a greater crowd of anxious spectators than had attended on the previous day. This was partly occasioned by the previous appointment of this very day for the meeting of the young gentry at the capital, in order to make arrangements for the immediate marching of the tramontane expedition. But even the great enterprise it-

self was forgotten in the intense interest manifested by all classes in the trial going on.

The prisoner was again placed at the bar; the court in their judicial wigs and robes, and the jury in the box. Old Dr. Evylin and Bernard Moore sat together in melancholy silence; the excitement produced by their exertions in behalf of the prisoner as long as it could avail anything served to stimulate them, but now it had died away and left them sad and dispirited, and with a gloomy foreboding as to the fate of the unfortunate young man.

Except these, there was a very general feeling of indignation against him. Amid all these discouraging circumstances the counsel for the prisoner rose and commenced a most labored and ingenious defense. He argued that there was not one particle of positive testimony against the prisoner, and none that would not equally lie against the very witnesses who had most strongly testified against him. Indeed, he said, there was more impelling motives urging Mr. Lee himself to the deed than him; not that he would insinuate so foul a charge against that gentleman—he only pointed the minds of the jury to the possibilities of the case—ay, and to the probabilities—in order to show that the matter was still shrouded in the profoundest mystery; that one of the persons in that room was as liable to have done it as another; that no more probable motives for the diabolical deed had been traced to the prisoner than to any of the others.

Indeed, that a motive might be imagined on the part of one of the witnesses, but none in the world on that of the prisoner. As to the miserable story about his mistaking young Spotswood for Lee, it was not worth one moment's consideration. Could the prisoner, who was in the habit of daily association with the two gentlemen, mistake the arms of a Ranger, constantly worn by John Spotswood, and with which the deed was done, as well as mistake his gold-laced uniform? It was in evidence that the deceased had been throttled by a powerful adversary: could the prisoner have approached him in such an attitude, with-

out discovering who it really was, if he had been laboring under a mistake; and, above all, could that feeble and almost consumptive figure grapple in the death-struggle with such a man as Spotswood was known to be—nearly if not entirely restored to health? It was absurd and ridiculous.

"I say, then, again," continued he, "that there is just as much evidence that Lee committed the murder as that Hall committed it. If it is a groundless assumption in the one case, it was in the other also. I see the attorney-general smile; but, sir, let me suppose a case which I think quite as probable as the one he has made out. It is known that there was a deadly enmity existing between the prisoner and Mr. Lee—they were rivals—the former, whatever he was in reality, supposed to be the successful one. They meet in a dark room at a frontier settlement; the latter finds an opportunity of throwing the odium of the blackest offense known to our laws upon his rival. Circumstances so turn out that the prisoner from his position in that room must be suspected, let who may have committed the deed.

Now, is this hypothetical case more improbable than that made out by the attorney-general? I merely make it —not to cast suspicion upon the young gentleman who has been the principal witness in this case, but to show that the matter is still so much involved in obscurity that it is capable of being laid at this and that man's skirts. This it could not be, if the evidence was sufficient to warrant conviction."

He went into a long legal discussion to show that the law compelled the jury to acquit the prisoner when there were grounds of reasonable doubt, and that there was ground in this case, and they were therefore bound to give the prisoner the benefit of those doubts; and finally wound up by a manly and thrilling appeal to the feelings of the jury.

Several times during the delivery of this speech, of which we have merely given a rude synopsis, the prisoner

caught his counsel by the coat-tail and tugged at it, as if he would have him desist; at which the legal gentleman would turn round, almost in a passion, and beg in a whispered voice not to be interrupted. So troublesome did his client become at last, that he was compelled to request Mr. Moore to sit by him, and prevent the unreasonable interruption.

The attorney-general then summed up in behalf of the Crown. He linked together most ably all the circumstances which we have already detailed to the reader, from the landing of the prisoner to the night of the murder, not forgetting the prisoner's admission as to the mask scene at Temple Farm. He did not for a moment contend that he had murdered young Spotswood knowingly, but that he had perpetrated a cold-blooded and deliberate murder, and it made no difference in the eye of the law that the object of the party had been changed in the meantime, or mistaken.

He laid down the law, and called upon the court to bear him out in it, that the crime was precisely the same. He even went farther, and contended that if the blow had been feloniously aimed at his victim's dog or his horse, and had killed him instead, the law still held him guilty, not only of the homicide, but of the malice *prepense*. He lamented that he was called upon to perform so irksome a task as the prosecution of one who, from the testimony, was so well calculated to adorn the highest circles in the land; but at the same time contended that exactly in proportion as he was pre-eminent for abilities, or distinguished for accomplishments, were the court and the jury bound to protect their fellow-subjects from such dangerous weapons in such unprincipled hands.

He knew, he said, the ingenuity and the eloquence of his legal adversary, and that he would attempt to excite the sympathies of the jury in behalf of the friendless and accomplished stranger; but he advised them to turn their sympathies into another channel—to look at the cold corpse of his noble and gifted victim, cut off in the first bloom

of youth, without a moment's preparation, with all his sins upon his head; and then to turn their eyes to the distinguished family, and listen there to the wailing and weeping which ascended constantly to Heaven from that bereaved house.

He concluded by a judicious and high-wrought invocation in behalf of the injured laws of the country, and called upon the jury to pronounce that verdict of condemnation which he could see public opinion had already awarded to him, and which he solemnly believed he so well merited.

This speech had considerable effect in rather confirming than changing the opinions of the court and jury, and, indeed, of the public generally, for there were scarcely two opinions in the court-house as to his guilt or innocence.

The lawyers having concluded on both sides, that awful moment of suspense arrived when the court paused, previous to summing up the evidence and charging the jury.

It fell to the lot of the reverend commissary to perform this unpleasant duty, from which, however, whatever might have been his feelings, he did not shrink. He summed up the testimony in the most lucid manner, and charged the jury to suffer no ingenuity of the prisoner's counsel, nor affecting appeals to their sympathies, to swerve them from the strong and irrefutable circumstances of the case, and from performing their duty to the Crown and the country, however disagreeable.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty of wilful murder," without leaving the box; and, as was usual in Virginia, the prisoner was immediately arraigned to receive sentence.

A death-like silence reigned throughout the crowded court-room when he was asked if he had aught to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him. He clapped his hand to his forehead for a moment ere he arose to his feet. He stood at length in the full dignity of his height, and in one moment had thrown all agitation to

the winds. There was something attractive about the man, even to that indignant court and audience; the deathly paleness of his visage, his bright, but serene eye, and that solemn voice when it first thrilled high over the heads of the people, altogether had no ordinary fascination in them.

Every eye was bent upon the prisoner, and every ear strained, as he exclaimed, "Have I anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me? I have not—too much has been said already; but I call the court and these good people to witness that it was not with my consent or approbation. God is my witness that I crave not the poor boon of mere animal life, when it has been stripped of all that distinguishes it from groveling natures. By the strangest concurrence of circumstances that, I solemnly believe, ever befel an indvidual before, I have been stripped, one by one, of the ties which bound me to life—the sweet charities—the domestic affections—the warm friendships—the noble aims—the bright aspirations—the daring enterprises—have all been struck down. Every fiber of my heart has been rudely torn asunder and trampled upon by this cruel array of circumstances. Why should I desire to live longer, when in living thus long I have met nothing but disaster? I shudder with superstitious dread when I look back to the days of my young and bright hopes, and see how they have been fulfilled. Oh, those gorgeous dreams of youth are but too bitter delusions! Who could have foreseen then that the brilliant promise of such a sunrise would so soon set in utter darkness? 'Tis not that I fear death; on the contrary, I court it in an honorable field; but my whole mental organization shrinks from the reproach and the odium which has already been, and will still more be, cast upon my memory. Great God! the wildest fears of my diseased imagination during the delirium of fever never dared approach the gibbet—neither sleeping nor waking have I thought such a thing within the range of possibility. But to live, after what has passed, is even worse

than a disgraceful death. One is a short and sudden pang, and the fitful and feverish dream of life is o'er—its painful illusions, its hollow friendships, and its fleeting and deceitful pleasures; but the other is a living and breathing death—a walking target for the shafts of slander and calumny. What man is there within this vast throng, reared at the feet of a sweet and angel mother, to all the softest and tenderest sympathies of a gentle nature (here he dashed a tear hastily from his eyes and proceeded) and all the instincts of the gentleman—who could have the stamp of Cain officially branded upon his forehead, and then walk the earth, as God created it, with his face toward heaven? Oh, it is too much! This seat of the passions and affections, which throbs so tumultuously within me, will surely burst the barriers of its prison before the final seal is put to this legal wrong. Not that I would insinuate aught against the purity or impartiality of court or jury; both have done everything that the poor means within their reach permitted. The offended majesty of the laws *according to its forms,* demand my death, and most willingly is life offered up to those bald and barren forms.

"But be assured that the death of the victim will only keep up the cruel mistake for a brief while; the time will surely come when the real murderer of the governor's son will stand revealed to the world. For a while the unfortunate train of circumstances which compassed me about on that fatal night must appear stronger than the poor, tame truth. No one who has lived long in this world of cheating and deception but must have discovered that truth generally lies far beneath the surface in the ordinary current of its affairs. I shall not undertake the now useless task of showing where the really wonderful body of circumstantial evidence brought to bear against me fails, and where a single link of the real truth would point the whole in another direction, because, as I have already intimated, the truth would appear almost ridiculous, when brought into comparison with the splendid log-

ical conclusions of the attorney-general. Sufficient for me here, in the presence of this court and this good people, to call Heaven to witness my entire innocence. I am not only innocent of the special crime laid to my charge, but may the lightning of Heaven strike me dead where I stand, if such a conception as murder ever entered my heart. I cannot realize it—I cannot imagine how any one could commit a murder; and yet I am convicted by the laws of my country, after a patient and laborious investigation, of that crime—of the foulest crime known to those laws. that crime—of the foullest crime known to those laws. It all seems to me, even now, like some fearful dream! That I, whose whole soul has been fired almost from infancy with longing aspirations after some legitimate means to benefit my fellow-men—that I, who have aimed at and struggled after unattainable perfection, whose ambition soared to none but lofty eminences, and to whom, for a long time, the honest and every-day occupations of men appeared poor, and tame, and mean, should at last fall to such a degradation—so low as this! Oh, 'tis overwhelming! It is hard to die a violent death at all times, doubtless; but it is doubly hard to fall thus, with the unjust execrations of all men ringing in my ears. But surveying the whole ground as impartially and as calmly as I can, I can see no false step of mine since I arrived in the colony by which I could have avoided my present position. I have done and suffered everything which a mere human agent could do, and I leave the result in the hands of that righteous Judge to whose decrees I bow with resignation.

"Now, with my hopes blasted—my aspirations crushed —all the sweet charities of life trampled upon and outraged—my affections blighted—no, thank God, they are enshrined beyond the reach of evil—"

At this point there was great confusion near the door, and the officers in vain endeavored to keep silence. At first some supposed a rescue was to be attempted; and the court directed the sheriff to the prisoner, who had sat down and was calmly waiting with others to see what had produced the disturbance.

Presently a servant of Dr. Evylin was seen forcing his way among the crowd, holding a letter as a sort of passport for his intrusion. Some one seeing the superscription, plucked it from his hand and conveyed it at once to the old man. He tore it open and read it hastily—great drops of perspiration still standing upon his brow and lip from the painful excitement of the trial; but he had no sooner run his eyes along the lines than they brightened, and the whole man was instantly transformed.

He sprung upon one of the benches with the activity of a boy, and, leaning his chin upon the banister surrounding the platform on which the court sat, motioned to the judge that he had something to communicate. That venerable functionary moved his chair so as to bring his ear near enough to hear alone what the old doctor had to say. The first words whispered by the latter startled him, and they were instantly engaged in the most earnest conversation—a few moments after which he took the letter handed by the doctor and read it himself.

He consulted a few moments with his colleagues, and then rose—standing, however, many minutes before the confusion incident to so unusual an interruption could be subdued. He stated to the lawyers on both sides that a most providential revelation had come to light; that he held in his hand a note from a lady, who could have no motive in deceiving them, stating that a most important witness had that morning arrived in the capital—one who was present at the murder, and had seen the very act committed.

"Of course," said the old man, "no mere forms of law, to whatever lengths we may have gone, can prevent us from retracing our steps, if we have unknowingly done injustice. The note does not state who the witness is who saw the murder committed; but I presume, from the eagerness with which the writer demands that her witness may be heard, that some other person must have committed it than the prisoner at the bar. God grant that it may be so; for, though still a human being has done the foul deed, it

would be difficult to find within the colony one to whom it would attach with the same moral turpitude as the prisoner; and let me add, as a necessary consequence, that my joy at the prospect of his deliverance is proportionably great. I would not willingly have condemned such a man to a felon's death."

The eager crowd was now busy with the startling news. Groups were gathering here and there, wondering who the witness could be, and the prisoner was heard to exclaim, "My God, I thank thee!"

Bernard Moore grasped his hand cordially, and congratulated him upon his prospect of deliverance. Hall motioned for him to be seated beside him, and then said, in a low tone, "Moore, should I live a hundred years, I will never forget that you dared befriend a stranger, when the whole current of public opinion was setting strong against him. Any man may have mere physical courage, but *that* is what I call true moral courage; and the good old doctor stood by me manfully to the last, and he would have followed me to the gibbet, if all the world hooted at him. Such are the materials, Moore, of which true friendships are formed. A man passes through the trials of life, and they all drop off but one or two—those that are left are the ones to cling to. In a few days, perhaps, should I ride throught those streets in my carriage, how vastly enthusiastic this now indignant mob will be! They would shout, Long life to Harry Hall! But listen—they already shout something; what is it?"

Moore pushed his way to the door and looked down Gloucester Street, and saw the governor's carriage approaching the Capitol, surrounded by the mob, endeavoring to see some one inside, but apparently without success, for the old guard rode in front and rear, and kept them at a respectful distance.

Arriving at the Capitol Green, the governor first descended, clad in deep mourning, and much bowed down with grief since we last presented him to the reader, then came Ellen Evylin, and lastly an Indian girl, whom the

reader has already divined to be Wingina. She had doffed her male garments, and now appeared uncommonly well dressed, for she had been furnished from Ellen's own wardrobe, and dressed out by her own hands for the occasion.

The governor did not take his seat upon the bench, or rather with the court, but sat apart with the two females. Hall's lawyer now approached and conversed earnestly with them for a few moments in an undertone. He was apparently remonstrating with Ellen about something, and did not prevail until her father joined them. She then gave way, and, placing her hand in her father's, walked with him to the witness-stand.

After being sworn she stated that during the morning a strange-looking Indian, very much wearied and worn, rode into her father's grounds and demanded instant speech of him, and upon being informed that he was gone to the court-house and could not be disturbed on any account, he wrung his hands and appeared greatly distressed.

Supposing that some one was very ill, and that my father's professional services were required, I begged him to make his wants known to me. I was very much surprised at his calling me by name and demanding that we must be alone—for the servants were standing around—before he could communicate his errand. At first I refused this, as there is more or less suspicion attached to the race; but I was then informed that the business was urgent and connected with the trial then going on at the court-house.

I hesitated no longer, but led the witness into the house. The head was then uncovered, and she announced herself to me as Wingina, the sister of the interpreter—that she was present at the murder, and had stolen away from her brother and his friends, and been on horseback almost constantly for three days and good part of the nights. I immediately despatched a note to my father, and set about preparing her to appear here. The rest she can tell herself better than I can."

Such was about the amount of her testimony, condensed into a small compass. During the whole of its delivery she never once cast her eyes toward the prisoner. Not so with him, however—his eye was riveted upon her face. He leaned forward with the most intense interest, as if he would gladly hear his name and fame vindicated by such lips. He had not manifested such an interest in any part of the trial, and seemed disappointed when she moved away and was led out to the carriage by her father.

Wingina was now called to the witness-stand, and closely questioned as to her belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, and her knowledge as to the nature of an oath. The court was satisfied on both points, and ordered her to be sworn. The first part of her testimony related to the interview with John Spotswood, on the night he left the city under the trees of the avenue in front of the palace, and their having been watched by some one. She then went on to detail circumstances sufficiently well known to the reader; many of which, however, were drawn from her with great reluctance on her part.

It was almost impossible to understand her testimony, or why Chunoluskee should watch her and young Spotswood, and why she should fly with him, unless she told all—and that all neither age nor sex ever deters lawyers from obtaining; and they succeeded on the present occasion in worming from the witness the whole story of her shame and ruin. Woman-like, however, she took the whole blame upon herself, and almost wholly exonerated her deceased lover—for whose memory she wept bitterly many times during the delivery of her evidence.

Having revealed all this part of her sad tale, she arrived in her narrative to the fatal night at the stockade. She confirmed what had already been stated by one of the witnesses, that she had not slept in the place assigned to her by Captain Spotswood, but had risen in the night and laid herself down across the door of the apartment where the young gentlemen and their servants slept. That some time after midnight, as she supposed, she was awakened

by the grasp of a powerful hand upon her throat and another over her mouth; that she was held in this posture by a young Indian whom she named (and who was well known as one of Mr. Boyle's disciples, and who had for a long time been paying unsuccessful court to Wingina); that while she was thus held her brother repeatedly flourished a drawn dagger over her, plainly intimating that if she raised her voice or her hands he would strike her dead; that the young Indian mentioned held her firmly, while Chunoluskee examined the sleepers.

She stated that he was at first baffled by Spotswood's having slept in Lee's cloak, but that he was not long in ascertaining the one he sought; which he had no sooner done than he seized him by the throat and stabbed him at the same moment; that he had also attempted to scalp him, but the convulsive efforts of his victim hurried them off. She stated that the area of the stockade was filled with young Indians, many of whom she had seen about the college and knew.

After the murder was completed, she said, some one of them was for setting fire to the premises, but her brother, who appeared to be in command, would not permit it, as he said it would put the governor too soon upon his trail, and before he had done other work which was before them. She said she was placed on a horse before her brother, and the whole of them set off at full speed for Germana, where they arrived the next night, only pausing once to refresh themselves and their horses.

She said the military discipline of the stockade at the latter place, though superior to that of the first-mentioned, was by no means active and vigilant—that the Indians dismounted in the forest when they came in sight, and approached stealthily on foot; that her brother sprung upon the sentinel on duty and despatched him (as he had previously done Captain Spotswood), without the slightest alarm being communicated to the garrison; that the whole band, except the one who held her, then rushed in and slaughtered the sleeping soldiers and inmates, with

the exception of a single person—a young lady, whom they carried off, as they said, to supply her place, as a wife to the young chief for whom her brother had intended her.

This was about the amount of her testimony, except that she had made her escape while they caroused on a certain night, and that she had left the young lady still their prisoner. When asked why she did not assist her to escape, she said she looked so delicate, she knew it would be impossible for her to escape their pursuers; that she had taken one of their horses, and rode for life and death to communicate the tidings—thinking that the surest way to afford her relief. That she had heard, when she approached the city, of the trial going on, and for some time her whole attention had been absorbed by the act of injustice which she feared would be perpetrated. The governor and the prisoner were much affected by the appalling news just detailed. The trial itself, and all interest attached to it, seemed swallowed up by the startling account of the massacre.

The court consulted together for a few moments, and after calling the attorney-general into their counsels ordered the prisoner set at liberty. His appearance on the Green seemed to revive the public interest in him for a while, and the mob set up a shout of triumph. Poor Hall had almost forgotten already that he was lately all but a convicted murderer, so greatly was he suffering for the death of his friend, Humphrey Elliot, and the captivity of his daughter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MEETING OF "THE TRAMONTANE ORDER."

No sooner was Wingina released from the witness-stand than she went straightway to Dr. Evylin's, as she had promised his daughter.

"Now, Wingina," said Ellen, as the former re-entered her room, "now we have succeeded in releasing Mr. Hall, for one of the servants tells me he is already at liberty, you can tell me of the captive lady, and the message she sent by you to this strange and unaccountable Mr. Hall."

"You must know, Miss Ellen, that we were closely watched, and that it was only as chance occasions offered that I could hold even five minutes' conversation with her, and therefore I may not have caught her meaning exactly."

"Well, well, tell me what you did learn from her, and perhaps I may understand it better than you can."

"As I was about to tell you, on one of those stolen interviews of a moment she asked me if a young man, by the name of Hall, had arrived in the colony. I told her yes—that I had seen such a young gentleman, I believed, and had heard a great deal more about him—that he had been living with the governor's family, and, I believed, teaching his youngest son. She said it must be the same; but she could not see why he should undertake the business of teaching; but she told me, if I succeeded in escaping, to go straight to this Mr. Hall, as soon as I arrived at the capital, and tell him that Eugenia Elliot is a captive in the hands of the Indians, and her father murdered, and, if he indeed loves me, to save me from a fate worse than death!"

"Did she say that?" exclaimed Ellen, pacing the room.

"As near her words as I can recollect, and that was the reason that I discovered the situation of Mr. Hall as soon as I did. The first person I met, as I approached the city, I asked if he knew whether Mr. Hall was in the capital. 'Yes,' said he, 'snug enough; they're trying him for his life.' From the next I received almost the same answer, and then I knew there was something wrong; and thinking over the position in which he slept at the stockade, and how little any one here could know of the real circumstances of the murder, I hurried on to you. Now that we have succeeded, must I still seek him out, and deliver the captive lady's message?"

"By all means, Wingina; and, hark you! be sure and tell him that you have told all she said to me, and haste back here, and tell me what he says, when you have done."

Wingina went immediately in pursuit of Hall, and after hunting over most of the town, found him again at his old quarters, the governor's, who had insisted on taking him to the palace at once.

"Oh, my little deliverer!" said Hall, as he saw her approaching; "I would have sought you out, had I known where to find you, not only to return you my sincere thanks for your heroic exertions in my behalf—for I understand you have traversed a wild wilderness to save me—but to make farther inquiries concerning the fate of some dear friends whom you mentioned in your testimony."

"That is the very business which induced me to disturb you now."

"Oh, Miss Elliot! tell how I can best undertake to deliver her from her cruel captors."

"We were fellow-prisoners, and almost the last words she uttered to me was a charge to find you out and tell of her sad state; she told me, moreover, of the near and dear ties which bound you together, and said she trusted her whole hopes of deliverance upon you."

"She told you this! Poor girl, her misfortunes have surely touched her brain; nevertheless I will exert myself to the utmost to restore her to her friends."

"Poor young lady, she said she had no friends in the world except yourself."

"She has many, the governor himself among the number, and when I received your message we were even then discussing the question whether an expedition to set out immediately would be of any avail; but here he comes to speak for himself.—I was just mentioning the subject of our conversation, your excellency, to my little deliverer here, and asking her about the prospect of success."

The governor appeared greatly moved at the sight of Wingina, and took her hand and turned his head away to

hide a tear, but quickly dashed it away and joined in the conversation.

"You can, indeed, tell us, Wingina, whether an expedition to set out this night would have any prospect of overtaking your brother and his mad companions."

"That depends entirely upon the question whether they have returned in pursuit of me, or have pursued their way to the mountains. I think they have gone on to the mountains, at least the main body of them, because they intend to oppose your passage over the Appalachee, and as they knew nothing of the causes of the delay of the expedition here, they would be expecting you to have set out by this time. My brother may, indeed, be even now on the look-out for me round the city; but if it is even so, the young lady has gone on with his friends."

"What!" exclaimed the governor, "do they hope to oppose my passage with a handful of raw pupils from college? Tut, tut! I will cut them to pieces with my old guard."

"Oh no, sir, they hope no such thing; they intend to rouse up every Indian on the frontier. I heard them discussing the matter; and each one is to visit his own people —for you know they are all of different tribes—stir up their wrath against your excellency, and meet you hand-to-hand at the mountain pass."

"They will meet me at Philippi, will they? Damn their impudence! if it were not for the poor girl in the case, I would wish no better sport than teaching my little army how to flesh their maiden swords!" and here the old veteran strode about at a magnificent rate; almost forgetting the urgency of the case he came to consult about in the fire of his military ardor, he had even begun to hum a martial air, but checked himself suddenly, and was again seated near the other two.

"Well, Hall," said he, "what think you? Will you take the troop I offer and a trusty guide, and precede us to the scene of massacre, or will you wait for the rest of the expedition?"

"I leave the case entirely with your excellency: if you think I would stand the slightest chance of overtaking the crafty murderers by preceding you, I will set out this very afternoon."

"I do not think you would," said the governor, promptly, "nor do I think I ought to let you go. You have no experience with these red men. They would, even if you should overtake them, lead you into an ambush, and perhaps kill you all before we could come to the rescue. Nay, nay, no impatience, my lad; it is no impeachment of either your soldiership or discretion. Moreover, you know that there is to be a meeting of the young gentry in the Capitol to-night, at which I am particularly anxious you should be present."

Here the governor placed his finger upon his lip, and then called a servant, to whom he consigned Wingina, telling him to lead her to his daughters. When she was out of hearing he resumed: "I am particularly anxious that you should be there, for I understand that Harry Lee intends to object to your name being enrolled among the young chivalry of the colony."

"Ah! upon what new track is he now?"

"He says, I hear, that you have only cleared your name from one of the charges with which it is blackened, and that he for one will not be of the expedition if you are permitted to be. He says that the other Hall has arrived, and he has sent an express to York for him."

Hall appeared a good deal agitated at this news, and walked the floor with some perturbation, the governor eyeing him the while in anything but a satisfactory manner: he would rather have heard him speak out promptly and manfully to the challenge of his enemy.

At length Hall discerned what was passing in the frank old veteran's mind, and he approached him and said, "Governor Spotswood, I have too long taxed the patience and credulity of you and your friends. I acknowledge that there has been a mystery about my movements, but not one played off in any idle prank, nor yet for sinister

purposes. I have merely acted hitherto from the necessity of the case. I must ask you to forbear with me only until to-night. I must indeed attend this meeting; and if I do not then and there put the blush of shame and deep mortification upon my enemies, then you are fully at liberty to set me down for all they would represent me to be."

"Well, my man, no one can, after what has happened to-day, shake my confidence in you but yourself. I grant you that I was a little shaken just now by your hesitation; but that is all over, and I will wait patiently and in full faith until the time you name; and, by-the-bye, when you and Harry come to hard words, don't forget to throw into his teeth his shameful desertion from the House of Burgesses when, for all he knew to the contrary, the whole enterprise hung upon his vote."

"Never fear, sir, never fear; I will give him something harder to swallow than that. But before this meeting takes place I have a great favor to ask of you: it is that you will furnish me with a fleet horse and a trusty messenger for a couple of hours."

"Certainly, certainly; but for what object?"

"I must contrive some means to slip a note into the hand of this new Mr. Hall before they produce him at the Capitol to confront me."

The governor was taken all aback again, and did not pretend to disguise his doubts and gathering indignation. His eye rested upon the young man as if he would penetrate his very soul, but he quailed not beneath the prolonged examination. The old veteran lowered his gray shaggy eyebrows into an awful frown of gathering wrath, and every instant Hall expected to see the storm burst; but he had lately been through various ordeals well calculated to steady his nerves, and he stood up under the gathering storm in a way at once so meek and yet so dignified that the old soldier was partially satisfied, and characteristically exclaimed, "Damn me if there is another man in the colony who would have dared to ask me to be

a party to such a scheme, and yet you brave it out as if there was nothing in it!"

"Nor is there anything in it, your excellency, except a little innocent counterplotting—an ambuscade, perhaps—nothing more, I assure you."

"It is so indeed, and no more of these infernal mysteries, after all? Forgive me, my boy. Here is my hand upon it, you shall have my assistance; but the fact is, you have been so long wrapped up in the clouds that I did not know but this was some new freak of yours to mystify us all again."

"And so it is, your excellency, but only for a few hours. You shall yourself be witness to the explanation, and I think you will say it was well done."

"Well, well, there is my hand upon it; I will trust to your honor and discretion. You have come out so well thus far that you must be knave as well as fool to sacrifice all now to a silly maneuver."

"Trust me, General Spotswood, that I am the last man in the colony (to use your own words in part) who would ask you to be a party in the smallest degree to any scheme which would sully those laurels which you have so nobly won and so nobly wear."

"Tut, tut, man! I am ambitious of no laurels except those which grow upon the highest peaks of the great Appalachee. I would rather wear a sprig of that in my cocked-hat, legitimately earned, than wear the honors of Marlborough himself. By-the-bye, did you ever see this scar which I wear here to match that one of your own" (baring his breast, and exhibiting a wound which must indeed have put his life in imminent peril), "that was received as I led a charge at the battle of Hockstadt right under the glorious old veteran's eye? He had me carried from the field himself, and actually shed a tear over my bier, as he supposed it to be. No one thought I could survive for twenty-four hours. This is a mere scratch to many others which, you see, has marked me with a premature old age; but it is only the outside, my boy. The fire

burns as brightly within as if these old locks were not decked out in their frosty garb; and I will yet show an ungrateful ministry that I am a better servant to our royal mistress than they are, with their old wives' factions. But we have no time to lose; you must prepare for the meeting, and so must I. Remember, now, that you are pledged to clear up all this mystery. You will have a glorious opportunity, for your enemies—and they are numerous and powerful—will make a combined attack upon you; and I have even received an intimation that it will be extended to me, and that I may yet peril the expedition unless I throw you overboard!"

"I trust, your excellency, that I may be enabled to right myself in the eyes of all men; at all events you shall not suffer by me, nor shall any of my shortcomings attach their odium to your enterprise. Either I enter upon it as a gentleman of untarnished name and lineage, or I enter it not at all. Such, I understand, indeed, are the prerequisitions to enter your chivalrous band. I will not say that my past life has not been fruitful of errors, but there is no personal stain in all the sad retrospect, at least none that I think your excellency will consider as such; but I will not anticipate the work of the evening, by recounting to you the only thing which could be tortured into matter for my exclusion. I will make a clean breast of it when we meet; it may produce a stormy meeting, and that far I regret the necessity on your excellency's account."

"Pooh, pooh! I have heard thunder too long to be frightened at a few pop-guns, let off by some run-mad boys in the Capitol. I was once as mad as any of them, and I have not forgotten it, nor do I mean ever to forget it. I love the wild spirit of the untamed colt, provided it is only the impetuous impulses of young life, and nothing vicious in it. I shall keep my eye upon one youngster, who will doubtless figure largely there to-night, however. I have hitherto found it impossible to decide whether he was of the true metal or not, and only spoiled in the training, or whether he has innate deviltry so deeply embedded in

the texture of his composition, that the ups and downs even of a campaign will not wear it out."

"I think I know to whom your excellency alludes, and without presumption I think I know him better than you do. You allude to Mr. Henry Lee. Be under no apprehension for the harmony of your expedition, at least for any disturbance that he may create on my account; for I predict now most confidently that one or the other of us will withdraw entirely from the enterprise. It is next to impossible that we can unite in any undertaking of the sort, after what must necessarily come to light at the meeting. He has hitherto had the whole game in his own hands and I have suffered him full swing; but the time has now arrived for me to assert my just rights in this community, so that you may possibly see a double unmasking."

"Well, well, only do as well as you talk, my boy, and I assure you there is no one who will be more gratified than myself. I have seen for some time that you were in a false position, and that he maintained some unaccountable power over you, and I thought, indeed, that you had given him full swing sure enough. I rejoice to hear you say that it is now about to end. I cannot tell you how many remonstrances I have had addressed to me on your account. Some hinted one thing and some another, but all thought it unseemly in me to countenance you without credentials of any sort. So, you see, it is full time to unmask, as you say. By-the-bye, did I not hear that you were one of the masking party at my country-house?"

"No more, your excellency, no more; have patience only until one telling of my tale may answer."

"Well, good-day, and remember what is before you!" and with these words Hall was left alone. There was no need to remind him that he had an arduous task to perform —he well knew it, and felt it keenly. He knew that he was in a delicate position—that he was a mark, as well for the shafts of envy and malice, as for the eager eyes of all men.

He retired to prepare the note for the governor's trusty messenger, which he did in a few minutes.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LAST EVENING AT THE CAPITAL.

SINCE we last presented the governor's daughters to our readers they had suffered the first great affliction of their lives. 'Tis an era in the life of every one, and by its results may be marked the forming character of either sex.

Kate's life hitherto had been unusually brilliant and happy, not a cloud obscured her serene horizon—everything was seen *couleur de rose,* and the native enthusiasm of her character had burst into full fruition, unchecked by the frowns of fortune or misadventures of a tenderer sort.

It may be well imagined, then, that the first sight of Wingina, ushered into Kate's presence without notice or warning, was anything but soothing to the lacerated feelings of the poor girl. She hid her face and wept afresh when she saw her, for she had heard the whole of the sad story of her shame—indeed, her appearance began now to put secrecy any longer out of the question. It was impossible for Kate to allude to the melancholy affair, and she could only weep and wring the hand of the poor forlorn creature.

Dorothea left the room; she could not look upon the sister of her brother's murderer with the same Christian forbearance as her sister. She expressed no feelings of hatred or indignation, but obeyed her youthful impulses, and left the room upon the instant.

All through the house Wingina met the silent tear and the averted face, and perhaps the patronizing air of pity and commiseration. Lady Spotswood could not see her at all. This was all very different from her former reception in the same place and from the same people, and she was about to make a speedy retreat; but Kate, seeing the nature of the case, begged her to wait a few moments, and she sat down and wrote a note by her to Ellen.

As this note was somewhat characteristic, and at the

same time expressed better than we can do the state of feeling we have attempted to describe, we shall transcribe it. It ran as follows:

"DEAR ELLEN,—Such a friendship as ours can bear the imposition with which I am about to tax you. You know the sad tale of this poor Indian girl, and how it lacerates all our hearts afresh even to look upon her; and knowing this, you will do all those little kindnesses for her that we cannot, and which her situation requires. She sees that we *cannot* look upon her with complacency, and *now* she misinterprets it. God knows we wish to wreak no vengeance upon her for my poor brother's death. Do make her sensible of all this. You, my dear Ellen, that know so well how to compass these delicate offices so much better than any one else, do give her all the comfort the case admits of, and administer such consolation as her peculiar nature requires. Explain to her our feelings, and that they are the farthest in the world removed from unkindness. Oh, Ellen! you know what a shock we have sustained, and will, I know, acquit us of any mawkish sensibility in the case. I trust her entirely to your kindness and discretion. My father has just stepped in, and anticipating my object, begged to see this note; and he now begs me to say to you that Wingina must be closely watched, else her brother will contrive some subtle scheme to whisk her off again.

"Dear Ellen, I love to turn to you in my distress, as you have often turned to me in like circumstances. May we ever lean upon each other with a confiding faith that knows no doubt.

"Sincerely your friend,

KATE."

This note was sealed and handed to Wingina, who was nothing loath to depart—in fact, she was more than half offended, and arrived at the doctor's in rather a sullen mood. She found Ellen herself not in the most amiable

state of calmness and repose. She, too, was beginning to be offended in another quarter. She had expected a visit from Hall, and was disappointed that he did not come. Her father made many excuses for him—mentioned the meeting at the Capitol among others—but they were not satisfactory. She had reasons of her own for wishing to see him previous to that very meeting, and he had reasons of his own why he wished to avoid it until that meeting was over. Our readers will soon perceive that his were substantial ones.

He was engaged during the remainder of the afternoon in one of the upper rooms of the palace, before a large table entirely covered with printed and manuscript papers, from which, from time to time, he took notes, while others he tied up in a bundle and marked for use. Occasionally he rose from his engrossing occupation and strode through the room under an excitement of feeling which he strove in vain to calm.

He was, in fact, laboring under the most painful suspense as to the result of his message to York. Could he have been assured that all was right in that quarter, he might have prepared himself for the coming contest more calmly. He knew that the crisis of his fate had arrived, and under his present want of recent information from Europe, he knew not what evidence might be brought against him for the share he had taken in the affair of General Elliot. He knew not but his enemies might prove him an attainted rebel, and thus baffle one of the greatest desires of his life (to bear an active part in the tramontane expedition), as well as throw him out once more from the association of that circle which he loved so well.

He rose up from his papers reinvigorated, and thrusting his bundle into his pocket, walked down-stairs. He had not been there long before he was called out by a servant. He was met at the door by the messenger who had been despatched to York, who placed in his hands a large paper package, covered with tape and sealing-wax, and a note of apparently more recent date. He tore

open the latter, and read it by the light of the lamp, for it was growing dark.

The old governor had followed him, and was anxiously waiting to hear the result of his message. Hall did not appear to be aware of his presence, or if he was, forgot in the exultation of the moment. He jumped straight up from the floor, whirled himself round, kissed the letter, and then ran out upon the green, where he walked rapidly among the trees for ten or fifteen minutes, talking away and gesticulating to himself in the strangest manner, and performing antics which not a little surprised, if they did not amuse, the old veteran who was still eying him.

At length he became conscious of the ridiculous figure which he was cutting, and walked back to the palace, and met the governor at the portico, and seizing his hand, wrung it warmly, with the simple exclamation, "It is all right, sir—all right; now, indeed, I am a free man!"

"I am none the less rejoiced," said his excellency, "that I know not the cause of your wild exultation, but I trust it bears upon the point we talked of during the day."

"It does—it does; and right to the point—strikes the nail right upon the head."

The Capitol bell was now pouring a merry peal over the town, and announcing to the young chivalry of the colony that the time appointed for their meeting had arrived. The carriage soon after drove up to the door, and not many minutes had elapsed before Dr. Evylin's also drove up, to accompany the party from the palace.

Hall walked to the window, the blinds of which had been let down, and shook hands with the doctor; but Ellen did not extend hers, contenting herself with a slight inclination of the head. The cause of this we will explain at another time; but our readers should not attach inconsistency to our favorite, from which, indeed, none of her sex was more free. The party from the palace was soon made up, and as the carriages turned from the avenue into Gloucester Street they encountered many more pursuing the same route.

Seldom, since the foundation of the colony, had there been a meeting which attracted so large a share of public attention. It was the last meeting of those who were to set out on the morrow for the mountains; an undertaking at that day quite as perilous as one in ours to the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, the route was far less known, and had never been traversed at all by that Anglo-Saxon race which was and is destined to appropriate such a large portion of the globe to themselves, and to disseminate their laws, their language, and their religion over such countless millions.

Grand and enthusiastic as were the conceptions of Sir Alexander Spotswood and his young followers, they had little idea that they were then about to commence a march which would be renewed from generation to generation, until in the course of little more than a single century it would transcend the Rio del Norte, and which, perhaps, in half that time may traverse the utmost boundaries of Mexico.

But the sober old granddads of the colony thought the governor visionary enough in his present views, bounded as they were by the Appalachee and the Mississippi, and that he had led the youngsters of the colony sufficiently astray already, without extending his prophetic vision to Texas and Mexico.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MEETING OF THE TRAMONTANE ORDER.

The Capitol was brilliantly lighted, and already crowded to excess, when our party arrived. The seats appropriated to the members of the expedition were already preoccupied by ladies, and the galleries were crowded to suffocation by many of the rank and file of the little army, who had crowded in to hear their leaders talk of the campaign.

There was a feverish anxiety and restlessness already visible among the *élite* on the lower floor, and when Hall followed the governor's party into the midst of them there was a general cessation of the buzz and hum of eager gossip, and all eyes were turned inquiringly toward him. It seemed as if the public mind had been prepared to expect a renewed encounter between him and his persecutors.

Seats had been preserved for the governor's party, just in front of the Speaker's chair; but Hall, after waiting to see them all comfortably provided, did not assume so conspicuous a place himself; he walked to one of the farthest and most obscure corners of the room and seated himself, and rested his head upon his hand in a meek, meditative mood, and so as to elude the painful gaze of the multitude.

He had scarcely thus ensconced himself before the prurient eyes of the people were attracted by the entrance of the well-known champion of the opposite side—Mr. Henry Lee. He walked up the main vestibule, arm-in-arm with young Carter, and holding quite ostentatiously a bundle of papers under his arm. After he was seated near the center of the room, and exactly in front of the governor's party, he cast his haughty eye round the hall in search of his antagonist; but he was not successful in detecting his whereabouts, and he doubtless concluded that he had not yet arrived—consequently he kept his eye anxiously and eagerly upon the door.

The room, however, was now as full as it could hold, and by general consent they were ready to proceed to business. Dr. Blair rose up and said: "As this is a meeting for the purpose of deciding the best means of advancing the cause of civilization, and of carrying the Cross of our blessed Redeemer into unknown heathen lands, I propose that it be opened with prayer."

As this was one of those propositions which none in those days thought unconstitutional, it was adopted *nem. con.*, and the old prelate offered an eloquent appeal to

the throne of mercy that the expedition might be crowned with success, and all its arrangements distinguished by that harmony and good-will to men which should ever characterize missionary enterprises.

After the prayer was concluded he rose to his feet and addressed a few words to the young gentry present, and distinctly characterized them as young missionaries about to herald the Cross to heathen lands, and begged them to preserve their characters and conduct pure and above reproach, that they might consistently look to Heaven for its approbation upon their undertaking.

This proceeding of the old doctor took the sanguine and impatient youths all aback. They had been dreaming of naught but military conquest, and magnificent landed acquisitions, but this suddenly converting them all into missionaries of the Cross was what they were not exactly prepared for. Besides, it seemed to awe into silence the turbulent passions which they had expected to see burst into fierce and angry contention—it converted, as it were, the arena of personal contention at once into a sacred place.

However, some one rose and nominated Governor Spotswood to the chair. The question was put and carried unanimously, and two of the young gentlemen escorted him to his seat. On assuming the chair he stated that he understood the meeting to consist only of the young gentry of the land who intended to march on the morrow for the mountains—of such as had marched their retainers or followers voluntarily to his standard—and that their object was to adopt certain regulations and arrange preliminaries, so as best to accomplish the noble ends of the enterprise, by such means as had been so well set forth by his reverend friend who had preceded him. He said he had understood that it was to be proposed there that none but those of gentle blood should be admitted into this exclusive association. He hoped that no such proposition would be offered. Let the noble objects of our

ambition be open to every gentleman of fair fame, and to all the *officers* of the Rangers.

Here he undertook to prove to them that it was absolutely necessary, for the purposes of military discipline, that there should be but one order among his subordinates in command, and therefore that the officers of the Rangers must come into their association.

He sat down amid no murmurs of applause; on the contrary, there was marked disapprobation of his views on more than one countenance. Of this party Carter became the spokesman. He said, after the draught of the constitution had been read, if the line already drawn by those appointed to that duty was once broken down, there was no telling where it would stop; that if they commenced with the officers of the Rangers, the non-commissioned officers might come in under the same rule.

He undertook also to rebut the governor's position as to military discipline—said that this was entirely a private association of gentlemen, intended in no way to interfere with the governor's proper authority in the field or camp; that, like all other chivalrous associations which had gone forth to do battle either in the cause of religion, humanity, or the more general purposes of righting the wronged, they were desirous of purifying themselves; and here he instanced the prolonged fasts, vigils, and religious ceremonies preceding the outset of other knightly bodies; and "though," said he, "we may not yet have received the accolade, who knows but our sovereign may honor many of these noble youths here assembled upon our return? Like honors have often been bestowed for less services."

Here there was a general smile among the ladies, and the speaker himself had a half-serious, half-comic expression upon his face. He little knew then what those services and hardships were to be. His speech was well received by all the exclusives—those who were for confining the honors entirely among the young gentry of the colony.

There was a large party, however, of opposite views, and of these Bernard Moore became the spokesman. He said that this discussion was what might be called, in military language, firing from a masked battery. That the gentlemen on the other side had certain objects to attain by all this machinery—certain persons to exclude. Now, he could not see that they could attain more by one plan than the other.

The governor's rule would exclude every improper person from the Tramontane Order, and the other could do no more, while the latter was burdened with odious features —it put every gentleman upon his pedigree—a matter not at all times and places fit for public discussion and investigation. He called upon the opposite side to come out manfully and show their hands—to say at what they were aiming. He would not ask them to point out who it was they aimed at, but their objects, if praiseworthy and legitimate, could be attained by general regulations such as he before alluded to.

He concluded by an earnest appeal to their patriotism, and called upon all the real friends of the enterprise, and its distinguished author, to mark these initiatory proceedings by harmony; assuring them that, should they commence with heart-burning and discord, much of the pleasure which they all anticipated would be destroyed.

These remarks called up Henry Lee. He said that for his part he had nothing to conceal; that he wished to make the badge of the Tramontane Order not only a distinction to be sought after, but to elevate the requisitions for membership, so as to insure its future honors. "If these rules and regulations be adopted," said he, "I predict that our order will be one that will live in the future history of the colony; and to have been a member of it will confer honors worthy of being transmitted to our descendants. The gentleman who has just taken his seat calls upon our side of the house to come out manfully and show our hands. We are ready and willing to do so, as far as the nature of the case will admit. It has been

currently reported that a certain individual who has now become quite notorious in the colony will attempt to force himself upon us, and I acknowledge frankly, for one, that my design is to exclude him. I had hoped to have seen him present before I took the floor."

Here Hall rose, he said, "not for the purpose of interrupting the gentleman, but to show him that he was present and ready to meet him."

Lee exclaimed, when Hall resumed his seat, "Ah! I am glad of it; then we have not been misinformed. The issue is now made up, and there can be no more complaints of masked batteries. I leave the question with the meeting."

Moore made the attempt to take the floor, as well as several others on the same side; and the chairman became very restless, as if he too desired to take a hand in the game; but all gave way to Hall as soon as they saw that he desired to speak. He said he had but few words to say—that he would not have intruded at all at this stage of the proceedings, if he had not been so pointedly alluded to that he could not misunderstand it. He called upon his friends to cease their opposition, and suffer the regulations to be adopted—that he was ready and willing to abide by them.

We have not given these regulations in detail, because we did not wish to fatigue our readers with the whole constitution of a society, in much of which they could feel no interest. The scope and object of it may be abundantly gathered by what has been and will be said. There seemed now no longer any necessity for opposition, though the friends of the last speaker could not tell what he was aiming at. They thought that by his easy acquiescence he was voluntarily entering into a snare set for him by his enemies; but they could not very well hold out when he had yielded.

The articles of association were now read *seriatim,* and adopted *nem. con.* The first of these of any interest to our readers required the unanimous election of six out

of the whole number of names handed in as candidates for admission. This was a very difficult thing to accomplish, and consumed considerable time. The whole six were balloted for at once, after having been put in nomination by their friends. It will be perceived that this plan required that each candidate should receive every vote.

Bernard Moore obtained this distinction at the first ballot; Carter at the second, and so on, until the board was complete. Harry Lee, after running the gauntlet of every trial, was excluded by two votes only, much to his chagrin and disappointment. It had nearly upset the whole scheme which he had so ingeniously concocted.

The candidates for admission were now to advance singly to the clerk's table and record their names, provided there was no dissenting voice of the six censors. If there should be, then the case was postponed to the last, when it was to be decided by a vote of the whole association, two-thirds being required to effect an admission.

The Tramontane Order was now rapidly filling up its ranks, and naught farther had occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting, until Hall rose from his secluded corner, and walking to the table of the secretary, took up the pen to record his name. Carter immediately rose and objected, and the candidate fell back to bide his time.

The proceedings went on smoothly enough again until Henry Lee approached to record his name, which he had half accomplished before he could fully comprehend that there was objection made. It was by Hall, of course; so that they stood as the challengers of each other, in fact, for all understood who Carter's prompter was, and were fairly pitted for the contest.

It was now incumbent on Lee to state his objections first, and made them good. He rose and stated to the meeting that he had objected, through his friend, to the candidate, first, because of the general circumstances of mystery and suspicion which attached to him, and now pretty generally known throughout the colony. This, he presumed, would

be sufficient of itself; but he would not leave the matter even doubtful, and, therefore, he would state his second objection to be that he stood before the meeting under an assumed name, and that name adopted for dishonest and disreputable purposes. Thirdly, that he was an attainted rebel and an outlaw, with a price set upon his head.

Hall rose up to answer to these grave charges neither with an exulting nor a desponding air, but quite calm and dignified. He repelled, indignantly, the first charge, inasmuch as most of the suspicions which had been engendered against him in the colony had been the coinage of his accuser's own brain. On that very day he had, by an evident interposition of an all-wise and overruling Providence, been triumphantly freed from the meshes of one of the most ingenious plots ever contrived to destroy an innocent man.

Such, said he, "are all the gentleman's suspicious circumstances." As for the second and third counts, he put him upon his proofs. Lee beckoned to some one in the gallery to come down, and for a few moments the whole assemblage were left in breathless suspense, for it had somehow been rumored that Lee was to confront Mr. Hall with the real personage whose name he had assumed.

It was not long before a young man, of elegant exterior and carriage, entered the door of the lower floor and walked up the passage toward the center of the room. Hall, so far from shrinking from the encounter, rose up quickly and approached the table, to which all eyes were now attracted. The stranger was not quite so tall as Mr. Hall, nor of so large a frame, but the hair and whiskers were exactly of the same color, and there was, besides, a striking general resemblance in the two.

Those on the back seats rose up, and those in front were pressed forward, and for an instant there was some confusion in the general rush to see the strange encounter. Still they approached each other, and many supposed they were bent only upon a rude and hostile encounter. But what was the surprise and astonishment of the people, and

of Henry Lee in particular, when the two rushed into each other's arms and embraced most cordially! Both the young men seemed much affected by the meeting, and each stood gazing upon the other, as if each waited for the other to speak. Henry Lee, who was standing upon his feet, exclaimed, in a hoarse and agitated voice,

"Mr. President, this jugglery requires explanation!"

Hall waved his hand, and appealed by his looks for a moment's patience and silence in the crowd, that he might be heard. In the meantime many voices cried out, "Which is the real Hall? Which is the real Hall?"

The president begged the members and the association to be seated and suffer the young gentlemen to explain their own mystery—that it was impossible to hear amid the present confusion. When order and silence were once more restored, Hall, or the young gentleman who had assumed that name, arose, and taking the stranger by the hand, led him to the foot of the table and said,

"Mr. President—and good people all—I take pleasure in introducing to you the real Henry Hall, whose name I have so long borne. The idea of first assuming it was suggested by the resemblance in our persons, having often been mistaken for each other. I took up another name because it had become dangerous for me to bear my own. My offense, I acknowledge frankly, was a grave one; but it was wholly political, and I am happy in being able, at the same time I resume my own, to state to this enlightened meeting that it no longer rests under the proscription of our sovereign. I hold in my hand a free pardon—one of the first acts of clemency of our new king—for I am under the necessity of informing you at the same time of the death of her gracious and most excellent majesty, the late Queen Anne. She died on the first of last month."

There was a general exclamation of surprise and regret, which was followed by the buzz and hum of conversation, carried on in an undertone, throughout the room, during which the speaker temporarily resumed his seat.

Silence being once more restored, the president reminded

the gentleman last on the floor that he had not yet completed his explanation. He resumed: "I have but few words more to utter, Mr. President; it only remains for me to resume a name once honored in this colony—Francis Lee." Here a deafening shout of applause shook the Capitol to its foundations, in the midst of which both the spokesman and Harry Lee were seen wildly gesticulating; but not a word could be heard for some moments from either.

Frank (as we shall henceforth call him), seeing his brother's frantic gestures, ceased his own, and stood back a moment to hear what it was he said. "I protest, Mr. President, against this new phase of this arch-impostor's jugglery. I disclaim all kindred with him; and I call upon all those present who remember my brother, boy as he was, whether he had not light hair?"

Frank stood forward, with a playful smile upon his countenance, and, putting his hand deliberately to his head, in a single instant denuded it of its dark, flowing locks, revealing at the same time a fine-turned head, closely matted over with short, light curls. The transformation was instantaneous, and many voices testified aloud, "It is Frank Lee! it is Frank Lee!"

Old Dr. Evylin rushed forward and seized his hand; but at the very same moment Ellen fell over into the arms of one of her female friends. Frank's eye had hardly for a moment been entirely removed from her eager and agitated countenance, and quick as thought he flew to where she had fallen and bore her out of the crowd in his arms.

CHAPTER XI.

RETROSPECT.

We must turn back—only for half a chapter—and we are sure our fair readers will forgive us when they recollect it is the only indulgence of the kind we have asked—

that we have spun the thread of our story straight forward, without turning to the right or the left. We stated in a former chapter that Ellen Evylin, when she drove up to the door of the governor's mansion, was rather cold and distant to the young gentleman then called Hall; and for fear our fair readers might think her fickle and capricious, we will explain why it was so.

It will be recollected that the Indian girl had expressly stated that the young lady then in captivity had sent a most urgent appeal to Mr. Hall in her behalf, and such a one as only a lady betrothed would send to her lover. Now, supposing that Miss Evylin had had for some time a shrewd suspicion who this Mr. Henry Hall really was—a sort of half-doubting, half-confident possession of his secret—how could she explain satisfactorily his equivocal position between herself and Miss Eugenia Elliot?

She knew, from the young gentleman's own statement, that this very young lady accompanied him across the ocean, that she was a party to the masking adventure, that her father had been involved in the same political troubles with himself; and she, moreover, remembered that he was under the impression, at the time of the voyage, that she (Miss Evylin) was either affianced or married to another.

What more probable, then, than that he should seek consolation from such a charming source? She most ingeniously tormented herself in imagining what an embarrassing position he had thus placed himself in between two young ladies, and most innocently, too, if her surmises were correct. Thus she accounted for much of the studied mystery and reserve of the young man; and our readers may readily imagine what was her resolution upon the painful subject—it was to surrender up all claims upon the instant.

So admirably, however, had Frank Lee (for we shall henceforth call him by his right name) mystified even his oldest and best friends, and so constantly had he worn his masquerading dress, and so pertinaciously had he

continued to carry out the delusion through trials and difficulties, that she was by no means certain that her suspicions as to his identity were correct. Nothing but this constantly harassing doubt prevented her from sending for him at once and releasing him from his early engagement, which she had tortured herself with supposing was now so embarrassing to him.

She was carried from the meeting of the members of the Tramontane Order by Frank Lee, it will be remembered; and that ardent and emancipated young gentleman seemed determined to make amends for his past losses, and let loose his long-suppressed affections in a burst of endearments to his half dead mistress.

By the time Frank had reached the green in front of the Capitol, Ellen was pleading, at first most eloquently, and at length indignantly, to be set down and left alone. And, what sounded not less strange in his ears, she called him Mr. Lee. Now, it might have sounded strange to him, from the fact of his having so long suffered it to fall into disuse himself.

That was not the idea here, however; there was a chilling and distant tone and manner in it which he had never encountered but once, even as the poor adventurer Hall, and he was consequently taken all aback. He had anticipated a very different reception, and was utterly at a loss to account for it.

His failure to present himself after his acquittal was the only thing which he could, in his rapid review of his conduct, surmise as the cause, and he commenced his protestations accordingly; but it was all met by a cold wave of the hand and an earnest supplication to be conducted to her father's carriage. Of course such an appeal, or rather demand, was not to be resisted, and he reluctantly escorted her to the carriage. Most wistfully did he gaze by the dim light to see if there was no relenting—no hint or look implying a desire for his company in her solitary ride home; but there was none; and his pride coming to his relief, he closed the door

with a hasty "Good-night" and strutted off in high disdain.

He was marching thus, like a grenadier, with his nose in the wind and gesticulating with great animation, when Moore walked up and touched him on the arm. Frank gazed at him as if he had fallen from the moon, so completely had he forgotten his whereabouts.

"You are unanimously admitted into the Tramontane Order," said Moore, with a bright smile.

"Oh, the plague take the Tramontane Order!" responded Frank, still striding on, and Moore following, down Gloucester Street.

"Your brother decamped from the meeting instanter."

"Well, I hope he may never return."

"Why, Frank!" exclaimed Moore, in surprise, "this in the first moment of your restoration and our mutual recognition? You have not given up the mysteries yet, I see."

"Forgive me, Bernard," said he, suddenly wheeling round, and seizing his friend's hand—"forgive me; the fact is, I have been thrown all out of sorts by an inexplicable piece of capriciousness in one whom I believed too far exalted above such little feminine arts."

"Ha! a petticoat in the case, is there? I'll tell you a secret, my fine fellow: there's none of them above caprice—always except Kate."

"Bernard, an hour ago I would have thrown down my glove upon it against all comers that there was not such another model of constancy—ingenuousness—frankness—firmness—modesty—gentleness; in short, my dear fellow, a very personification of all the female virtues, with many borrowed from ours. This has been my solace under every trial and difficulty. And then to turn round in the very moment of my triumph and descend to the little arts of her sex, and dash my brimming cup to the ground—oh, it was too bad!"

"Nay, nay, Frank, it was certainly a better chosen moment than the period of your adversity would have

been—you must admit that. But there is some mistake, you may depend upon it; I know her too well to suppose that she would indulge in any idle caprice at such a moment."

"I'll call at the doctor's upon the spot and demand an explanation. I cannot stand this cruel suspense, just upon the eve of what I supposed would be one of the happiest moments of my life—what I supposed would compensate me for a life of unexampled misfortunes."

"Do so, Frank. I am sure there is some misunderstanding—perhaps there is some charge which she has deferred preferring until you were entirely clear of all difficulties—*i. e.*, if she really penetrated your disguise, as I am told many did, now that the *éclaircissement* is made. What wonderful sagacity the many-headed monster is blessed with! But to return. The surmise that I ventured just now is the true solution—it is very much like her, depend upon it."

"No, no, Bernard; Ellen penetrated my mask at least, I am sure, and we played a sort of mutual masquerade, under which nearly every subject of personal interest or otherwise was discussed. And oh, Moore, when she first began to peep behind my mask, and I to reproduce the shadow of her long-lost lover as his best friend, Henry Hall, what exquisite moments I enjoyed! Can it be possible that she designs now to revenge herself on me for thus surreptitiously plundering her heart of its secrets?"

"It is not in character, Frank; she has no revenge to accomplish. It is some higher object real or imaginary, that she has in view—perhaps she fears a deadly encounter between your brother and yourself—that's it—that's it, Frank."

"But how could her snubbing me in this fashion prevent Harry and me from coming to high words, perhaps blows?"

"Perhaps she caught a glimpse of him eavesdropping."

"No, no, Bernard. With all his malice and uncharitableness, he is not so mean as that. But I will solve the

riddle before I am an hour older. I will merely call at the palace to deposit these papers, and then for a trial of my fate."

Together they proceeded on foot, when, just as they entered the avenue leading to the palace, they discovered the doctor's carriage driving away, and Kate hastily retreating from the door. Now, as this avenue was always lighted at night, they could see that Ellen still sat alone upon the back seat, and that she was weeping. She also caught a glimpse of them, and drew herself up in the corner of the carriage out of sight.

This was all very strange and inexplicable to the young men, especially on such a night, and after all that had happened at the Capitol. It was just the reverse of what Frank had anticipated; but he proceeded on his course, none the less bent on clearing up the mystery from what he had just seen.

He was destined to some farther experience in the matter earlier than he expected; for no sooner had he entered the hall of the palace than a servant presented him with a message from Miss Kate—she desired to speak a few words with him. He followed, and was led into one of the sitting-rooms on the lower floor, where Kate awaited him, with a bundle in her hand.

She congratulated him upon his restoration to his proper name and station, and said she was sorry to be the bearer of unpleasant news at such a time; but her friend Ellen had charged her with the mission, and she was compelled to perform it. She said that Ellen had commissioned her to deliver into his hands that package and a miniature of himself, with a complete discharge from all engagements to her.

Frank was speechless with astonishment—he seemed as if he would choke, so parched became his throat, and so vain his attempt at utterance. Kate, seeing his pitiable condition, and that he still gazed at the things she held in her hand without taking them, and that his face was almost convulsed, so intense was the working of his

troubled spirit, handed him a chair and begged him to be seated.

Her efforts at consolation were at first not very successful, for her auditor seemed not to be listening to a word she said. His eyes were riveted upon the locket, the early memento of his youthful passion.

Frank Lee had, perhaps, come as near acting out and preserving the first freshness of his early romantic love as is ever permitted to mortal man, but his self-condemnation, upon the return of that picture, knew no sophistry or deception. He stood abashed, in recollection of the bright purity and unwavering constancy of his mistress —of these he had indubitable evidence; he was compelled, therefore, to make a hasty retrospect of his conduct toward her; and though self-condemned in many respects, as we have said, for his life he could not divine in what he had offended toward the object of his early, undivided, and constant attachment, and he at length resolved to vindicate himself before his offended mistress. Scarcely was the resolution formed ere he seized upon the package and the picture and rushed from the house.

As he passed out he had nearly upset the governor, who, with his party, were just returned from the Capitol. The hardy old soldier turned round and looked after his retreating figure with a dubious and amusing stare of astonishment.

"Gad!" said he, "that fellow will die in a mystery," touching his forehead at the same time with his finger, as much as to express a fear that all was not right in that quarter.

Frank scarcely knew that he had passed, much less been rude, to any one. He soon found himself knocking at the doctor's door. Now, as the old doctor was one of those who accompanied the governor, the coast was clear—there was nothing to prevent his having the interview and explanation he sought. Yet he trembled more when ushered into the presence of the little offended beauty than when recently on trial for his life. And, to say truth, the

young lady herself was not in the most serene mood in the world. They stood before each other like two culprits, Frank with the letters and the trinkets, like stolen goods, still in his hand. He made many efforts to speak, and nearly choked at the formality of calling her Miss Evylin, but at length burst through all embarrassments and restraint, and exclaimed, "Ellen, will you, can you, tell me what all this means?" pointing to the things he held in his hand.

She motioned him to be seated, and began: "Mr. Lee—"

But he held up his hand in a deprecating mood, and begged her, "For God's sake, no more of that—I shall die upon it!"

"Well, then, Frank," resumed she, "I have accidentally learned that you had most innocently, as I presume, engaged yourself to another and most excellent and beautiful lady. Nay, be not so impatient; I will conclude all I have to say in one moment."

"No," said he, hurriedly, and striding impatiently about the room, "not another word will I listen to of the sort. It is all an infamous falsehood, and the coinage of the same prolific brain which has devised so many disasters for me already."

"Indeed, indeed, Frank, you are mistaken," said Ellen, very much softened in her manner, however.

"Well, then, Ellen, go on until I see from whence the story came."

"Of that I can inform you in a moment. It came from the lady herself—Miss Eugenia Elliot; and you know that you gave me such a description of her yourself as none but a lover could give."

Frank was bewildered; he had stopped, and stood facing his partially appeased mistress. "You astonish me," said he, "for I know that Eugenia Elliot is incapable of falsehood or deception." He was wrapped in a deep study for a moment, and then, striking his forehead and capering

about the room like one wild, cried out, "I have it! I have it!"

Ellen was agitated, and began to think (somewhat like the governor) that his misfortunes had touched his brain, and she rose up from her seat as if about to escape; but Frank caught her in his arms, and after imprinting sundry most extravagant kisses upon her forehead, cheeks, and lips, seated her *nolens volens*.

"I have it, my Ellen! I have it! The mistake has originated in the confusion of the two Halls. It is the real Henry Hall who is engaged to Eugenia Elliot. Fool that I was not to think of this when that little Indian girl delivered the message! But of this you shall be certain within the half-hour;" and he put on his hat and was hurrying out; but Ellen, with a sweet smile of forgiveness on her face, called him back.

"It needs not, Frank," said she, as he returned into the room; "you see I have taken you at your word, and resumed those precious treasures of our childish days," and she held out her hand at the same time.

It may be readily imagined that Frank was not satisfied with a mere shake of the hand, or even carrying it to his lips; but over that evening we dare not venture to intrude the stranger's gaze. Their hearts and their memories poured forth their long-pent-up treasures without stint.

Though we will not intrude upon that portion of their discourse which occupied a large part of the night, during this their delightful reunion, we must nevertheless touch upon the conclusion of their meeting, because it bears upon the subject of our narrative.

Frank had several times made an effort to tear himself away; he was at last conscious that the night was far spent, but then the approaching departure on the morrow furnished an admirable excuse. "Your father, too," said he, "is still at the governor's; surely I may stay here as long as he stays there?"

"I will sit up all night if you choose, Frank," replied

Ellen, her hand clasped in that of her lover, and her eyes looking so bright that one would suppose that sleep never approached them, much less that they had lately been dimmed by sickness and suffering.

The fact was, the old doctor was long ago comfortably stowed in bed. He had learned from the servant at the door that Mr. Lee was there; and supposing how the matter stood, very discreetly retired and left them to themselves.

"No, no," said Frank, "that would never do; it would dim your bright eyes to-morrow before their time, for you must know, my Ellen, that I flatter myself that you will not see me again depart upon an indefinite absence without a tear—just one little pearl."

"Oh, Frank! how can you talk lightly upon such a subject, after such an absence and such a return? Bear with me, therefore, if I turn your gay thoughts for a moment to a serious matter."

"No, no, Ellen, no serious subjects to-night; I have resolved to be happy while I may. For the brief hours, nay, minutes, that are left us, let dull care be thrown aside."

"But, Frank"—and she laid her hand imploringly upon his arm—"your brother?"

He bounded to his feet in an instant, and strode through the room, and sawed his arm vehemently in the air, as if he would dispel a disagreeable specter which she had conjured up, she following all the while, and her countenance wholly changed from its late happy, placid expression to one of anxiety and distress.

"Oh, Ellen!" he at length exclaimed, "how could you obtrude that hated name at such a time?"

"Hated, Frank?"

"Ay, hated!"

"What! hate your own brother, Frank? How different your present feelings from your noble and magnanimous defense of him while in prison!"

"No, no, Ellen, hate is too strong a word; or, at all

events, I will only hate his actions, while I commiserate the man."

"Ah, Frank! Frank! that is a nice distinction for so young a moralist. Search your heart, and see how inseparable are the actions and the actor. It is a refinement which, I fear, Frank, is not only beyond your strength, but beyond human power."

"Well, my Ellen, what would you have me do? Must I profess to love him, and clasp the monster to my heart, while my whole nature revolts at the hypocrisy?"

"No, not that either; but forgive him, Frank, and do him justice."

"Do him justice! Then I should bcome his executioner; I should dye my hands in his blood!"

Ellen shuddered at the ferocious expression of his countenance, which she had never seen before, all formed for gentle emotions, as it seemed to her, and ever ready to melt at a tale of sorrow and distress. She sat down and covered her face with her hands; seeing which, he approached, already softened and repentant.

"Forgive me, my Ellen; I have offended you?"

"No, not offended, Frank," said she, and looking up, with a tear glistening in her eye, "but I confess to you that I am disappointed. I thought that your trials had wholly changed that ardent and impetuous nature of yours."

"Would you have my nature changed, Ellen?"

She returned his ardent and steady gaze for some moments, and then, laying her hand affectionately in his, she said, steadily and firmly, "Yes!"

He let her hand drop as he said, "Now, Ellen, I in my turn am disappointed. I thought we knew each other thoroughly, and that, in the language of the marriage ceremony, we had determined 'to take each other for better, for worse;' that you loved me for myself—as I am, with all my faults."

"And so I do, Frank, and have said already—how often,

I am ashamed to say—that I will be yours 'for better, for worse,' when you return; but——"

"Oh, stop there, Ellen, and let me go now; let me depart to-morrow with those sweet words still ringing in my ears;" and he imprinted a kiss upon her lips and broke away.

An hour afterward he returned, and gazed upon the now black and dreary-looking house, wrapped in profound darkness. Well was it that he did so—most providential was the prompting that led him to that spot at such a late hour of the night or, rather, morning; for he had not stood there many moments ere he saw a light spring up in a wing of the doctor's house, the lower part of which was the old physician's office and the upper scarcely ever used.

He watched it from the time it was no bigger than his hand until the whole curtain was in a bright blaze, and he could no longer doubt. He sounded the alarm of fire, and, running to the enclosure, laid his hand upon it and sprung lightly over. He was very much surprised to hear the tramp of several horses' feet leaving the enclosure as he entered.

If it were the old doctor just setting out upon one of his nightly pilgrimages, why did he not return at the alarm of fire? He repeated the cry still louder than before, and several voices in the street re-echoed it, and he could hear the people running in toward the front entrance; but still the flying horsemen seemed but to increase their speed.

He found the back door of the wing where he had seen the fire wide open. He ran up-stairs—the first to arrive there—and found the curtains of the window and those of the bed, from which some person seemed just to have escaped, all in a blaze. He tore down the fast-consuming combustibles, and, with such things as he could hastily find, thrust out the sashes and the burning fragments after them, and, with the assistance of others who now arrived

Frank tore down the curtains of the bed which were all in a blaze. Page 286.

—*The Knights of the Horseshoe.*

on the spot, soon tumbled the burning bedclothes and the curtains out of the window.

In a shorter time than we have taken to relate it, the fire, except the burning things in the yard below, was entirely extinguished; and in a very few moments after the old doctor, in his nightcap, and Ellen, in her *déshabillé,* entered. Their whole concern and anxiety were for Wingina, whom Ellen said she saw safely in bed herself not an hour before. Frank was as much surprised to see the old doctor as *he* was to see Frank—the latter supposing the old doctor cantering away upon an errand of life and death, while the doctor thought Frank snugly in bed at the palace.

Diligent search was now made for Wingina. It was supposed that, frightened at the fire, she had run out into the grounds below, or perhaps into the street. Her outer garments were still hanging over the chair, where Ellen had seen her place them when she retired to bed.

While they were yet prosecuting the search in the court below, the garden, and the shrubbery, several reports of fire-arms were heard in quick succession, which those present most conversant in such matters pronounced to be by the picket guards beyond the college.

Our readers must know that the little army then encamped in and around the city was already assuming that order and discipline for which the old chief in command was so noted. Notwithstanding this rigid military discipline, it now became pretty evident to Frank Lee and the doctor, who were holding together anxious counsel on the subject, that those lines had been surreptitiously entered by the Indians, and Wingina spirited away by her brother. Such were their hasty surmises, and they were speedily confirmed by the reports which soon came in from the sentinels.

It appeared that the horsemen whose retreating figures Frank Lee had really seen were those of a party of the dare-devils headed by Chunoluskee; that he bore his sister on the horse before him; and that they had dashed through

the line of sentinels without sustaining any material damage, though repeatedly fired at. It now became a matter of anxious inquiry how they had obtained ingress; and when the business was investigated it turned out that the footsteps of the Indians, as usual, were tracked in blood.

A drowsy sentinel had been stolen upon and tomahawked before any alarm could be given, and thus they had found their way into the very heart of the city, and borne off the prize—hostage or victim, as the case might prove.

This daring deed, upon the eve of the march of the expedition, opened the eyes of the careless young cavaliers upon whom mainly rested its fate. Many of them were carousing in their tents at the very hour when they had been stolen upon.

The novelty of a camp life, and some difficulty in procuring lodgings, had induced many of them thus early to spread their canvas upon the common, and some were sleeping, some drinking, and some singing and telling stories of adventure, when the report of fire-arms startled them from their various attitudes.

Some forty or fifty of them were speedily mounted, Frank Lee among the number, taking the road indicated by the sentinels, in pursuit. How well Frank remembered that road! He had but recently traveled it—first flying from prison, and then returning to it again in irons. Dark as it was, he knew every foot of it. How gayly bounded his steed, and how elastic his spirits now, in comparison with what they were then! Even a night-alarm and a recent murder scarcely threw a shadow across his bright visions of the future.

It must be confessed, too, that his thoughts were scarcely as they should have been—devoted solely to the enterprise in hand—they were still lingering in the capital. Yet he rode first of the band, spurring on his mettled charger. We pity the horse of a lover, for he is required to keep pace with the thoughts of his rider.

Frank would have ridden, perhaps, till daylight, and never perceived that his companions had halted, had they

not shouted after him. It was found, after several miles' pursuit, to be a vain effort. The road had been examined several times, and the trail was already lost. Doubtless the marauders had taken to the woods as soon as they left the capital. It was therefore determined to return to the city.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DAY OF DEPARTURE.

The eventful day at length dawned upon the thronged capital of Virginia—that day pregnant with so many bright hopes—so long looked for, and so ardently desired, in particular by the chivalrous governor of the colony.

At the first peep of day the drums and trumpets were in requisition, and the young gentry were seen marshaling their little bands of followers in separate squads over the common and in the by-lanes and streets. Any one who has ever seen a militia training, or a "general muster," in Old Virginia, may form a pretty accurate idea of these raw troops and their maneuvers.

The Rangers, or regular troops, as they may be called, presented quite a different aspect. They were paraded in Gloucester Street, in full uniform, well equipped and mounted. They had long been under the supervision of the old veteran their commander, and presented an array never before seen in Virginia, for they had never before paraded at the capital in one body.

In addition to this solid column of soldierly-looking men, there was drawn up on the other side of the street a long line of sumpter mules, loaded with every kind of dried provisions, clothing, cooking utensils, tools and iron. Many carts and wagons were also in requisition with the heavier baggage and provender. These were intended to go no farther than the frontier, when the tents and baggage would be transferred to the backs of the mules and the wagons would return.

Even thus early in the morning General Spotswood was mounted upon his horse, and was busily superintending the delivery of arms from the round tower to the militia, of whom we have already spoken. The old hero could scarce preserve his gravity as he, one after the other, ordered up the militia in review before him. He had yet to learn, in actual service in the field, the worth of these hardy tatterdemalions. They were mostly dressed in hunting shirts and foraging-caps, rudely put together from the fur of every sort of wild animal—many of them still flourishing the tail which belonged to the animal. To any but the stern military eye of their camp-drilled commander their appearance would have been quite picturesque.

Such a parade, it may be readily believed, was not without interest to those who were not to be of the expedition—the ladies filled every window, balcony, or cupola, and gayly fluttered their white handkerchiefs in the wind as some well known young cavalier rode by with his troops.

Frank Lee and young Nathaniel Dandridge had been appointed aides to the governor, and their occupations on this busy morning were arduous indeed. They were kept constantly on the gallop—bringing up one troop, and marching off another. Both, doubtless, though glorying in their appointments, would have far preferred another occupation on this particular occasion. There remained a hundred unsaid things to their lady-loves which they now recalled for the first time; but they did not yet despair of saying at least farewell once again. Often they caught the beam of a bright eye upon them as they rode through the streets. The governor's two daughters already had their horses saddled at the court of the palace, intending to accompany the expedition for some miles on the journey.

There was yet one solemn public ceremony which remained to be performed, after the distribution of arms and ammunition was completed. A platform had been erected in front of the new church, on Gloucester Street, and here, it was understood, the reverend commissary would

dismiss the little army, with an exhortation and solemn benediction.

After the morning meal was completed, the troops were set in motion toward this point. The open space enclosed for a cemetery was already filled with a crowd of spectators, and the troops, now closely packed in front of the church and along the square in front of the palace, formed quite an imposing array. The bell had ceased its summons, and a solemn silence pervaded the assembly when the reverend commissary, accompanied by the Rev. Hugh Jones, appeared in front of the church.

Instantly every hat was doffed, and the clear voice of the good old prelate was heard in earnest exhortation. He approved decidedly of the enterprise, and urged them to go forward in the great march of civilization, and told them that thousands yet unborn would bless the hardy pioneers then about to set out upon the exploration of a new and unknown country. He told them that it was no idle military conquest, barren of all useful results—no pageant, to result in unmeaning and fruitless trophies, but emphatically an enterprise in behalf of their country—of the age—of the world. He trusted, he said, that their conquests would be bloodless ones, and their message to the benighted inhabitants of the regions to which they were bound one of peace, and mercy, and good-will—that the past conduct of his excellent friend, their commander, in behalf of the aborigines, was a sure guarantee of his future conduct toward them.

He said that his chief aid in the ministry, the reverend gentleman then present, would accompany them, and he trusted that they would continue to render homage to that Being in whose hands was the success or defeat of their enterprise.

Every knee was then bowed to supplicate the divine favor for the undertaking in which they were all about to engage with so much enthusiasm. It was a solemn sight to behold these gay young cavaliers and their rude followers, and the more disciplined Rangers, all kneeling beside their

horses, and every tongue hushed to a solemn stillness, while the venerable prelate poured forth his honest and eloquent appeals in their behalf.

Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion—the leave-taking—wives rushing in among soldiers and horses, to have one more shake of the hand, or one more parting word; lassies taking a parting good-bye of their lovers, and fathers of their sons. Few old men joined the enterprise —the governor himself was, perhaps, the oldest man of the little army. After a grand flourish of drums, something like order was once more resumed, and the troops began to deploy into line, preparatory to their final departure.

The old veteran rode along the line with real pride and a martial glow mantling his cheeks, which had long lain dormant for want of proper occasion for its display. Like most successful military leaders, he felt as confident of success on that day as he did on the day of his return, for he knew that he possessed the energy and the knowledge to insure it. To us, at this distant day, with all the results before us, this does not seem strange or improbable; but it was by no means so then.

His grand hobby, as it was called by the elderly gentry, met with far more ridicule than support and countenance. As we have before said, many over-prudent fathers opposed their sons accompanying him at all; and wiseacres were not wanting in abundance who predicted its total failure, and that the final catastrophe would be an Indian massacre in some mountain defile.

This last surmise had gained not a little ground since the daring inroad of a band of the Indians during the night into the very heart of the capital, garrisoned as it was by their whole army. And they reasoned—not very unjustly—that if such things could be done with impunity there, what might not be done among their own mountain fastnesses, whose intricate defiles were known only to themselves?

A white guide had been provided hastily in Chunoluskee's

stead. He was a hunter, and had penetrated farther toward the mountains than any one known in the colonies. He was of tried metal, too, for he had fought the Indians in his day. His name was Jarvis—son of the old fisherman whom we introduced to the reader in the early part of our narrative. Joe Jarvis—commonly called Red Jarvis—was of a class which is fast gliding from notice in the older settlements of the States. They were called in that day, and indeed long afterward, *scouts*.

The troops were now in motion, and the front lines were already passing the College Square, the long line of sumpter-mules and wagons bringing up the rear. The governor and his suite had not yet left the city. They waited for the scout, who had gone on a farewell visit the night before to his father at Temple Farm.

While the governor and his aides, with many of the young gentry, sat on their horses near the round tower in the market square, and while they were beginning to express doubts and misgivings of their second guide, the very man himself glided into their midst; and such a man—so remarkable, and he performs such an important part in the grand expedition—that we must describe him.

He was a tall specimen in every sense of the word—six feet and more in his stockings (if he ever wore any). On the present occasion his feet and legs were clad in buckskin leggings and moccasins fitting close to the members. His breeches were of homespun, and his hunting-shirt of the same material, held together by a broad leather strap, into which were stuck various utensils of the woodman's craft, with others of a more warlike character, among which was a knife, cased in a leather sheath, which, in a single-handed encounter, would be a most deadly weapon.

His face expressed anything but daring and decided character. Its principal characteristic was fun and frolic, but of a quiet and subdued sort. There was a constant inclination of the head to one side, with one eye partially closed at the same time, and a quiet smile about the mouth. His excessive self-confidence would have given him the

appearance of boldness and presumption had it not been for the sly peculiarities we are attempting to describe.

He had large red whiskers, extending under his throat, the only protection it had, and these were burnt and faded to a sandy or yellow shade at their extremities, by long exposure to sun and rain. Hence his *soubriquet* of Red Jarvis.

Upon his shoulder he carried a long gun—much longer than the pony upon which he was mounted. Thus accoutred, he rode into the midst of the gentry who awaited so impatiently his arrival, followed by a large dog, which was just about as much used to such company as his master. There was this great difference between them, however—the dog slunk about the horse's legs, quite confounded and abashed; while Joe rode into their midst, one eye cocked, with as quiet a leer as if he had rode to the front of his father's cabin.

As he glanced around, his eye naturally fell upon the short carbines slung across the backs of the young gentlemen who sat on horseback around him, and then wandered along the huge thing which he carried himself. The result of the mental comparison was a sly inward chuckle, which, however, he subdued into his habitual cock of one eye as it rested upon the governor, who was surveying him, from the coonskin cap on his head to his feet, which almost touched the ground.

The result of the governor's examination was pretty much like Joe's survey of the young men's armaments—a laugh; he could not resist Joe's *outré* appearance. "Well, Jarvis," said he, "how far do you expect to carry that pony?"

"Jist as far as he'll carry me, your honor."

"Well said; but I fear that will not be far."

"*Hosses* is like men, governor: it is not always the smoothest coats has the bravest hearts inside on 'em;" and his half-closed eye ranged again over the gaudy attire and gold-lace around him, which gradually grew into an unsup-

pressed chuckle, the cause of which the governor was induced to inquire.

"Why, I was thinkin', sir, how all this gold and flummery would look the day we marched in again."

"True, true, Joe; these lads will be glad to have your hunting-shirt and moccasins before they return, and so I have been telling them."

"There won't be a whole shirt, sir, in the army when we come back; and for that reason I left mine behind;" and here he gave another quiet laugh, as he surveyed the magnificent lace ruffles and collars flowing about him.

Some of the young cavaliers had a curiosity to know what substitute *he* had in place of a shirt.

"Why, here," said Joe, handling the red hair under his throat, as if he was bearding a lion, "is my ruffles;" and pulling open his hunting-shirt, he displayed a buckskin, tanned with the hair on, and corresponding so near in color to the ruffles of which he had just boasted that it looked like part and parcel of the same animal. He enjoyed highly the stare of astonishment with which his garments were examined by the ball-room soldiers, as he called them.

"But, Jarvis," said the governor, "how comes it that you are so dilatory this first morning of the march? We thought you were the very soul of punctuality and promptitude."

Joe looked a little confused for a moment, and tugged at his coonskin cap, so as to place the tail exactly behind, and coughed and hemmed several times ere be answered, "You see, your worship, as I was comin' to town this mornin' 'fore day I heard the news of the *rupture* of the savages last night, and I jist tuck a turn or two through the woods on my own hook, to see if I could find the trail,"

Here one of the young gentlemen, bending over, whispered to the governor that Joe had formerly been an admirer of Wingina.

"Ay, ay," said the old veteran, "I see. Well, did you fall upon their trail?"

"Yes, sir, I rather think I did. It would take a cunning Indian, and more 'specially a dozen of 'em, to march through these pines and leave no trail that I couldn't find. I *blazed* a couple of miles or so, and then turned back, for fear you mought be a-waitin' on me."

Blazing was performed in those days by the scouts, or pioneer, taking the lead in a new or untried route, by striking a chip off one side of a tree. They may be seen at night, if not very dark. New roads were laid off in the same primitive manner. Joe carried his tomahawk in his belt, ready for such service—not a little of which he was about to perform; for, the army once beyond the ruins of Germana, every foot of the route had to be marked out by him after the manner described.

The governor, after some consultation with his aides and the scout, came to the conclusion that it was useless to follow the trail marked out by Joe at present, as he assured them that they would fall upon it again before night, at such a distance from the settlement as would render pursuit more likely to result in success.

The last sumpter-mules were now passing the suburbs of the city, and the little party round the military tower separated to bid a last farewell with those near and dear to them. The governor's two daughters were already mounted, as likewise were little Bob, Dr. Blair, and several servants, intended as their return escort. The governor, therefore, only dismounted for a moment, entered the palace, folded his lady in one long embrace, and then mounted and galloped off, followed by his veteran life-guard, the bugles enlivening the scene by their martial airs. By the side of Kate rode Bernard Moore; while Dorothea was escorted by young Dandridge, now quite proud at his elevation into the governor's military family.

Whether Moore's rival knew that the governor and suite were to be thus accompanied, or whether his military duties required him elsewhere, we know not, but certain it is none of the company regretted his absence. Indeed, Kate

was quite offended with him for the part he had taken against Frank Lee; and perhaps, knowing this to be the case, he had voluntarily absented himself.

The lovers rode quite by themselves, and to have seen the earnestness and eagerness with which they conversed, one would have supposed that the whole success of the expedition depended upon their sapient conclusions. That they were looking far into futurity no one will doubt who knows anything of the proverbial impatience and imprudence of lovers. Moore had, despite of his jocular pledge to his rival, more than once pretty broadly hinted the state of his heart, and his hopes, and his aspirations preceding the sad catastrophe which had so long (as he thought it) shut them up within the walls of the palace.

He had longed, above all things, for just such an opportunity as now presented itself to complete the matter. Yet, when he glanced at the proud and brilliant beauty cantering at his side, looking still more beautiful and bright from the contrast of her sable riding-habit, his heart almost misgave him. He dreaded more the bright beams of those eyes that occasionally encountered his own than the glare of a hundred hostile Indians. The precious moments were fast gliding by; never did time so gallop by a true-hearted lover. The fact is that Kate coquetted just a little with him. She had hitherto succeeded in listening to his protestations without committing herself by any reply. It had so happened that she was favored by circumstances in this respect.

With feminine sagacity in these matters she at once now penetrated the objects of her lover, and saw plainly his embarrassment and its cause; and instead of helping him out of his difficulty, or even remaining silent to afford him an opportunity, she rattled away in the most brilliant style, compelling him to answer. But such answers! They were mere monosyllables, and more than half the time he said no for yes, and yes for no. Kate was compelled to laugh at length, and ask him "what was the matter."

"To tell you the truth, Kate, I feel sad—sad at leaving you;" and his voice became husky.

Kate broke into the midst of this exordium, "What! so sentimental, Bernard? Don't you know that papa ordered us to put on our brightest smiles, and that he hates a gloomy good-bye!"

"I was going to say, Kate, that your wit is all lost upon me this morning, because my heart is not in the subject of your merriment. Let me entreat you to be serious for five minutes; my time is short, and you know that I have been banished from your presence by the sad accident which we all deplore so much."

Kate was as solemn as a judge in the twinkling of an eye, and replied, "Oh, cruel, cruel Bernard! how could you dash all my bright morning's efforts by such an allusion?"

"Forgive me, dearest Kate, but it was accidental, and fell from my lips without reflection; and now let me banish the dreadful past by holding up a bright future. Oh, Kate, how bright my imagination scarcely dares contemplate, if you will only consent to blend your hopes and destinies with mine."

He paused for a reply, but not a word escaped her now sealed lips.

He continued; "You have held me in probation a long, long time. You are sufficiently acquainted with all my habits, even of thought, to know by this time whether you can consent to place your future happiness in my keeping; and surely you will not suffer me to depart upon such a long journey without letting me know my fate—a journey, too, Kate, undertaken more through your influence than your father's? You have driven me into exile, and it is for you to say whether I shall return."

"Oh, Bernard, how can you say so? I never urged you to go by word or sign of any sort—indeed, I was opposed—" There she left the sentence unfinished.

"Go on, Kate, go on," said Moore, eagerly. "Were you indeed loath to see me go?"

Kate blushed, but finished not the sentence.

"Would you have me turn back now?" eagerly inquired he.

"Oh, not for the world!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "It would be disgrace in the eyes of my father."

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" said Moore, after gazing at her thoughtfully for a moment, "you may as well confess that you take an interest in my movements, whether I go or stay. Say, then, should I return victorious with your father—for I hear we shall have some fighting—will you crown my young triumphs with that hand which I have so long and so devotedly sought?"

Kate placed her hand in that of the eager youth, exclaiming suddenly, "There!" And there we shall leave them cantering away on the road, having fallen far behind the cortege of the governor. How the more youthful pair settled their *quarrels*—for every one said that Dandridge's and Dorothea's love-making was more like quarreling than anything else—we shall not venture to say; but certain it is that Nat had his face slapped with her fan more than once during the ride. The governor was in the habit of calling them his Katherine and Petruchio. But we must leave them to make the best of their way, while we turn back and see what has become of Frank Lee and the scout, both of whom were left in the city and still remained there.

Where they were, or where the principal was, will not be hard to imagine. Frank was at the doctor's house, and his new attendant sat astride of his rugged little pony at the wicket-gate, holding Frank's horse, and cracking his rough jokes upon his acquaintances that passed.

It will be readily perceived from this that Joe was not entirely disconsolate at the abduction of his lady-love—that he was by no means one of the sentimental sort. Whether he was aware of the ugly stories circulated through the town, to the great discredit of her good name, we shall not undertake to say, nor to speculate upon his probable course, should it appear that he was fully aware of the whole scandal; sufficient for our purpose to state that he

was fully determined to follow the "bloody varmints" to the end of the world.

Where that end of the world was Joe had very little thought or care. He was ripe for the tramontane expedition, and perhaps of all the number who that day set out in its accomplishment he was the best informed of its hazards, and the best prepared to endure its hardships. He had heard of Frank's late perils and adventures, and at once taken a fancy to him; it was fully reciprocated by his more accomplished friend, which will account for the present position of the parties.

Frank told him, when he jumped off his horse and threw him the reins, that he would be gone just five minutes. He had already been absent an hour, and Joe, having exhausted his jokes, was becoming rather impatient. He turned round to the servant, who sat upon his horse at a respectful distance, and exclaimed, "I say, you darkey, are your master's five minutes always like *this?*"

"Can't say," replied Cuffy; "I is just arrived from the plantation."

So we will give our readers a glance for themselves into that little parlor, flanked by the aviary and greenhouse, and which so captivated Henry Lee's heart.

Frank and Ellen were seated side by side, talking as earnestly as if poor Joe and his pony were over the mountains, while the old doctor promenaded the veranda rather impatiently.

"Oh, Frank," said Ellen, "I cannot bear the thoughts of your leaving me again, now that the parting moment has come, and yet I would not have you stay."

"No indeed, my Ellen, I know you would not tempt me to desert my excellent friend, the governor, just upon the eve of accomplishing one of the great designs of his life."

"And yet, Frank, when I think of our former parting and all that followed—how long I mourned you as dead—my woman's heart shrinks from the trial."

"I would not part with the blessed certainty which I

derived from those trials and afflictions of your devotedness for all the suffering which they brought. Besides, my Ellen, my name has been somewhat tarnished as a rebel. I go forth now to redeem my good name."

"I care not a fig for worldly honors, Frank, and did hope that you, too, were weaned from such empty vanities."

"And so I am from all empty vanities. We are impelled by higher motives, I assure you."

"Ah, Frank, Frank, you are still the same ardent, impetuous, sanguine fellow that I knew you to be when a boy in my father's house."

"And to whom you pledged your young affections, children as we were. Oh, most nobly have you kept that pledge, my Ellen, and I but ask you to pardon the unworthy truant for another short, short absence, and then—and then— Oh, such visions are death to the tramontane expedition. Farewell, Ellen—farewell."

"You will write to me, Frank, by every returning courier? I understand that the governor will despatch messengers at stated intervals, informing us of his progress. Send me a journal of every day, Frank."

"I will—I will."

Amid such parting exclamations and sundry other little remembrances too tedious to mention he tore himself away, wrung the old doctor's hand, sprung upon his horse, and was soon on his way toward the mountains. Joe was trotting at a murderous rate to keep by his side, but all in vain for the first mile or two; at length, however, he succeeded in arresting the attention of his companion, when he addressed him after the following manner: "I say, squire, is that black leather thing behind your nigger filled with ruffled shirts, like the rest on 'em?"

"Why, Joe, to tell you the truth, there is some useless finery there, now that I think of it."

Joe laughed, and continued: "And not a pair of shoes or moccasins, not a flint, nor a powder-horn, nor e'er a spoon, nor a fork, nor a screwer, nor a frying-pan? Ha!

ha! ha! Now, do tell me, what is in them besides the ruffles and the spangles?"

"Well, Joe, there are a dozen shirts, sundry inexpressibles, an extra coat, some writing-paper, an inkstand and drawing materials, and lastly, a pair of small pistols."

"Well, all I've got to say is that your black mail-bag will come back filled with another sort of plunder, that's all."

CHAPTER XLII.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUGITIVE.

Frank Lee did not ride many miles farther before he met the return party of ladies. Kate was riding on ahead of the now melancholy little cortege, weeping quite bitterly; and her eyes were so blinded and her thoughts so absorbed that she did not perceive the horsemen approaching until Frank reined up right alongside of her.

A smile broke over her sunny face as she perceived Frank shaking his finger threateningly at her.

"I will give a good account of those bright drops some of these long nights, around our watch-fires, and will guarantee that I find one interested auditor at least."

Kate waved her hand in adieu, and, putting whip to her horse, cantered off on her way, calling out after him over her shoulder, "Filial tears, filial tears, Mr. Lee."

And thus the last link was severed between the daughters of the city and the mountain adventurers.

It must be remembered that the vast territories since claimed for Virginia, extending almost, if not quite, to the Pacific Ocean, owed their titles to the very expedition which we have seen thus departing from the ancient capital. But it was quite different in those primitive days; the whole population was contained in some twenty or thirty counties, and the present sites of some of our most populous cities were then actually on the frontier, so that our

adventurers had to march but a short distance before they were beyond the reach of the thickly-settled regions.

For the first day, however, no inconvenience was experienced. Never did a happier or more jovial little army set out in search of adventures. The old military veteran, their commander, was so well pleased himself that his long-desired scheme was really about to be accomplished that he did not, for the present, quarrel with the rude gayety of those around him. Those, however, who knew him well knew also that this state of things would not last long—that in a day or two's march they would enter a country filled with savages.

With the route of the first few days' journey the governor was perfectly familiar. He had more than once passed over the ground, and had, as we have before stated, established Indian preparatory schools, throughout the districts inhabited by the tributary Indians.

He was now quite anxious to see what influence Chunoluskee and his associates had been able to exercise over these, and he had it in contemplation to time the march so as to arrive at the end of the sacred day at the first of these schools lying within his proposed route.

Though we have seen the governor permit a somewhat lax discipline to prevail upon emerging from the city, there were already symptoms that this state of things would not last long. He soon summoned his aides and the scout to his side, and was busily detailing to them his commands as to the conduct of the men during the march and in camp, and consulting with the latter as to the route, forage, and subsistence.

The latter subject gave him far more uneasiness than any apprehended danger from the savages and how hundreds of men, and as many horses and mules, were to be subsisted in an entirely new and uncultivated country, an unexplored wilderness, in fact, was a subject of anxious reflection with him. He knew that the supplies contained in his baggage-wagons and haversacks would scarcely last him beyond the extreme frontier settlements. Though

he was a tried soldier from his very infancy, it must be recollected that his present adventure was as new to him in practice as to the youthful aide by his side.

Our readers may think that he consulted strange counsel in the person of Red Jarvis, but so it was; and of all that army, perhaps, he was the very man best calculated to give advice—in his own way, to be sure. He felt no doubts and misgivings, like his superior—he felt as confident as he had done many a time before when a hundred miles from the settlements, with no other protection and provision for the morrow except his trusty firelock. And as he had done, so he advised the whole army to do—literally to turn it into a great hunting-party. The governor was amused at the conceit, but he would not hear of the scheme for a moment. Nevertheless, the idea was serviceable, for it suggested the plan of detailing each day parties for the purpose of killing game for the subsistence of the party.

He was pleased to find, as they emerged deeper into the forest, that the foliage became richer and the grass more abundant. These were matters which now became of great moment, insignificant as they appear at the first glance, the whole success of the expedition, in fact, depending upon them.

Joe Jarvis was no sooner dismissed from the conference with the governor than he struck out into the woods ahead of the troops, and began blazing away at the trees as already described. He seemed to Frank Lee, who accompanied him, to know every foot of the ground, and likewise when game might be looked for and when not.

They had not traveled many miles through the wild and solitary forest before Joe dismounted from his *tackey,* and handing the bundle to Frank, motioned with his hand for him to pause and be silent. He moved stealthily through the bushes, examining his priming as he went, until he entirely disappeared from sight. In about fifteen minutes Frank heard the report of his gun, and, as it appeared to him, but an instant after a fine herd of deer came leaping over the tops of the bushes and almost within pistol-shot

of where he sat upon his horse, his gun being, unfortunately, slung to his back. While he made a movement to bring it around they all stopped and stared at him for a moment, and then bounded away like the wind.

Joe had been a spectator of this scene, and emerged from the bushes wiping his bloody knife and laughing in his chuckling way at Frank's discomfiture and chagrin.

"Now," said he, "you see the reason why I always carry my gun in my hand. You asked me awhile ago, and I promised to *show* you."

Frank immediately unstrapped his firelock and wound up the leather straps and put them by, as if to show his teacher that he was determined to improve by his practical lessons.

"Well, Jarvis, what did you kill?"

"As fine a buck as ever you laid your eyes upon. You remember the governor's talk about the subsistence of the army?—you see, I am going to show him the way we hunters provide for our daily wants."

By this time they had arrived at the head of a small stream where, Joe said, the deer were in the habit of drinking, the water being a little brackish, of which they are very fond. He slung the fine animal whose throat he had just cut across his pony, and after securing it with thongs and reloading his piece, proceeded by the side of Lee, talking all the while. He told him that more of the ruffle-shirt gentry, as he loved to call them, would unsling their arms before they had proceeded many days into the wilderness.

Frank observed that Joe's attention was earnestly directed to each side of the path on which they were traveling, notwithstanding his constant stream of talk, and stopping every minute to blaze a tree. He saw that Jarvis stooped down and examined the bushes attentively every now and then; and when they came to the ford of the little stream upon whose banks they had been some time traveling, Joe laid his hand upon the other's bridle-rein, and then stooped down and most attentively scanned some

tracks of horses' hoofs left in the soft mud of the opposite bank, and then carefully counted them. Frank asked him what was the meaning of all this, and if he had fallen upon the Indian trail.

"I rather suspicion I have," said Joe; "and more *nor* that, there is some one with them that would as soon be out of their clutches."

"How do you know, Jarvis?"

"Why, at every place where they have stopped I find a twig bent down or broken. I reckon it is that little *coquit*, the interpreter's sister. She would be glad enough to see me now, I suppose."

"How long do you think it is since they forded the little stream whose banks you have examined so carefully?"

"Jist about daylight; and they were riding at a devil of a rate, you may be sure. Look here," said the scout, and he placed his foot in one track and the butt of his gun in the other, to indicate the length of the leaps which the animal had taken.

"A slapping pace indeed," said Frank, thoughtfully. "But tell me, Joe, how can you compute the time since they passed?"

"Why, jist so: if they had jist now passed, you would see the splashing of the water around the tracks—if a little longer, you would see that all dried up and the tracks themselves only moist—and longer still, the tracks would be entirely dry."

"Which latter is the case, is it?"

"Very near, very near—they *mout* a' passed a little arter daylight, but not much; we'll hear from 'em to-night—the red devils—depend upon it."

"Do you think so?"

"To be sure I do; I know the critters better *nor* the governor and old Parson Blair, with all their schooling and Christianizing of the ungrateful varmints. An Ingin's an Ingin."

"What is there so absurd in the idea, Joe?"

"Did you ever see a wolf tamed?"

"No, I cannot say that I ever did, but I think it possible."

"Yes, I'll warrant; and so the governor thinks of the red devils; but I saw a tamed wolf once, and he had a wonderful good *charecter* for a while. He was better behaved nor any sheep, and he would walk about among the flock as if he was bound to teach 'em good manners; but *bimeby* the lambs began to be missed, and nearly every dog on the plantation was killed on suspicion of being suspected. Still the lambs went, and after a while they laid a watch, and caught wolfy in the very act."

"And what then?"

"Why, they stretched his bloody neck, of course."

"And do you think this an analogous case to that of the interpreter and his associates?"

"Exactly; no good *kin* come out of an Ingin. I've hearn tell of all the grand talk about their native gifts, and all that; but, if you will listen to my racket, you may build a college over every son of a gun of 'em, and clap a church on the tiptop o' that, and after all he will have a turkey buzzard's heart in him. God never made an Ingin for a human critter."

"Pooh, pooh, Joe; you have imbibed all the prejudices of the early hunters against the race. Do you know that our ancestors on the other side of the water, many hundred years ago, were quite as savage and barbarous as these poor red men?"

"Bless my soul, you don't tell me so! Well, that beats all natur; I never hearn tell of that afore. I thought they were white, and came down Christians alongside of the Bible the whole way."

"So they were always white, Joe; but what do you mean by coming down Chriatians alongside of the Bible?"

"Why, you know that old Adam was a white man—you'll give that up, I reckon?"

"I suppose I must, Joe."

"Well, that's what I mean: that we came down straight

from old Adam, and brought the Bible all the way down with us."

"You are entirely mistaken, Joe; neither the Old nor the New Testament was given to our British ancestors. Even when our Saviour appeared upon the earth they were as great savages as these very red men against whom you are so prejudiced."

"Good, gracious Heavens! you don't say so? Then we are not Christian-born under the covenant, as my old dad used to say, after all! Well, this puts a patching over anything I hearn tell of! But you're making game of me, with all your book larnin'."

"No, Joe, I am not; I've told you nothing but the plain truth."

"Well, then, how come we to be white—tell me that?"

"A red skin and a savage nature are not always inseparable; all the learning and refinement of the world have been transmitted to us through dark skins."

"Oh! you are a bamboozlin' of me, that's plain."

"No, I am not. But tell me, Joe, how is it that you are supposed to have a fancy for one of these red skins yourself?"

"Oh, squire, there you have flung me. I give it up now; you've clean got the upper side of me in the argument."

"But explain it, Joe—how could you fall in love with the daughter of a race you so thoroughly despise?"

"Well, now, it does beat all natur', that's a fact. How it ever came about was jist a little touch above my larnin'."

"You plead guilty to the charge, however?"

"It's not worth the while to deny it, seeing everybody seems to know it. Even old dad got wind of it somehow; and he told me if ever I married an Ingin squaw he would disinherit me. Poor old man! the only thing he ever had to leave me I've got already."

"What's that?"

"Why, his red head; and I believe it was this infernal red mop of mine that got me into the scrape, too."

"How was that?"

"The Ingins, you know, have all sorts of a likin' for red heads, and blast my hind-sights if I don't think they're more nor half right. Don't everybody fancy red birds and red feathers? Look at the old governor, when he gets on that velvet coat of hisen, all bespangled with gold-lace. Look at the ladies, God bless 'em—the're never dressed without some red garment or other about 'em."

"A pretty forcible defense of your head, Joe, but it would be equally forcible in favor of red eyes."

This was a poser to Joe, and he scratched the debatable ground unmercifully for an answer, but nothing could be got out of it; seeing which, Frank gently led him back to the point from which he had digressed—his love for Wingina, or rather his passion.

"And so the interpreter's sister fell in love with your red hair first, did she?"

"Yes, she axed me for a cut of it one day; and I was mighty proud of it till I saw it floatin' in that everlastin' cap of her brother's, alongside of the cock and eagle feathers."

"What! did that queer, faded tuft of hair grow upon your head? I thought it had been some proud trophy of his prowess—perhaps the scalp of an enemy."

"By the long hollows, he's got as much of my *sculp* as he'll ever git; and if he don't take care I'll take my locks back, with interest—a piece of the hide stickin' to it."

"What, Joe! you would not scalp a man?"

"No, I wouldn't sculp a man, but I would sculp an Ingin, howsomever."

"And is not an Indian a man, with a soul and body like yourself?"

"No, no more nor that dog. That stuff, now, you got from old Parson Blair. We never heerd tell of the like in these parts till he got to preaching of it about, and putting the varmints to school—he and the governor. Now look what it's all come to—the governor's got his son killed by the very man he helped most of 'em all; and the

interpreter would a' worn the parson's sculp at his girdle, if he had cotched him in such a place as he cotched Squire John."

"Ay, but, Joe, you forget that John Spotswood is said to have deeply wronged his sister."

"Now, are you so green as to believe all them old wives' tales? What the devil does an Ingin keer for such wrongs as these, even supposing, for the sake of argument, it mout be so?"

"Chunoluskee has been taught to feel the shame by associating with us. But what reason have you to doubt the common rumor on the subject?"

"The very best in the world, for I tried to sleeve her myself the very day she begged that tuft of hair of me, and she looked like one of them tragedy queens that I saw on the stage down to Williamsburg."

"And still you loved her, notwithstanding such a rebuff?"

"Why, you see, squire, I thought it was only a grand way, she had picked up from the governor's darters at second-hand, of sayin' that she was only to be had for the marryin'."

"And why didn't you marry her, Joe, and thus have saved the governor and his family this deep affliction, and the poor girl what was to her more than life?"

"Why, in the first place, I never axed her consent; in the second, you know dad would a' disinherited me; and third and lastly, as Parson Blair says, this story of Squire Spotswood tuck me so by surprise that I hadn't time. Now you know the whole story. I rather reckon that I'll be at the truth of the business afore I'm done."

"So you have a settled purpose of your own in going to the mountains?"

"Yes, I've got a leetle speculation on my own hook. Don't you be surprised, squire, if you see me stay up among them mountains, and hear afterward of my bein' head chief among the Shawnese. I'm told they have a plague of a fancy for red hair up in them diggins."

"And so you calculate, after all, making amends for the old man's disinheritance of that wonderful legacy of his, your red hair?"

"I don't see, squire, why I shouldn't make my fortune by my head as well as my betters. There's the two parsons, Dr. Blair and Parson Jones, they lives by their wits; and there's the governor, the heaviest tool he ever handles is a sword; and there's General Clayton and the other lawyers, they lives by their wits; and there's Dr. Evylin, he lives by his wits; and there's all them long-gown fellers in the college, they lives by their wits; indeed, I don't see but the most on you here in our mountain company lives by their wits. But I guess there'll be more nor head-work afore they gets back. Well, as I was a-sayin', I don't see why my head shouldn't make my fortune too. To be sure, mine lies on the outside, and yours on the inside. It's all head-work, any way you can fix it."

"It is true enough, Joe, I believe that the Indians have a peculiar veneration for a red head, but how are you going to take advantage of it? Suppose these ruinous stories to the discredit of your mistress should prove true—and I fear they are but too true—what will you do then? Will you still take her for better for worse?"

"By George, I never know'd what that better for worse in the marriage doin's meant before; that's jist it, no doubt. As to what I will do in sich a case, why, I haven't exactly considered of it yit, seein' as how I didn't believe it. In sich a case she will be a sort of Ingin-in-law to the governor, and a great bite for the likes of me. Could you tell me now, by your head mathewmatticks, what kin I would be to the old gineral?"

Frank turned away his head to indulge in a suppressed laugh ere he answered. "I suppose you would be step-father to his natural grandchild."

"Quite a natural thing, sure enough; but would there be any parquisites?"

"Oh, if you are in earnest and really desire to bring about such a thing, I have no doubt but the governor would

favor your suit and give you some of the perquisites too, as you call them. It would be an arrangement to be desired, and far more than the girl has a right to expect, or indeed deserves. But tell me, how is it that you, professing such derogatory opinions of the Indians, are still willing to take a wife among them?"

"Oh, squire, as to my opinions about their skin, that's my rale belief—well, my leanin' toward the gal is rale too. Now when a man's head pulls one way, and his feelin's another, it will be mighty apt to pull the haslets out of a fellow; besides, I'm a hunter by trade, and settlements have been crowding on me for some time, and this here mountain scheme of the governor's—though the old codgers laugh at it—is going to make things a heap worse with me."

"As how, Joe?"

"Why, it will extend the settlements to the mountains. There's scarce an elk or a buffalo to be found now this side of the hills, and he's gwine to drive them all clean over the ridge."

"And so you are determined to emigrate with the game? Your head seems to be as full of schemes of your own as the governor's."

"Yes, and I reckon that I have counted the costs a leetle better nor most of 'em he's got in his train, and mout be than he has himself. You'll see who's the best man among us when we get among the mountains, and when neither money nor larnin' can do much for a man. Them's the times to try what men's got in 'em."

They were now several miles ahead of the army, and Joe knew the privations of the forest well enough to call a halt at a fine spring which poured its sparkling waters across their path. He unslung the deer from his pony's back, slipped the headstall over his neck, and turned him loose to graze among the bushes, advising Frank to do the same with his, showing him, at the same time, how to fix the halter so as to impede his more impatient temper.

These arrangements being completed, he carefully ex-

amined the priming of his gun, and set it against a tree, within the reach of his hand, and then took a wallet, which he had removed from behind his saddle, and spread a cold collation before Frank—not a tempting one, it is true, to a dainty appetite, but substantial and tempting enough to one who had been on horseback from early morning. Out of the same greasy-looking receptacle Joe next drew a bottle, and after wiping the neck carefully upon the sleeve of his coat, handed it to Frank. The latter declined the *aqua vitæ,* but turned-to manfully upon the jerked beef and corn dodgers. Joe laughed in his sleeve at Frank's refusing the bottle, and then took a long and hearty draught himself. Drawing a long breath and smacking his lips, he said, "Every drop of this here liquor mout be sold for all the gold lace in the governor's troop afore we're among the mountains a week, and you, squire, will not refuse it when we come this near home again."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not, Joe; but sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"Yes, you may well say that, squire, for evils there will be enough on 'em for every day after the provisions give out. Do you see that dog of mine hopping so frisky over the bushes yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, I almost cried as I looked at him comin' along the road this morning, when he kept jumping upon me and licking my hand."

"For what, I pray?"

"Why, to think that I shall see the day when some of your young gentry would eat a fine dinner off of his carcass."

"Pooh! Joe, have done; you take away my appetite. You are only trying to choke me off from your jerked beef, upon which I have been making such inroads."

"Not I; not a bit of it. I tell you, Squire Lee, as sure as you're a-settin' there you'll see hard times afore we git back. That dainty Mr. Carter, that I heer'd a-talking

about pheasants and woodcocks, will be glad enough to git a mess of young kittens afore many weeks."

"Why, Joe, I cannot eat a morsel more if you talk thus. I did not know before that you were such a croaker."

"No more am I; but I can't help seeing how out of fix for a mountain jaunt is all them ribbons, and ruffles, and gold-lace, and silver and gold spurs, and swords made for parade. And look at the cattle, too! Every one of them horses is gwine to give out afore they reaches their journey's eend, and yours among the rest."

"Mine, Joe! why, he's the best blood in the colony."

"Oh, as to that, my pony's got blood in him too—how could the critter live without it? But I'm not talking of the blood; I'll show you what I'm driving at;" and with that he gave a whistle, and his pony came trotting through the bushes, and ate a piece of corn-bread from his hand. Joe then caught him and held up one of his feet for Frank's inspection. "Do you see them little iron shoes? Well, I put them on yisterday with my own hands; that's what I call preparation for the mountains. Now, among all the horses of the governor's troops there's not a shoe among them; they've been used to the sand of this here tide-water region. The governor and you young gents seem to think that the mountains are made of sand too. I've seen enough of the rough hills, far, far this side, to know better nor that. Now, squire, which is agoin' to be the best stand-by—the blood in your horse's veins or the shoes on mine's feet?"

"I confess, Joe, there's reason in what you say; I never thought of that part of the preparation before. I will speak to the governor about it this very night."

"No, don't you; you'll spile sport if you do. Some of these mornings you will see the funniest army of cripples you ever laid eyes on."

"But it may be a fatal error, Joe, and it is my duty to speak out."

"Not a bit of it—not a bit of it. You can't mend the matter now, and I've seen already to providin' the materials

when the time comes. I put the commissary up to providin' the materials to make shoes of—though he arn't in all the plans. He don't know what it's for, and no doubt thinks for trade with the Ingins."

Thus assured, Frank acquiesced in Joe's scheme to keep quiet until the emergency occurred. After conversing upon these matters for an hour or two, Joe caught the horses and slung his buck over the pony, and then saddled and readjusted the bridle of Frank's ready for him to mount. The latter asked him why he prepared to resume their journey before the troops came up.

"'Kase," said Joe, "they're a-comin' now, not more nor a mile off."

Frank looked down the long vista of blazed trees as far as his eye could penetrate, but he could not see even a bush shake, and seemed not a little surprised at Joe's confident assertion.

Joe chuckled as usual, and then threw himself on the ground, and beckoned to his companion to do likewise. Frank did so, and instantly perceived the tramp of cavalry upon the ground. "You see," continued Joe, "I'm agoin' to make a scout of you. You're a-pickin' up my craft smart, I swear. I heard that ere sound when I was lying on the ground a quarter of an hour ago."

The advanced guard having at length hove in sight, and the bugles now being distinctly heard, our two adventurers resumed their journey, Joe blazing the trees as he went, and initiating Frank into the mysteries of a scout's life, his pony following quietly all the while, and bearing patiently his huge burden. Occasionally Lee dismounted and walked by his side for a mile or two, which not a little gratified Joe's pride.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A LETTER FROM THE CAMP.

THAT night the expedition arrived (owing to the foresight of Joe) at the ruins of a deserted Indian village, with water and a clearing suitable for a large encampment in the center, and fine forage of nature's providing, for the horses around.

It was the first night in the forest, and not wanting in wild adventure and novelty for the amusement of the young gentry.

The white tents stretching out in picturesque lines against the fading green of the forest; the bright blaze of the camp-fires, throwing fantastic shadows of the wagons, and horses and moving objects around; the merry laugh of those within; the rude jest, the recounting of the adventures of the day; the loud song of the old soldiers of the life-guard; the measured tramp of the sentinels on duty, the neighing of the horses in the forest, the braying of the asses and mules, the lowing of cows (for even this luxury had been provided), altogether presented an enchanting scene amid the primeval forests of nature.

About a hundred yards from the governor's marquee stood Frank Lee and Bernard Moore, leaning in the shadow of a tree, while old June sat nodding over a great log-fire, where the governor's venison was roasting on a rude spit, and at which old June, with a watery mouth, cast a wistful glance every now and then, as he rose and fell in the cadences of his song. Lee had called the attention of Moore to this effort of the old banjo-player, because he was evidently the hero of his story. He was celebrating his love for Miss Kate, and bemoaning the separation.

They had not stood there long, amusing themselves with old June, before Jarvis touched Frank upon the arm and

beckoned him into the forest. As they passed the last camp-fire Joe seized a large lightwood knot and holding it for a few moments in the burning coals, produced a bright light, with which he guided his companion some hundred yards beyond the sentinels.

He stopped at a secluded nook among the bushes, where horses had evidently been picking around, and where several persons had recently been seated in the center, for bones and pieces of bread were scattered about in all directions. Joe suffered Frank to satisfy himself about them, and then led him a few yards farther into the bushes, where a white pocket-handkerchief of fine texture was suspended to the top of a stick and leaned against a tree. Joe said he had not disturbed it since the discovery, as he wanted Frank to observe first the cautious manner in which it had been placed behind the tree, so as to be out of view of those who sat around the fire.

Frank took it down, and examining it carefully, discovered a name which it thrilled his heart to meet in that strange, wild place. It was "Ellen Evylin" in full, and in her own handwriting. They readily imagined that it had been placed there by Wingina that very day, and that it was intended to signify to them that she was borne away against her will. Joe pointed out to the young cavalier also several twigs which had been snapped off, marking distinctly a pathway from the spot where the handkerchief had been found to the spot where they had mounted their horses. He called his attention again to the slapping pace at which they rode, as evinced by signs before pointed out.

"Well, Joe," said he, "what more can we do for her deliverance than we are doing now? Does anything suggest itself to you?"

"Yes, lots—lots. You see, squire, these cunning varmints will jist play hide-and-seek with this great company of the governor's, which he marches through the woods with flags a-flyin' and trumpets a-soundin' every now and then. He mout as well send me ahead to shout

to these red devils, 'Git out of the way, you yaller varmints—the governor's a-coming!'"

"Well, Joe, how can we help it?"

"No, it's not well, it's very wrong. The old gineral he's used to fightin' grand battles in an open field with white men like himself, but it's a very different game he's got to play now, and he ain't found it out yit; but take my word for it he will afore long, if he don't take advice from them as has experience in Ingin fightin'. Now, if he would give you the command of about ten men that I could pick out of them huntin'-shirt boys, and let me be among 'em, we could push ahead, and I would jist like to show you that there's more nor Ingins can play at the game of hide-and-seek."

Lee was quite taken with the proposition, and returned with Joe to the governor's marquee, and sent in to request an audience. After waiting a short time, they were admitted. The governor was sitting upon a camp-stool, and busily poring over his maps, and at his old employment of sticking pins along his contemplated route. On the ground near him young Dandridge was seated, and drawing out, according to the governor's instructions from time to time, a diagram of the route they had already traversed.

The governor listened with much interest to the discoveries which Joe had made, and gave a respectful consideration to his scheme for cutting off the marauders, but at length shook his head, as much as to say that it would not do. He pondered upon it for some time, hastily walking about the marquee; but after a while seated himself again, and turning to Joe, said it was a good idea, but could not be adopted, on account of its taking him from his present indispensable employment; and he told Frank that he would not trust him as yet with any other guide, because the savages would pick them off singly, and destroy the whole of them finally, without accomplishing any good.

Joe did not want Frank to go unless he could himself be

of the party, and therefore he readily acquiesced in the latter part of the governor's argument. He went off with Frank, however, telling him that they would see what this fighting Indians on a grand parade would come to.

Having left Joe to pursue his vocation, Frank folded up the handkerchief which had been discovered and put it near his heart. The sight of that name and that handwriting called up vividly the image of her who had so long engrossed his most ardent affections. He thought over all that she had said and done since his landing at York, and his early attachment drew new strength from the approbation which his maturer judgment stamped upon his youthful fancy.

He was experienced enough in life to know that this very seldom happens—that the "sweethearts" of boyish days seldom stand the test of man's matured examination. If all is right as regards the object herself, interest and ambition find their way, like the tempter into Eden, and destroy the first and brightest and purest emanations of the young heart. But Frank Lee was an independent man in every sense of the word. His fortune was ample; and his ambition, chastened as it was in the school of adversity, threw no impediments in the way. He had been poor and friendless, it cannot be doubted that his decision would have been the same.

He strolled at length into his tent, which he found empty, and, taking out his writing-tackle, and spreading them upon a rude camp-seat, sat himself down upon the ground to commune with his affianced wife after the following manner:

"Camp Chick-a-hominy.

"Dearest Ellen,—I again resume my sweet correspondence with you, after an interval, it seems to me, of an age, computed by what I have (may I not say we have?) suffered. But during all my unexampled difficulties and trials one constant source of consolation remained to me: it was your steady constancy. It is true that for a time I was laboring under a delusion in regard to it, but even

during that time you were as unwavering as before. No portion of blame can attach to you that I was led astray. You, my Ellen, have been like my evening and morning star—the last ray of serene comfort at night, and the brightest dawn of hope in the morning. From day to day, and from year to year, have you clung to the memory of the youth to whom you plighted your young affections. Through good and through evil report, through life and in death (as was supposed), you have, without wavering or turning aside, cherished the first bright morning dream of youthful love.

"Do you know, my Ellen, that the world scarcely believes in the reality of such early attachments enduring to the end? The heartless throng know not, my sweet playmate, of the little romantic world we possess within ourselves. They have all gone astray after strange gods, and cannot believe that others will be more true and devoted than they have been. Especially has the odium of all such failures been laid to the charge of your sex, but I am sure unjustly. The first slight or unkindness nearly always proceeds from the other, and this slight or unkindness cannot be blazoned to the world; it is hidden within the recesses of the sufferer's heart, and pride (perhaps proper maidenly pride) prevents it from ever being known. How happy are we, my Ellen, that not a shadow of distrust has fallen out between us, if, indeed, I except your momentary confounding me with the gentleman whose name I had assumed, and my temporary mistake about my brother's marriage with you! You see I have brought myself to write that name.

"While I am upon the subject of Miss Elliot's engagement, permit me to explain one thing which I omitted in the hurry of departure, and the confusion which attended all its exciting scenes. That young lady, though present at the masking-scene at the governor's house, and knowing of my design to present myself in disguise among my old associates, was not made acquainted with the name or occupation which I would assume. The resolution to

adopt that name was seized upon after the departure of that young lady and her father. Hence her supposition, on hearing that Mr. Hall had arrived in the colony, that it was her own Henry.

"I am led to think of these things by seeing so frequently this young gentleman, with whom I was and am on the most intimate terms. His distress of mind is truly pitiable; he appears like one physically alive and well, and yet dead to all hope. Not absolutely dead to all hope either, for you should have seen how the blessed but dormant faculty flashed up for a moment or two when I told him, a little while ago, that there was a prospect of an expedition being sent ahead of the troops in pursuit of the assassins and robbers who murdered our old friend and stole his mistress.

"Oh, if he could be sent off upon such an expedition, what a blessed relief the activity and excitement of the pursuit would be to him! But the governor, though sympathizing fully with him and me, would not consent to it, and I must say his reasons were, to me, satisfactory. Not so, however, with my poor friend; he is dissatisfied with the governor on account of it, and if it were not for my restraining and urgent counsel, he would start off, single-handed, in pursuit. The fact is, his apprehensions for the fate of the poor girl, *whether dead or alive,* are so desponding that the madness and rashness of such an adventure only add new charms to it in his eyes; and I can only seduce him from such wild designs by dwelling upon the known clemency of the Indians to other females, who have for months and years remained captives with them.

"I have exhausted all my recollections of the kind, and I have put the scout, Jarvis, in possession of his dreadful secret, and commanded him to detail all his knowledge favorable to my views. At this very moment he is walking with Joe among the tall pines, his melancholy eye wandering among the stars, while Joe is telling a long story of a Mrs. Thompson who was taken prisoner by them and carried beyond the mountains. I at first suspected

my new forest friend of romancing in the wildest vein, and inventing as he went along, for the justifiable purpose, as it seemed to me, of plucking the rooted sorrow from the heart of my friend; but I am satisfied now that it is a true narrative, because he recounted several circumstances about the route to the mountains which he had before told me he had procured from an old lady who had been a prisoner among the Indians. Seeing that he was for the time so absorbed with the story of the scout, I have stolen away, my Ellen, to hold this sweet converse with you.

"If you had but known the charming girl about whom my friend thus mourns, you would neither be surprised nor jealous that even I feel an anxious interest in her fate. Think, too, of her sad history—the loss of her uncle by whom she was adopted, and upon whom she doted as a father, little less fond than the real one, whom she has now lost also. Think, too, of the dreadful manner of their two deaths—of her nearest and dearest kinsmen.

"Then bring before your mind the highly-educated, delicate, and sensitive girl herself, torn from the reeking body of her deceased parent, and borne a captive among a rude and wild people, not one word of whose language she understands. Oh, it's a dreadful fate for one like her! She is a most lovely girl in every sense of the word, and as good as she is beautiful. I feel a double interest in her fate because her sad lot is so much like my own. We were first wrecked by the same disastrous political storm, thrown upon the same shores, and among the same people for a time.

"The governor, you know, is her distant kinsman, and of course he feels as lively an interest in the pursuit of her captors as it is possible under the circumstances; but he is a stern old soldier, and will not risk the success of his expedition for any mere private feelings, however near home they may come.

"Poor Hall! We are of the same mess, and of course our tent is to be a melancholy place, for he walks about like a troubled spirit. Many a time at midnight I will

turn to you for companionship, for though distant in body we are ever present, I trust, in spirit.

"Before I close this scrawl, scratched upon a camp-stool as I sit upon the ground, I cannot help recurring to the last letter which I wrote to you. It was penned under circumstances scarcely more favorable to my caligraphy than this, for I was then propped up in my bed and wrote upon my portfolio. Little did I imagine then, my Ellen, that that letter would ever be productive of some of the most delightful moments of my life.

"It is almost impossible for you to conceive of the delight with which I surreptitiously stole away the treasured memories stored up in your heart. You thought then, my Ellen, did you not, that they were garnered up never to be again gazed upon by mortal man upon this earth? But by the talisman of that real letter I produced a key—one, it is true, crusted over with the deepest sorrows known to the human heart. Nor did you even then have a sly suspicion that your long-lost lover had risen from the dead to be the bearer of his own last dying words.

"No, no, my own Ellen, your affliction was too real to have suffered any suspicion of the bearer to intrude. It was not until I began to unfold those habits of thought which touched upon old times—those dearest treasures of the heart, those associations linked in inseparably with the very fibers of our being—that you began to suspect me. Do you remember the walk we had by the little romantic brook where we were talking of the falling of the leaves, and I ventured upon the dangerous experiment of reproducing some of *our old* talk?

"Methinks I see your stare of astonishment now, and your startling turn of the head every now and then, as link by link I touched those dear old associations—every word gushing and teeming with meanings only known to ourselves. I expected every moment to hear your startled scream; but if you penetrated my disguise your prudence triumphed, and you suffered me to wear my masquerading dress until such time as my own circumstances should

point out the time of unmasking. I know that you must have been frightfully mystified just at that time, and until all doubt vanished. I sympathized fully in your distress, but I would not make you an accessary, even after the fact, to my treason. Had I failed in my application to my sovereign, I might have proposed to you to desert your venerable and excellent father, and your own dear and delightful home, for other and strange lands; but I had not fully come to the resolve, and would not have done so until that application failed. Even then I could scarcely have had the heart to tear you away from all the endearments which now cluster around you.

"Do you know, my own Ellen, that I love your home—your flowers—your books—your music—your pictures—your chairs—everything that is yours? This little Testament of our Lord and Master, with your name written in it, which lies before me, looks like no other book. The very letters seem to be illuminated—the book actually has an appearance about it belonging to no other, and that with which it is invested is far more vividly impressed upon those household objects which daily surround you. Could I have torn you away from all these? My memory wanders even now among your books, and music, and flowers, and birds, and everything that goes to make up that dear home which you have so inseparably stamped with your own identity. How vividly the charming domestic picture rises up before my fancy! Indeed, it is scarcely ever absent from my thoughts, sleeping or waking.

"Even over these wild scenes, into which we are penetrating each hour deeper and farther, these blessed visions throw a softened and mellowed light. What a blessed thing is memory *to all the virtuous creatures of the earth!* —that magic storehouse of the heart's treasures. It is surely the divinest of faculties; it penetrates the farthest back, and will last longest of them all, for it will constitute the connecting link between this and a higher and purer state of existence. It is the most distinguishing

characteristic of our race, and above everything else marks us out as immortals. Oh, what true wisdom and beneficence in that provision which confines its wondrous powers to man!

"Did you ever reflect what an awful thing this truly blessed thing to us would have been to the lower orders of creation? It would have made the earth to them a hell, teeming and multiplying with horrors. That it has been given to us alone is at once a testimony and a guarantee of our immortality. Do you know that I doubt the capacity of any one for enduring attachments who doubts the immortality of the soul? The mere hope and belief elevates us above common sensuality, and refines and purifies our nature. *All good men desire and believe it.* You may smile at my thus founding what is ordinarily called an effort of the understanding in the heart; but those who have observed human nature most will be most ready to believe it.

"The pure sentiment of love, though blended with passion, is very near kin to *the divine,* especially that sublimated phase of it which you exhibited for your dead lover. Your trials of the heart, my Ellen, have been truly great, and I feel humbled in the comparison with you. Though I cannot approach your excellence and exaltation of character, I hope to blend my future existence so inseparably with yours that I may catch a portion of its exaltation.

"I have often heard you say that, if required, you could lay down your life with me, and that you would far rather do it than survive me, either married or unmarried. This is a test of which I solemnly believe many of your sex capable, but, alas for ours, there is not one in ten thousand capable of it. You were surprised at my shrinking from the question, my love, because you had not understood and could not thoroughly understand the characteristic difference of the sex. You were loath to believe that your lover was so earthly as to desire the earth for its own sake, and when all that bright halo which

sentiment throws around its dreary paths was blotted out; but you reasoned from within and not from without, from your own experience and not from the world's.

Oh! when the world is all thus purified and sublimated, then will the lion lie down with the lamb. Your heart has been purified by a high faith and a bright hope. God's Holy Spirit has poured its benign influence on your heart —already more than commonly elevated above its kind— and most truly did you say that your affection for me was blended with all your holiest and highest aspirations. No wonder, then, that you could die a martyr in a double sense. I will strive, my own Ellen, to make myself worthy of an attachment so pure, so far above the dross of this earth. It might be a wise question for moralists, how such an attachment could hold to one so confessedly impure as your correspondent—one so weighed down with the grosser passions of selfishness in its thousand phases, and ambition with its earthly means. But I do not desire to perplex your senitive mind with the question. I am sufficiently happy that my youthful fancy was *fated* to select one so every way worthy of my maturest approbation.

"I will write to you daily. You see I have already renewed our old subjects of conversation. I cannot now exist without communing in the spirit with you. I cannot ask you to answer my letters; but should a courier be despatched after the army for any purpose, I am sure I shall hear from you. Yours, most affectionately,

"FRANK LEE."

CHAPTER XLIV.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROUTE.

AFTER a somewhat rainy and stormy night the morning broke brightly and beautifully clear. The air was fresh and invigorating, and a long and sound sleep after the fatigues of the day's march left the luxurious young cavaliers with elastic and buoyant spirits.

The officer of the guard had some half-hour gone upon his rounds to march the pickets in, when all at once the repose of the scene was disturbed by the idlers and followers of the camp running in a particular direction, as if something unusual had occurred there during the night. Frank Lee, and Dandridge, and Hall mounted their horses and galloped to the scene.

The officer of the guard had halted his men, and was just about to despatch a messenger to the governor, when his aides were discovered approaching. When the three young cavaliers rode up they discovered the sentry who had been stationed there during the last relief sitting against a tree, and most cruelly tomahawked.

Joe Jarvis was stooping over him, examining the wound most critically; he looked up when he saw the officers approaching, and, laying his finger upon the wound, said to Frank, "Didn't I tell the governor that the varmints were not far off? He's warm yit; it's been done since the rain;" and away he started through the woods to examine the trail.

When the three returned to make their report to the old chief they found him breakfasting upon some of Joe's venison steaks. He was startled by the daring atrocity of the act, but pronounced at once that the man must have slept upon his post. Jarvis was sent for, and soon made his appearance, scratching his red mop as he entered. He had the same cunning squint of the eye and waggish leer as when before presented in the same presence.

"Well, Joe, I understand you say that this thing was done since the rain; you have doubtless, then, been able to fall upon the trail, and can tell us how many of them ventured into the camp, and what they came for?"

"It is true enough, your honor, I did say so, and I stick to it; but as to the trail and all that, it would bother an older scout nor me. The critters are a-growin' cunninger, sir, every day of their lives. There's not the print of so much as a man's hand round the premises, much less of a moccasined foot."

"You don't mean to insinuate, scout, that this man has been murdered by one of our own men?"

"Not I, sir; no such thing; he was tomahawked from behind the tree by an Ingin."

"And yet there are no footsteps in the soft mud behind that tree, and leading to it. Why, how have they contrived to obliterate them?"

"That's just it; you've struck the nail right on the head; how did they contrive it? I'll tell you how they did it. They borrowed the legs of other varmints."

"What! they did not approach on horseback?"

"No, sir, but they come whole-hog fashion. If your honor will jist condescend to ride down there I will show you that there is not the print of a living creter's foot, 'cept an old sow's, anywhere about."

The governor and Lee followed Joe to the spot, and there, sure enough, were the distinct prints of a hog's feet on a straight line to the tree, leading from a small stream, on the banks of which many of the horses and mules were yet tied.

"Now, sir," said Joe, triumphantly, "did you ever see a dumb brute walk a straight line like that?"

"True enough, Joe, swine do not gather mast thus. But how in the name of Heaven did they manage it?"

"Nothing easier, sir; they jist take a hog's shanks into their hands and makes crutches on 'em. You see 'em here, sir, to the water's edge, and then they mounted and rode off. But, sir, this wasn't all for nothing; it wasn't all unmeaning deviltry; there's a meaning in it. They're not college-larned for nothin', depend upon it."

The governor did not like this thrust, and wheeled his horse and rode away, first leaving orders to have the man decently interred.

Joe sat about investigating the cause of the strange visit, and he first observed that the sentinel's arms had been stolen; next, that a sumpter-mule had been led through the water some distance up the stream, for he followed it upon his pony until he discovered the place where they had

emerged. He then came back and had the commissary summoned, and requested him to have the mules counted; and sure enough one of them was missing.

Still Joe persevered; he said he was determined to find out what else they had stolen. At first it could not be ascertained that anything more was missing. The provisions were all safe, and the arms were out of their reach, or rather, too near the grasp of those who were fully ready and willing to use thm. Joe continued to rummage among the wagons and mules, until at length he lit upon the ammunition, when it was found they had carried off several canisters. Joe went straightway to the governor's marquee, and there meeting the aides-de-camp, he related to them his discovery.

"Did you ever see sich cunning brutes? How in the name of Old Scratch they found out where the things lay beats me all to flinders. But this convinces me, squire, that what I told you before is true, that these varmints mean to keep us from the mountains if they kin. Howsomdever, they didn't know that Red Jarvis was to be of the party. The interpreter is laughing in his sleeve now, to think how you're all bamboozled with them hog-tracks; and he thinks, moreover, that the powder will never be missed—that you'll all be so taken up with the onaccountable death of yon poor fellow. And that ain't all; they mean to try it agin, or they wouldn't a' taken so much pains to cover up their deviltry."

"Well, Joe," said Lee, "what do you aim at by the pains which you are taking to ferret out their cunning?"

"Why, you see, squire, they're not comin' back to-night, but to-morrow night they'll think we're sound enough asleep. I guess there'll be one wide enough awake for 'em. Do you jist give the commissary his orders that I'm to sleep in that there ammunition-wagon—that's all."

The troops were again in motion, and in an hour after their departure all traces of the gloom and melancholy of the funeral had disappeared even from the mess of the buried soldier. Such is military life. The soldier seems

to take pride in marching from his comrade's grave to a lively air and with buoyant step; and we suppose it will always be so while men organize themselves to slay each other.

The route up to this time had been nearly in a straight line to the mountains, for the river along the banks of which they mainly marched lay, fortunately, in that direction; but it became necessary now to diverge to the east, in order to take Germana in their way. It was fully a day's march, or more, out of their route, but such were the governor's orders, and all obeyed with alacrity.

This day they began to exchange the monotonous pine-barrens for forests more genial to the eye. The country, although nearly in a state of nature, was rich in all that pleases the eye and enlivens the heart. For the first time regular parties were detailed to precede the main body of the troops, and skirt their flanks on each side, for the purpose of hunting. One of them accompanied the scout immediately in front; and it was the governor's orders that each, in succession, should be under the direction of the veteran woodsman.

As Joe predicted, however, they had but poor luck: a single herd of deer was encountered, and they, after a hot pursuit, only lost two of their number. Jarvis told the governor's aides at night that "them everlasting trumpets would have to be spiked, else they would all starve when the provisions gave out."

That night they encamped among the head-waters of the Mattapony River, having left the beautiful banks of the Pamunky far in their rear, and accomplished during the day even a better journey than on the previous one. All were now in fine spirits, notwithstanding the fortune of the hunting-parties, upon which in a short time not only the fate of the enterprise but their very lives were to depend.

As yet, however, provisions were abundant, without even trenching upon the stores of jerked beef and hard bread and parched corn laid up in their wagons and on the backs

of their mules. With the young, and the gay, and the thoughtless sufficient for the day were the evils thereof.

The camp-fires were enlivened with many a song and story, and, to tell the truth, the sparkling wine-cup was not wanting to enliven the festivities of the gay young cavaliers. The novelty of the scene around them had not yet worn off, and bright hope painted to their mental vison more enrapturing beauties and brighter landscapes beyond. The governor failed not to encourage their glowing anticipations from his own store of imaginary pictures. It is true, he had ceased to quote Chunoluskee as authority, but nevertheless he retailed many of *his* stories under new titles and editions. In fact, he believed them himself, and far more than had ever been told.

He was a very imaginative man, but regulated by a sound judgment and great military experience. He had, however, so long suffered his fancy to dwell upon the El Dorado beyond the mountains, that he had come to look upon those imaginary scenes almost as certainties, which were in fact very far from the truth. Not that he overrated the country to which he was bound, but that he had erroneous conceptions of it, and still more erroneous views of the difficulties to be encountered to get to it. The poor scout, ignorant as he was, had a far truer conception of both; but the time had not yet come to consult such counsels on any material point.

Though Joe was required to blaze the route, the governor was himself on foot a greater part of the time, compass in hand, with young Dandridge by his side taking notes of his observations. As they crossed the river they came to an Indian village, on an island, one of the loveliest spots in nature. The young gentry were in raptures with the beauty of the site. Not so with their old chief. He was pained to observe that the Indians even here had been induced to desert their homes, and were retreating before the march of his little army. Every indication thus far tended to confirm the suspicion that his enterprise was looked upon with fear and distrust by the Indians. He

knew full well from what source all this came, but how they had all been moved by one accord, in so incredibly short a time, confounded all his calculations.

He could only settle the difficulty by supposing his late hostages and beneficiaries treacherous far antecedent to the time of their desertion. He was loath to believe all this, for he was a true friend to the race and as genuine a philanthropist as ever lived. But here was one of the locations of his primary schools, and every inhabitant of the village was gone, with all their stores and plunder, and the school-master was perhaps murdered. Of that, however, they had no evidence. He might have been carried off a prisoner beyond the mountains.

Poor Hall! for hours he detained his friend Lee, wandering among the deserted wigwams long after the sound of the trumpets and the tramp of the horses had ceased. He had looked forward with eagerness to their arrival at this spot; he had expected here to see some of that race in whose possession was all that he prized on this earth; he had expected to be re-assured of her safety, and had even hoped to procure a runner to send on after his lost Eugenia to assure her of his speedy approach. To him the deserted wigwams looked like her funeral pile. His heart sunk within him as he beheld this new evidence of the old hostility still subsisting between the races. The fires of the ancient feud had only been smothered for a time.

During the three years of Governor Spotswood's stewardship he had succeeded in making them believe that he was their true friend, because he had never committed any aggressions upon them, but now he was about to outstrip all his predecessors in the daring strides of his adventurous spirit. Hall would have lingered on among the tenantless wigwams of the deserted village, but his friend Lee almost forced him upon his horse.

That night, although encamped in a beautiful country, and general joy and hilarity pervaded the camp, he sat in one corner of his tent, and leaned his head upon his hands in the most listless attitude imaginable. He took no

notice of the entrance and departure of any one, and really performed the routine of his military duties in such a dead-and-alive manner that Frank had to apply to the governor to have him invalided.

So deeply absorbed was he with his brooding sorrow that he scarcely noticed this change. Though cards and wine and songs and revelry resounded all around him, and made the old woods merry again with the dissipation and the wild mirth of the mad young cavaliers, it passed all unheeded by poor Hall.

The same night, Frank Lee, Nat Dandridge, Hall, and Moore being invited to the governor's marquee, Jarvis asked permission of the former to write a letter in his tent, and to furnish him with the materials.

"What! can you write, Joe?" inquired Lee, with surprise.

"No, not much, squire, but I can turn the pot-hooks and hangers into some sort of signs that the man'll understand I'm goin' to write to."

"And who may that be, pray?"

"An old crony o' mine, squire; and as his readin' ain't no better nor my writin' it'll be a dead match."

"The worse you write, Joe, the better he should read."

"Oh, that's his business, so here goes."

Frank stood for a few moments on the eve of his departure and laughed immoderately at the awful faces which Joe made as he turned his pen in its travail. "That's harder work than fighting Indians, Joe."

"Ay, squire, you may say that. I reckon I could make a round O on one of 'em in a leetle shorter time than I can fetch up one of these. But do you go, squire: you put me out a-lookin' at me." Frank departed accordingly, dragging poor Hall with him, and leaving Joe already bathed in a profuse perspiration.

The governor had kindly invited his young friends in hopes to cheer up the stranger, whose unfortunate story he had hitherto been prevented from listening to with that attention which he desired on account of his engrossing

engagements. He felt a deep interest in this young man —partly because of his connection with Frank's strange adventures and the mystery which he had hitherto thrown around his name, and partly on account of his known engagement to his unfortunate young kinswoman. Indeed the interest felt on account of the latter extended to many of the young gentry, who had heard Frank's description of the ill-fated but charming girl.

In that day such a captivity was not at all uncommon with the wives and daughters of the humbler farmers, and we have seen individuals of the gentler sex in ours who had spent years in captivity among the aborigines; but seldom within the knowledge of the young men had one so beautiful, so highly connected, and so gently nurtured been carried off. Her misfortunes excited a profound interest among all such, and not a little added to their eager desire to come up with their enemies—for enemies they were now acknowledged to be even by the governor.

But we will leave Hall to drag out his weary game of whist among his kindly-disposed friends, while we take a glance at Joe's epistle to his friend:

"Camp Nigger-foot,

"To Billy Bivins,—Well, Bill, I'm dad shamed if I don't bust if I don't write to you a spell; the fact is, Bill, I've kept company with these here gold-laced gentry so long that I'm gettin' spiled—fact! I rubbed myself all over last night head and ears with salt for fear on't. Yes, and if you and Charley and Ikey don't take keer, I'll cut you when I come back. But without any joke at all about it, I've got into the greatest mess that ever the likes of you clapped eyes on. There's that Mr. Hall—the real genuine Mr. Hall, the one as come last; oh Lord, if you could only see how he takes on—dash my flint, if I don't think he's a leetle teched in the upper story. All day long he rides that black horse (and he's dressed in black, you know), and looks as if he was agoin' to his grandmother's funeral. Poor lad! they say he's got cause enough—the

yaller niggers have run away with his sweet heart, but you don't know nothin' about them sort of tender things, Bill, it's only a-throwin' of pearls before swine to tell you of 'em, else I would tell you that Mr. Hall and me is exactly in the same fix. Yes, you and Charley may laugh, confound you, if so be you ever spell this out. We're exactly in the same situation—the yaller niggers has run away with my sweet heart too. You know the little Ingin gal that asked me for that lock o' hair, but you know al about it, and what's the use of swettin' over agin? Well, Squire Lee—that Mr. Hall that was tried for killin' the governor's son—well, he says she's a ruined gal, and to hear him talk, you'd think that she was dead and buried, and he a-sayin' of the funeral service over her. I tell you, Bill, these gentry are queerish folks, they don't know nothin' of human nature. He says he wants to know if I would take another man's cast-off mistress. Now, Bill, ain't her lover dead, and couldn't I make an honest woman of her by a-marryin' of her, I'd like to know that? But the best part of the story is to come yit. The governor's been axed about it, and he's all agreed, and says, moreover, that he'll settle fifty pounds a year on me, if the gal will have me. So you see, Bill, she's a fortune. Didn't I tell you that I was agoin' to seek my fortune, and that you had better come along? But I've talked about myself long enough, now let me tell you something of our betters. The old governor, I tell you what, he's a tip-top old feller in the field. He don't know nothing about fightin' Ingins yit, but I'll tell you, he'll catch it mighty quick; he makes every one stand up to the rack, and as for running away from an enemy, it ain't in his dictionary. I am told he drinks gunpowder every mornin' in his bitters; and as for shootin', he's tip-top at that, too. He thinks nothin' of takin' off a wild turkey's head with them there pistols of his'n. You mayn't believe the story about the gunpowder, but I got it from old June, his shoe-black, who sleeps behind his tent, and I reckon he ought to know, if anybody does. He rides a hoss as if he rammed down the gunpowder with half a

dozen ramrods. You ought to see him a-ridin' a review of a mornin'. I swang if his cocked-hat don't look like a pictur', and I'm told he's all riddled with bullets too, and that he sometimes picks the lead out of his teeth yit. He's a whole team, Bill; set that down in your books. The next man to the governor is Mr. Frank, that I told you of awhile ago; he belongs to the gunpowder-breed too; he's got an eye like a eagle, and, Bill, when they made a gintleman of him they spiled one of the best scouts in all these parts. If there's any fightin' you take my word for it he'll have his share. Some of the men do say that he was for upsettin' the Queen when he was to England, and that's the reason he came over in disguise. One thing I know, he's got no *airs* about him; he talks to me just as he does to the governor, and this present writin', as the lawyers say, is writ on his camp-stool, and with his pen and paper. I guess he'll find his pen druv up to the stump. Well, I suppose you want to know what I call this Camp Nigger-foot for. I'll tell you, for I christened it myself. I was a-followin' of a fresh trail as hard as one of the governor's hounds arter a buck, when what should we light upon but the track of a big nigger's foot in the mud here among 'em—fact! I told the governor afore I seed the print of the nigger's foot that they had some spy or another at Williamsburg, else they wouldn't a' know'd the wagons as had the powder in 'em. Oh, I forgot to tell you that the yaller raskels killed one of the sentinels, and stole a heap of powder and lead. Yes, and they had the wagon-tops marked with red paint.

"I hav'n't told the governor about the mark yet, and I don't mean to till I sleep there a night or so. You know, Bill, how I'll sleep there! I'll skin my eye open as tight as an old weasel in a hen roost. But Brag's a good dog you say, and Hold-fast's a better. Well, well, Bill, the proof of the puddin' is in chewin' of the bag; so let that stand over till next time. Howsomdever, you know I'm good enough for twice my weight of the yaller raskels any

day, and call that no braggin' either. Oh, Bill, all I want now is one of you fellows here for company to make this one of the greatest turn-outs that's happened in our time. This Trimountain expedition is agoin' to be the makin' of me. The governor's offered a reward for the Interpreter—yes, a hundred pounds for him, dead or alive. Whew! my stars, I wouldn't give that for all the Ingins this side of the mountains, nor tother, neither. That's neither here nor there, but I'm agoin' to set a trap for the college-bred rascal; but I won't bait him with one of Dr. Blair's sermons. Howsomdever, you'll hear of that all in good time. If you see old dad tell him I'm alive and a-kickin', and that I've got that red sculp of mine all sound yit, and with the help of God mean to keep it. Oh! I like to forgot to tell you that we are agoin' to take Germana in our way, which I told the governor was clear out of the route; but it seems that's the place where the young lady, Miss Elliot, was carried off, and her father sculped. Now, I would like to know what's the use of goin' to look at the hawk's nest when the old ones and young ones have all flew away. They may pick up some of the feathers of the innocent creters they've killed, but what's the use? I say. The governor thinks, I expect, that as that's near the front of the frontiers—the jumpin'-off place as I may say—that the Ingins may give him a little brush there. The fact is, the old gentleman's appetite for a fresh smell of gunpowder is gittin' stronger and stronger every day. I'm deuced affraid he'll kill the Interpreter with his own hand if he come up with them. Kase he killed his son, you know. Whenever any one talks of that college-bred raskel the old soldier's eye flashes jist like my gun when she burns primin'. Did you ever see a wild-cat's eye away down in a dark hole? Well, that's just the way he looks then; I suppose it all comes of that gunpowder he drinks afore breakfast. I would like to see him cuttin' and slashin' about a dozen Ingins when sich a fit is on him, if it was only to drive them Ingin schools and colleges out of his head. He wants

to give his stomach a thump of that kind afore we comes plump into one of their ambuscades. Take care of my dogs, and remember me to Dad and Charley and Ikey.

"Your's till death, JOE JARVIS."

CHAPTER XLV.

ADVENTURES IN CAMP.

THE next day's trail varied but little from the preceding one, except that it was shorter, owing to the necessary fatigue of man and beast. At night the scout, having received permission from the commissary, quietly took his berth in the wagon which had been before robbed, and which he stated had been marked. Truth to say, however, the said mark looked very much like a dozen other strains upon the cover, from the red clay which had soiled it by the splashing of the wheels.

The scout, however, was an important character, and displayed so much more knowledge of the country and the habits of the Indians than had been anticipated, that he was suffered to have his own way in those things not pertaining to military discipline. The early part of the evening was spent by the governor and his associates very much as the previous ones had been, except that the latter began now to seek their rude pallets much earlier than at first.

Nothing occurred to disturb the solemn tramp of the sentinels, and the more solemn cry of the whippoorwill, as they resounded through the silent forests at midnight. Scarcely a soul stirred in all that little city of canvas, except poor Hall, who walked about on the outskirts of the camp like some disturbed spirit. The melancholy flickering of the camp-fires as they died away, and the solemn moaning of the tree-tops, seemed more in unison with his depressed spirits than the revelry of his companions. He had just taken a walk within the line of sentries, and was standing

in front of his tent and gazing at the clear, cold moon—its silvery tints falling over tree, and shrub, and flower—when he was startled by a stealthy tread.

He drew himself within the shadow of a large tree which stood near, and watched and listened for a renewal of the sounds which had alarmed him. But a few moments had elasped before he heard a sharp, ringing sound like the springing of machinery, followed by a most hideous and unearthly screech, and the next moment Joe's merry laughter was ringing through the woods. He followed the sound toward the baggage-wagons, and beheld what he then supposed to be an enormous dog, with his forefoot fastened in a wolf-trap, and cutting the strangest antics on his hind legs he had ever seen a quadruped perform.

Joe had sprung upon the ground and was performing others very little less extravagant, and exclaiming, "I told you I would trap the varmints! I told you I would trap the varmints!" By this time several of the nearest sentinels also came running in to see the cause of alarm. To these Joe consigned his prisoner, and darted off into the woods in the direction of the river, which was some fifty yards off.

The dog turned out to be a young Indian, enveloped in the skin of the animal, and he had passed the sentinel on all fours, doubtless, as they all averred that no biped had crossed their walks. Lee, with many others of the young officers, had by this time gathered around, and the former ordered the young rascal to be released from his agonizing position, which he was increasing every moment by his vain efforts to work himself loose.

The wolf-trap was made of parallel steel bars, without teeth, but clasping together with great force. Nothing but the thick dog's-hide had prevented it from crushing the bones of the prisoner's wrist. He was now standing on his legs, and before the bright pine torches at midnight presented one of the strangest sights inmaginable. His very writhings and tortures from the pain of the steel-trap

produced merriment among the soldiers as he looked through his canine mask and whisked his tail about.

While the crowd gathered around the young Indian, each indulging his curiosity or his merriment according to the taste of the newcomer, the report of Joe's gun was heard but a short distance off, immediately followed by that startling sound to all civilized ears, the war-whoop.

The captive was quickly deserted by all except the two soldiers who had him immediately in charge. When the party arrived at the bank of the river they beheld, by the light of the moon, Joe in a truly perilous position. He was standing in a canoe in the middle of the stream, and defending himself most manfully against four stalwart warriors and a negro, each scarcely inferior in size to the scout himself. He had what appeared to be a handspike in his hand, with which he was laying about him at a tremendous rate, while his foes, each in a separate canoe (with the exception of the negro, who sculled for one of the party), attempted to surround him at first, but when they discovered what a formidable giant they had to deal with at close quarters, they changed their method of attack and attempted to drown him.

The anxious spectators on shore could render no assistance, for there was not a canoe or plank to float upon along the shore. Frank Lee dashed down the banks with frantic speed in search of some such thing, but to no purpose. The savages had been careful to leave only one for the escape of the young rogue who had been caught in the steel-trap.

By this time Joe had reduced the number of his antagonists to the warrior in the canoe with the negro; but the others were in the water, and would speedily swamp his canoe. He saw them approaching, and knew that his scouting days were ended if they once got *round* him, and he was powerless as to all direction of the frail thing in which he stood.

At this stage of the desperate rencounter young Hall threw off his outer garments, and would have thrown

himself into the stream had he not been forcibly detained by Lee. At the same time Joe made a *coup de grâce* worthy of a more veteran scout. At one bound he sprung into the enemy's canoe and lit right upon the negro sculling with a paddle in the stern. Down went Indian, scout, and negro; but in less time than we have taken to relate it Joe rose to the surface, dragging the negro by the hair with one hand, while he struck for th shore with the other.

Fortunately the negro came up with his back toward him, and whenever he made an effort to change his position Joe submerged his nose until he completely cooled his courage. The Indians made an attempt to follow, but the scout in a few yards touched bottom, and then the crowd from the shore rushed in pell-mell to his rescue.

As soon as he was completely separated from his antagonists the bullets began to whistle and skip over the water among the swimming heads, while the savages dived like ducks. They tried hard to save their canoes, but so hot became the shower of lead around them that they were glad to escape with the broken crowns which the scout had given three of them.

"Why, Cæsar!" exclaimed Lee, "is it possible?" "Why, Cæsar!" repeated many voices. He was but lately a servant near the person of Harry Lee. Every one from the capital knew him at once. Joe shook off the water from his mane like a lion, and then gave a snort to blow it from his pipes, which, if it had been on the ocean, might have been mistaken for a whale's.

The governor was roused by the first report from the scout's gun, and by the time the party from the river returned he was dressed, and met them on the way. "Old times you see a-coming back, governor, with the Ingins —they hav'n't all gone to heaven yit."

"No, Jarvis, and I am afraid you will not teach them the way there soon."

"I don't know that, governor; if you had seen some of the hard knocks I give some of their knowledge-boxes jist

now, you would a' sworn I was in a fair way to send one or two on 'em to the happy huntin'-ground."

At this moment the governor cast a scrutinizing glance at the shrinking negro, whom the scout still continued to drag by the hair.

"Why, Cæsar!" exclaimed he also; but in a moment after a dark suspicion seemed to cross his mind, and he turned to one side and led Frank by the arm a few yards distant; and then they talked and gesticulated with great earnestness for a quarter of an hour, when they resumed their walk toward head-quarters, Frank expostulating and the governor insisting upon some measure which he had proposed.

"Well, well, Lee," said the latter, at length, "I will send the rascal back to the capital in irons, and we can investigate the matter privately when we return."

"No privacy on my account, your excellency. Tuck him up now, and learn the extent of the treachery at once; it may be important to the success of our expedition."

"Impossible—impossible; it requires a laborious and painstaking investigation to get at the bottom of such affairs. As for the treachery, I think the scout has pretty well blown their present schemes of annoyance. One thing I want to know of him— Here, Jarvis—was the interpreter in that cut-throat gang?"

"I'll tell you how it was, your excellency: when I tuck yon young varmint in the steel trap"—here he had to stop and indulge in one of his heartsome chuckles—"when I tuck the varmint in the trap—" He was compelled to give way in a loud guffaw.

"Why, what is there so amusing in it, Jarvis? It seems to me quite a serious business."

"You know, governor, the first day out you snubbed me off short about callin' of 'em *varmints,* and said they had souls as much as we had. Well, jist step here and look if this isn't a varmint I've tuck in my wolf-trap?" Saying which, he walked up to the wagon where the guard held the young rogue a close prisoner, and taking him by

the throat led him into the presence of the old chief. Governor Spotswood started back as the strange animal stood before him, apparently on its hind-legs.

"Now," said Joe, "do you see this here wolf in sheep's clothin'? If that isn't a varmint, I don't know what is."

"Well," said the governor, "I give it up for the present. Go on with your account of this affair."

"Jist so. As I was a-sayin', when I saw this here dog's hide, I know'd it in a minute—the yaller niggers ain't got no such dog among 'em; and, thinkin' of the nigger-track we saw on the trail last night, I jist popped out of the wagon, give this here *thing* to the guard, and made chase. When I came to the bank of the river it was swelled monstrous with the rains, and not a thing in sight but a leetle bark canoe. In I jumped, determined to scout along the banks, and catch the nigger if I could. You see, I thought it was that ere snowball all the time, kase I know'd his dog, or the varmints wouldn't a' caught me nappin' as they did. Well, when I got into the canoe, there was nothin' to paddle with but a club." Joe proceeded to indulge in coarse epithets, but was checked by the governor saying,

"Fie, fie, Jarvis! remember in whose presence you speak."

"I beg ten thousand pardons; but I thought if ever so mout be I could use the word at all now's the time, seein's he's made a dog of himself. But that's neither here nor there. When I had got some twenty yards or more from shore, I hearn a sort of snake in the grass, and when I looks round what should I see but four canoes stealin' out of the bushes from round a point of land, and cutting me completely off. I soon seed how the cat jumped; there was five on 'em to me one. So I ups with old Sally Wagoner" (his gun), "and let fly at the biggest-lookin' of 'em; they didn't know I had her a-layin' asleep in the bottom."

"Did you kill him?"

"I'm ashamed to say I didn't; but I commenced a-sculpin of him, which I'll finish some day, please God."

"Scalping him? Why, how did you commence scalping him?"

"I sent a bullet, your excellency, a-scoutin' right along the top of his knowledge-box, for I seed the blood a-tricklin' down his face arter the water had washed all the paint off."

"You have not yet answered one of my questions, Jarvis."

"Oh, I ax your pardon, sir; but I can't say whether the interpreter was one on 'em or not. The one I shot is exactly his size; but if so be it's him he's changed all them ere red cloaks, and gold lace, and grand feathers he used to wear down to Temple Farm. If it was him, I guess he smelt hell."

"Jarvis, Jarvis! this sort of disrespectful language will never do; for, though not belonging to the regular command, your example breeds disrespect and insubordination among those who do." Saying which he walked off in such an offended manner that Joe was alarmed, and appealed, in a whisper, to Frank Lee to know if he was really angry.

"It will all blow over, Joe, by morning, especially when he remembers the timely and excellent services which you have rendered to-night."

The governor did not proceed far before he stopped and called Nat Dandridge to him, and told him to have the dog's hide taken from the young rogue, and to put handcuffs upon Cæsar, and have them carefully guarded till daylight.

"Egad! I think Cæsar had an idea of imitating his great patronymic," said Carter to Moore as they turned away to seek their tents again.

"Yes," replied Moore, "if we may take the poetical license of naming this stream the Rubicon."

"It's a far nobler one, I assure you; but poor Cæsar looks very little like the hero now."

The same dark suspicions crossed Moore's thoughts, as he was thus forcibly reminded who Cæsar's master was, and of all the other suspicious circumstances of the case; and knowing Carter's friendship for Harry Lee, and not wishing to provoke a quarrel by giving utterance to them, he changed the subject, and they soon after separated for the night.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CAPTIVES.

Cæsar, the captive negro, was, as we have before represented him, not only a family servant brought up about the house, but he was a personal attendant upon the younger Lee. As soon as Frank heard the exclamations of surprise from those who knew the negro, he at once drew back in the crowd, and did not again present himself before him until complete quiet was restored in the camp.

Then he sought the solitary quarters of his father's old servant, and it may readily be imagined that it was a painful meeting on both sides. Frank had not seen Cæsar before since he left college, and the first sight of such a living memento of by-gone years would under any circumstances call up painful reflections; but when he thought of the old negro's equivocal position and the suspicion, which others entertained as well as himself, that he was not there of his own accord, he could have wept over the deep degradation and mortification of the African.

Cæsar looked as if he could have fallen down at his young master's feet and wept too, and yet he did not dare to approach him. Frank, on his part, was in fully as painful a position toward the old servant—he felt for him on account of the considerations before mentioned, but he could not accept the negro's atonement, through the inculpation of his only brother.

"I will tell you all—de whole trut, 'fore God, Mass Frank," exclaimed the poor penitent.

"Not a single word to me, Cæsar; I will not hear it. You are to be sent back to the capital to-morrow, and it will be time enough to make your disclosures when the governor returns; but even then he will not listen to you, unless you have white testimony to corroborate your statements. You see, therefore, unless you produce that testimony, you are likely to suffer in your own person. Nay, do not answer me. I understand all you would say, and it is with the hope of saving you from punishment that I have called to see you. I will endeavor so to explain the matter to the governor that he will make your punishment at all events light, if not remit it altogether; but it can only be brought about by your master and yourself leaving the country. I will write to him this night, or rather this morning, and point out to him his proper course. I did purpose, likewise, to ask you many questions about the old place, but I had not anticipated how painful the sight of you thus would be. I will therefore defer it to a more fitting opportunity. By that time I trust you will be far from scenes that may bring back to your recollection this degradation. Little did I think when last I saw you, as one of the time-honored servants of my father, ever to look upon you in chains as a criminal. I am as much mortified as if you had been one of my own kinsmen. Farewell, Cæsar!"

The old fellow stretched out his hand, amid a plentiful shower of tears, and could only exclaim, between his agonizing sobs, "Oh! Mass Frank, God bless you!"

Frank returned at once to write the promised letter, for it may be readily imagined that he felt little disposed to sleep. It was short, but to the point:

"Camp Negro-foot.

"To Henry Lee, Esq.—The ink would blister the paper could I be guilty of the hypocrisy of commencing a letter to you with an endearing epithet after all that is

past and gone. Indeed, it was my intention never to have addressed you again in any manner this side of the grave. I thought you had done your worst toward me and mine, and I was resolved, if I could not forgive, that I would at least bear it in silence. But I was mistaken; you had not done your worst, as this night's experience teaches me. I find that my heart yearns toward everything connected with the happy days of our infancy. Over many of these you have power, and through these you can wound me grievously. I do not, and will not, charge you with suborning one of our father's faithful servants, to his own ruin and disgrace. I leave it entirely with you and your God. But, if even innocent (which I trust in God you are), yet you are responsible for their conduct. Nay, the world, even your old associates here, hold you now as the accessary before the fact to this poor fellow's crime. Oh, Henry, how have your passions led you on, from step to step, to this degradation! Can you be the proud boy that I once knew as an affectionate brother? But I will not be weak; my object in writing is merely a matter of business. I have a proposition to make to you; it is that you abandon your home and country forever. Start not, but listen to me. You know that you will be largely indebted to me for the yearly proceeds of my property, every cent of which you have drawn, and which, I understand, you will not be able to repay without sacrificing your own property. Now, I propose to give you a clear quittance for the whole of it, if you will sail for Europe before my return and take poor Cæsar with you. I know that you can find means to liberate him; indeed, I do not think the governor himself will be much displeased to find this scheme carried into effect upon his return. Reflect well upon it, and may God forgive you for your past errors. I shall never cease to pray not only for that, but that I may myself learn to grant you that free and full forgiveness which I daily ask him for myself.

"Your brother, FRANK LEE."

While Lee thus communed with his father's once faithful servant, and afterward with his brother, in writing, the governor held a very different dialogue with the other captive. In this emergency the scout was found to be a real treasure; for, besides his woodman's craft, he could converse so as to be understood by the young rogue whom his own ingenuity had taken prisoner. Having ascertained this, the governor ordered Joe and his captive into his marquee.

We will not take the reader through the tedious process of the double questions and answers, but give Joe's version of the old chief's talk and the young savage's replies, at least so far as they are pertinent to our narrative. And thus he rendered his patron's exordium: "Do you know, you d--d young rascal, that the great father of all the white folks between the herring-pond and sun-down is agoin' to stretch your windpipe?" Here there was a pause; after which the captive made one or two short guttural exclamations.

"What does he say, Jarvis?" exclaimed his excellency, impatiently.

"Why, sir, he says he does not understand a word of your talk, nor what I mean in his own lingo by a-stretchin' of his windpipe. I reckon he never seed the operation performed. As you've got to hang the snowball anyhow down yonder, wouldn't it be as well jist to let me tuck him up before this young varmint? I guess he'd understand that, and then you could jist make what you please out of him."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Jarvis; don't make yourself out more brutal than you really are. You would be the first man to rescue even that poor negro from a watery grave."

"You may say that, your excellency, seein' I pulled him out of the water no very long time ago; but, to speak the truth and shame the devil, it was kase I hated to see the gallows cheated out of its due."

"Well, well, have your own way, but make this fellow understand that he has fairly forfeited his life."

"Look here, stranger" (in the Indian language), "you've got to pull hemp a-standin' on nothin'."

"Uugh?" a sort of note of interrogation from the captive.

"Oh! you don't know what hemp is, don't you? Well, it's a weed that grows plenty in this colony, one of the wholesomest bitters as grows, but howsomdever it kills lots of people. What! you don't understand that neither? Well, maybe you'll understand this;" and he took a cord lying in one corner of the tent, and making a running noose, slipped it over the lad's head, and began to tighten it apace. "You understand that, don't you? Oh, I thought so. Well, the governor wants to know if you are willing to save your neck by bein' of use to him?"

To this he replied in the affirmative. The governor then asked him, through Joe, if he had ever been over the mountains. He said he had often. When asked if he would pilot the expedition over he said he would. This matter being arranged, he was next interrogated as to his agency in the massacre and burning of Germana. He stoutly denied that he had been there at all, but acknowledged that his father and brother had. He was next asked if he knew anything of the young lady (Eugenia Elliot) who had been abducted from that place. He said that he had not seen her, but he had heard that she had been taken over the mountains, with the people from the Indian villages, who had fled before the governor's troops.

After many other inquiries as to their treatment of female captives—their customs with regard to the marriage of such persons to native chiefs, the nature of the country beyond the mountains, etc., etc.—he was remanded to the care of the guard on duty. These latter replies were of such a consolatory nature that the governor, as soon as the day had dawned, threw himself in the way of young Hall, to cheer him also with the news. He stated to him (upon the authority of his captive) that his people were in the habit of disposing of female captives to the nearest relations of those who had fallen in the battle where such

captives were taken. But as no lives were lost in the sacking of Germana, he had understood that the young lady (pale-faced squaw) was to be given to the young chief for whom Wingina was originally intended, and that that very chief had been Joe's formidable antagonist last night.

All this was truly heart-cheering to poor Hall, especially that part which assured him that the chief for whom his Eugenia was intended was still hovering upon their outskirts, and was likely to be until the expedition was triumphantly completed or abandoned in despair. He knew Governor Spotswood's character too well to believe for one moment that he would ever abandon the poor girl to her fate. There was one point that he interceded hard for, and that was that the governor would permit him to take the captive as his own, set him free, and go with him over the mountains ahead of the troops. To this, of course, the governor would not listen for a moment.

It was a gallant sight to behold that bright and joyous band of cavaliers, in their plumes and brilliant dresses, and fluttering banners, not yet soiled by the dust and toil of travel, as they wound through the green vistas fresh from the hands of Nature, and their prancing steeds still elastic and buoyant with high blood and breeding. It cheered the heart of the veteran warrior, their commander, to see the columns file off before him as he sat upon his horse and received their salutes. The expedition numbered in its ranks some of the most hopeful scions of the old aristocratic stock of Virginia, some whose descendants were destined to make imperishable names in the future history of their country, and many whose descendants still figure honorably in the highest trusts of the Republic.

The route to Germana was little varied by adventures or mishaps of any kind; but the country through which they passed was hourly becoming more bold and picturesque, and the scenery more grand and imposing. The land commenced to be what, in the language of the country, is

called rolling. It was broken into long wavy or undulating lines, scarcely amounting to a hill, and yet relieving the eye, in a great measure, from the monotony of the dead-level tide-water country.

The romantic and excited youths who surrounded the governor were already expressing themselves in raptures at the new views every moment bursting upon their vision. Many of them had never in their lives beheld anything so lovely. At these raptures the old chief would smile, and sometimes encourage their enthusiasm, but always foretelling them of the Appalachian wonders which they would behold. Indeed, being a native of a bold and mountainous country himself, he longed as much as any of them to feast his eye on the top of a crag from which he could behold a horizon with mountains piled upon mountains, one behind another, reaching, as it were, to meet the clouds.

Germana was, alas, in ruins. The mill, which benevolence, more than any hope of gain, had induced the governor to have erected there, was a mere shell, its stone walls black and disfigured with smoke. The water-wheel was still in perpetual revolution to a fruitless end, set in motion, no doubt, by the wanton wickedness of the savages.

But these things, seen from a distance, were soon displaced by one of horror, which arrested their attention upon the halt of the army at the ruins of the old stockade. The dead bodies of their friends lay unburied, and half consumed by wild beasts and birds of prey or partially blackened and disfigured by fire.

As Frank Lee walked away in melancholy reverie from this disgusting sight his footsteps were followed by the scout, whom he heard muttering every now and then, "I'm glad of it! I am glad of it!"

Lee wheeled upon him almost fiercely, and demanded what there was to rejoice him in such a sight.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, squire; I'm not glad the poor fellers were sculped—by no manner o' means; I only meant to say I was glad the governor had seen it. Now he'll

know how we scouts come to hate the yaller niggers as we do. This will cure him of all the love he ever had for the etarnal critters; and when we come to meet 'em face to face, if so be that ever is, why, then he'll let us go at them with a will."

"Is that all? Well, here's my hand upon it, Jarvis—you are right—for it has produced exactly the effect on me which you have predicted of our commander."

"I know the critters, squire, like a book, and a great deal better."

CHAPTER XLVII.

FORESHADOWING OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the horrors of the massacre at Germana, many of the remains of which stared our adventurers in the face upon their arrival there, the night was spent pretty much as the others had been by the young gentry, viz., over their wine and cards. Carter and some of his friends were thus engaged during the evening, when Moore and Lee entered, with the hope of dissipating the melancholy feelings engendered by the ghastly sights which still haunted them.

As they entered, the former could not help but observe that he had been the subject of conversation, for an embarrassing silence ensued. Some meaning smiles might have been detected; and one young gentleman, unable well to control his risible faculties, burst into a loud laugh. Moore, being a frank and straightforward fellow, told them that he saw that he had been the subject of their conversation, and begged to be informed of its cause. To this appeal Carter was compelled to respond, for the eyes of all his companions turned to him at once.

"Why, Moore," said he, "I was only telling my messmates of the bargain which you and I made in jest, about not prosecuting our suits with Kate until our return, and

how handsomely I had stolen a march upon you before our departure from the city."

"Oh!" said Moore, with a sly but bitter smile, "and so you violated the compact, and met with a rebuff for your pains?"

"I plead guilty to the first charge, Moore, but I have not spoken as to the second count."

"Then, I suppose, we are to understand that you were successful, by the cheerful manner in which you relate it?"

Carter made no reply, but plied his cards busily, and Moore continued: "Silence is one sort of affirmation; am I so to understand you, Carter?" Still no reply, but renewed attention to the game. He evidently designed only to annoy Moore and amuse his friends with him. But placed as the latter was (as the reader has already been informed), he felt bound to rescue the fair name of his lady-love from the imputation of double-dealing. In that light he knew her conduct would appear to Lee, to whom he had confidentially communicated her gracious answer to his proposal. Accordingly, he renewed the attack pertinaciously and with some warmth. "I insist, Carter, that you give me an answer; now that you have carried the matter thus far, I demand it as a right."

"The devil you do!" said Carter, dropping his cards. "Then I shall not give any other answer than I have already given."

Moore rose to leave the tent in anger, but Lee begged him to stay a moment. "Gentlemen," said he, "remember your positions, and think well of whom you are about to quarrel—no less than the daughter of our commander. If it comes to the light, which it will do if you prosecute it farther, it must annoy the governor excessively, and throw a damp over our whole enterprise."

Carter was excited with wine, and had been losing heavily at the game, and was not in the most placid humor imaginable. True, he had been consoling himself with a laugh at his adversary, but that, too, was now turned to

bitterness, and he sat sullen and without a word of reply to Lee's appeal. Truth to say, he liked not the source from which it came. The other gentlemen present, however, seeing the force of Lee's view of the case, interfered, and argued the matter with both belligerents until they prevailed upon them to drop it, at all events until their return to the capital.

This armistice having been thus concluded, Lee and Moore continued their walk, and the latter remarked as they went, "Did I not tell you that Carter would never resign his pretensions without seeking a cause of quarrel? He betrayed me into a hasty acknowledgment of my rights purposely. It was a settled and premeditated design, and not accidental, as it seemed."

"But how could he know that we were coming to his tent?"

"Oh, that, as well as the subject of discourse at the moment of our entrance, was accidental, but the turn given after that to the conversation was in furtherance of a preconceived design."

"Well, well, Moore, let us drop the subject now, as you have agreed to adjourn the point for a long time; meanwhile he will grow sober, and I hope less bellicose."

The sentinels were placed this night with unusual care, as the governor had a suspicion that the Indians would make a combined attack upon him here, this having been for some time the center of their operations. But the night passed with unusual quiet; and though the scout and his band were out most of the time, no fresh signs were discovered. Young Hall accompanied them, in the hope of discovering some trace of his lost Eugenia. Jarvis assured him that she was already beating hominy and carrying water for the old squaw—the mother of her intended husband.

Joe did not perceive that he was every now and then thrusting a dagger into the heart of his new friend by his free and unbridled discourse, for the poor youth writhed in secret. The rude scout was no sentimentalist, and had

not the slightest conception of such sorrows as were weighing down his silent and moody companion. The reader has seen how he bore his own troubles of the same sort, and he imagined that there was a remarkable congeniality and fellow-feeling between them, owing to the similarity of their misfortunes. Every effort at consolation, however, only made the matter worse, as will be perceived by the following portion of their dialogue:

"How is it, Jarvis, when a young woman is thus set apart for the wife of a chief? Is her will nothing, or is she forced to compliance?"

"Why, squire, the will of a woman doesn't pass for much among 'em, but, to tell you the truth and shame the devil, I believes they do sort o' ax their consent at first, for they carries corn and hominy, and skins, and other plunder to the wigwam of the gal's father; and if she takes 'em, then he carries her off some night by force."

"And have they no rites—no marriage ceremony?"

"Oh, as to that, they may jump the broomstick, or the likes o' that, but cuss me if I think they're even so much Chritenated as that comes to. As to this gal of yourn, you see she's got no father among 'em to cozen with the skins and plunder; and as she's already in the wigwam of that he-rascal that I knocked on the head t'other night, what's the use of rites and ceremonies, as you call 'em? When he gets to home, if ever he does—consarn him—he'll no doubt consider her as his'n already." Here a groan from his auditor averted the flow of his discourse for a moment, but he speedily resumed: "I'll tell you what you've got to do, Squire Hall, you've got to slit his windpipe."

"Oh, scout, if I could only meet him in any sort of an encounter, however unequal, how gladly would I seize the opportunity!"

"That's talking like a man, now! Just throw away them blue devils and stick to that, and I'll bring you up with the rascals before we're clean over the mountains. There's no need for you to take on so anyhow, kase we've

to give them an eternal thrashing afore they'll let us over the mountains, or they will sculp us, in which case, you know, you won't want the gal."

Leaving Germana, the course of the expedition was directed for several days in a diagonal line toward the direct route to the mountains. That time brought our adventurers into a region of country such as many of them had never seen before. The land was thickly strewn with rocks, and stones, and pebbles. These were a subject of curiosity and admiration at first, but soon turned to one of annoyance.

Several spurs of mountains, stretching in broken lines from the main chain of the Blue Ridge, already presented their formidable barriers before them, and being unable to grasp an extended view from their base, they thought that they had already arrived at the long-desired point of their journey.

Eager were the emulous young cavaliers in their struggles to see who should first lead their followers to the top of these heights; but, alas! they were only destined to meet disappointment, for the same interminable view of broken and rolling country met the view beyond, bounded still by that dim blue outline in the background, and seeming rather to recede as they advanced.

Hearty was the laughter of the scout—in which even the governor joined—as they stood upon the highest summit of the first of them, and surveyed with dismay the mountains piled upon mountains beyond.

Governor Spotswood now, for the first time, began to have clear conceptions of the vast region which lay before him—the difficulties of the undertaking, and the hardships which would have to be endured before he accomplished his design. Already the hunting department had been greatly enlarged, and as they progressed farther into the wilderness game became more abundant. Several buffalo had been encountered and taken after a severe chase and many hair-breadth escapes. Still they encountered not their great

adversaries—the combined savage forces—those who had sworn that they should never cross the mountains alive.

But a new difficulty, wholly unanticipated, began now, for the first time to present itself. The baggage-wagons had been left at Germana, and of course the burdens of the sumpter-mules and the supernumerary horses required to be doubled. These were nearly all lame already. The first day the lame animals were relieved by others taken from the soldiers, while the latter were required to walk. But the substitutes in their turn became lame.

Small as the difficulty at first seemed, not many days elapsed ere the whole expedition was brought to a complete stand-still; and what added not a little to their discomfiture, their saddle-horses began to share the same fate, insomuch that the stragglers, with their crippled animals, strewed the route for miles.

The experienced judgment of the commander quickly perceived that this was exposing them to the hazard of a murderous attack from the Indians, and a general halt was ordered for several days' encampment to recruit the cavalry. The encampment was pitched upon a beautiful plain in that region of country now called Albemarle, one of the most charming spots in America. The mountains were distinctly in view on more sides than one, but the dark blue boundaries of the horizon in the west were apparently as far off as ever.

So badly were many of the horses lamed that some of the stragglers did not arrive until after midnight, and even then some of them had not made their appearance. The governor became alarmed lest they might have been cut off by the ever-watchful enemy, and he ordered the scout and twenty followers, with the soundest horses, to return and bring them in, while large fires were kindled to show the position of the encampment.

Lee and Moore determined to be of the party—partly to amuse themselves, and partly on account of Moore's uneasiness about old June, who was among the missing. In-

deed, Kate had specially charged her lover to have an eye to the safety of the faithful old fellow.

They found the wearied soldiers, some tugging along leading their limping chargers, with loud and bitter curses, while others, less persevering, were sitting in despair by the wayside; and the worn-out animals were lying down to die, as it seemed.

For miles along their route they encountered nothing but lame horses and worn-out soldiers. Many of the latter, having lost the blazed track, were shouting despairingly to their companions from remote distances in the forest. Some cried lustily for help, their horses having lain down in utter helplessness. The darkness of the night only served to render their accumulating disasters more annoying to the soldiers.

Lee, seeing how much this state of things could be remedied by keeping the soldiers together, ordered those in the lead to halt until their lost companions were found, and until those in the rear should come up. At the same time he directed pine torches to be kindled and held aloft as a guide to the poor stragglers. The whole scene resembled a defeated army during a retreat, and the feeble-minded and the wavering were already sunk in gloomy despair at the prospect of such a termination of their enterprise.

The distant mountains in view only seemed to render their despair more hopeless, for they seemed rather to recede as the expedition advanced, and such glimpses as had been caught from the tops of the highest spurs which they had yet ascended presented one continued pile of mountains behind mountains, seemingly interminable in their breadth. These things, it must be confessed, were very disheartening to the timid, but not so to the old veteran who commanded the expedition.

All day he marched on foot in the front ranks, cheering those around him and carrying his instruments and his arms upon his person, while his noble war-horse, as yet but slightly lamed, was given to a sick soldier. The reader's particular acquaintances "of the Order"—Lee

Dandridge, Moore, and Carter—followed the governor's example, and cheered up the drooping spirits of the weary and despairing.

The former especially now shone out in his true colors. He was every inch a soldier, and the governor relied on him now with unreserved confidence—twitting him the while, notwithstanding, concerning his vagaries at the capital.

Lee and his friends pursued their backward route for some miles and until the soldiers with their lame horses were becoming few and far between, and yet no tidings were heard of poor old June. He had not been seen since the noon meal, and the last straggler declared that he had not heard a single voice in his rear. Still they pursued their route, determined to persevere until daylight, rather than give up the old banjo-player.

When they had passed the last horseman, some five or six miles, and were just coming to the conclusion that they would find him at the lunch-ground, still some four miles off, Moore halted abruptly behind a projecting point of hill, descending to a creek which they were just about to ford, and laid his hand upon the bridle of Lee's horse. The latter drew his pistol upon the instant, and placed himself so as to be ready for action, but presently his ear caught a well-known sound, which induced him to return his weapon to its holster, while he could scarcely suppress a laugh, so strange did old June's voice and banjo sound in the still and solitary forest.

They moved as close as possible, so as to catch a glimpse of the old fellow and yet not to be seen. He was leaning against the saddle and portmanteau, his horse lying dead by his side, while he chanted the following words to one of his most melancholy airs:

"Farewell, Old Beginny,
I lebe you now maybe forebber;
I'm gwine to lebe de Chesapeake,
I lebe you crab, you prawn, you oyster—
Way down in Old Beginny,"

"My fishing-smack, my net and tackle,
I lebe you by de ribber side ;
I gwine to lebe de swamp and woods,
Where de coon and possum sleep—
Way down in Old Beginny."

"All my friends I lebe behind me—
Ben, Harry, Bill, and old Aunt Dinah,
Maum, Mary, and te Sarah child,
And my young misses, I 'blige to lebe you—
Way down in Old Beginny."

"De rattle-snake, de deer, de turkey,
He got dis country all to eself—
He high like steeple, and deep like well,
No like de shore I lebe behind me—
Way down in Old Beginny."

"A long farewell, my Old Beginny ;
I gwine fight cussed Ingin now ;
He sculp old June, he broke he banjo,
He no more sing to he young missus—
Way down in Old Beginny."

"The chimbly-corner's all dark now,
No banjo da to make him merry ;
A long farewell to my old missus—
A long farewell to my old missus—
Way down in Old Beginny."

"Why, June!" exclaimed Moore, "has every one deserted you?"

"Oh, Mass Bernard, I glad to see you for true. I tought de governor left old June for good and all?"

"But your horse—could you not get him along at all?"

"Oh, Mass Bernard, he settle all he account in dis world—he dead as a makeral, and June glad ob it, too."

"Glad! why, what are you glad for?"

"Kase he grunt so solemcoly, go right trough June's heart like a funeral sarmon."

Moore mounted the old fellow on behind his servant, proposing to leave the saddle, portmanteau, and even the banjo, until he could send back for them; but to the lat-

ter part of the proposition June stoutly objected, and they were fain to take him, banjo and all, as it was getting to be late.

Before day dawned all the stragglers, with most of their horses, were brought safely into camp without the Indians having discovered their helpless condition, if, indeed, they still watched the movements of the troops. Jarvis and those most conversant with their habits argued from this circumstance that they no longer hovered upon the outskirts of the army.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HORSE-SHOE ENCAMPMENT.

STRANGE that neither the governor nor any of his subordinates in command had yet discovered the true reason of the disastrous condition of their cavalry; but they had so long dwelt along the sandy shores of the Chesapeake and the alluvial soil of the rivers, that they were not aware of the effects of the hard, stony ground upon their horses' feet.

A general council of "the Order" was summoned after breakfast to take into consideration the condition of the army, and what it behooved them to do, under the circumstances. Various opinions were expressed. Some were for abandoning the horses altogether, and continuing their route on foot, and some were for remaining in their present encampment until their horses could be sufficiently recruited to prosecute the journey. To this latter opinion the governor was inclined.

Lee, who had been in consultation with his staunch friend and counselor, Jarvis, stated that the latter had predicted this very state of things in his hearing, and he attributed it entirely to the want of shoes upon their horses' feet, to protect them from the pebbles and small stones, which made them sore by the constant wear and friction of travel. Jarvis was summoned, and required to

explain the matter. Several of the lame horses were led up before the marquee where they were assembled; and Joe, taking up one of the poor animals' feet, commenced quite an erudite lecture upon the complicated structure of that admirably contrived apparatus.

By way of enforcing his views, he brought his own pony, which he had shod himself, and holding up his foot to the astonished young gentlemen, pointed out to them how well he could stand the pressure of his knife-handle rudely thrust against the frog, and from which all the other animals had shrunk with pain.

It now became a subject of anxious deliberation *what they were to do.* Any one could now see that little would be gained by rest alone, for no sooner would they have recommenced the journey than the same difficulty would occur again with tenfold aggravation, as the route yet to be traversed was, of course, more stony and precipitous. Besides, they were every day approaching nearer and nearer to the country of the hostile Indians, where the governor's peaceful tributary and missionary systems had scarcely penetrated.

The only alternatives left seemed either to abandon the expedition and go home, or to abandon their horses and pursue the route on foot. In their secret hearts many preferred the former, and hoped it would be forced upon the old chief whether he would or not, but no one dared to make such a proposition.

He must, however, have discovered their secret leaning that way, for he told them that any one who was home-sick, or who felt disheartened by such obstacles as they had already encountered, might return; as for himself, he intended to scale the mountain if he left his bones bleaching on the top.

All responded to his hardy perseverance, whatever some of them may have felt; while the scout could scarcely refrain from raising his coon-skin in triumph over those of his comrades who had confidently predicted to him their speedy return.

What was to be done? That was the question; and one which, small as it may appear at this distant day of graded and macadamized roads, was of vital interest to them. To shoe several hundred horses without the proper artificers to do the work seemed such a chimera of the brain, that when the governor proposed it he was answered by a general shout of laughter, in which he joined as heartily as the youngest of them.

Nevertheless, he said he would show them that it could be done, and that he would set the example himself. Accordingly, he ordered a shed to be immediately erected for a blacksmith-shop—into which the scout was installed as chief artificer. Joe said that his father had once bound him apprentice to the trade of a blacksmith, but that he was always mending old gunlocks and pistols on his own hook, for which his master licked him so often, that he ran away before his time was half out.

He expressed his sorrow that he could not foresee at the time that he would have the governor and all the young gentry one day under him as apprentices, in which case he would have acted very differently. However, he went manfully to work, and really turned out horse-shoes which would have been creditable to his old master.

During the first day most of the youngsters stood around and watched Jarvis teaching the governor of Virginia the art of horse-shoeing. Frequently he required the assistance of the sledge-hammer, which the old veteran would suffer no one to wield but himself, and most gallantly did the old hero of many battles bare his brawny arms to wield the ponderous instrument.

More than once Joe had to let go his red-hot iron and fall back against his rude forge and laugh outright. He said he had never expected to see the day when the governor would be striker to him.

"My old master," continued he, "used to tell me that the devil would make me striker to him when he cotch'd me, but I reckon he missed the figure."

By the second day the governor could make a very pas-

sable horseshoe, and Jarvis nailed a set of his own making upon his old war-horse. When the job was completed the governor mounted him and cantered round the encampment, his whole face flushed with the double effects of his triumph and his work at the forge.

The young men were no longer skeptical, but turned in each one to shoe his own charger. Some were not gifted with mechanical tact and ingenuity, while others fully equaled the governor in skill. The former were allowed to hire Jarvis and such ingenious soldiers as he had pressed into his service to do the work for them, by which operation the scout lined his pockets handsomely. He declared to Frank Lee that he had never possessed as much money in all his life as he made in that one week.

A new difficulty now presented itself, for all the iron which the foresight of the scout had provided had given out, and great numbers of horses remained yet to be shod. In this emergency some one luckily remembered the wagons left at Germana, and a detachment was immediately despatched, with the horses already provided, to bring the tires from off the wheels, and such other pieces of the metal as they could gather from them.

This expedient furnished an abundant supply; and the army was rapidly recruiting its strength and spirits, while the horses were as fresh as on the day they left the capital. Game was found in great abundance, and the tables of our adventurers smoked each day of their unwonted labors with haunches of venison which their sovereign might have envied; and, truth to say, they did not render tardy justice to the good things set before them.

On the last night but one of the horse-shoe encampment the governor invited the whole of the Order to sup with him; and, as his stock of wines was known to be almost untouched, most cheerfully was the summons answered. Long tables—rude, it is true—were set out under a fine grove of oaks, from the branches of which were hung such lamps as could be found through the camp.

About eight o'clock the governor gave the signal for the

onslaught, taking the head of the table himself, and assigning the second post of honor to Frank Lee. On the right hand of the giver of the feast sat the Rev. Hugh Jones, "Chaplain to the General Assembly of His Majesty's Colony in Virginia," as he styles himself in the work which he has left behind him.

The old hero felt that he had achieved a greater triumph over surrounding obstacles than when he led the charge at Blenheim, and he was consequently neither chary of his wine nor his wit. After the saddles of venison, wild turkeys, and pheasants had all disappeared, the governor led the way to the festivities of the evening by his standing toast, as in duty bound, now altered, of course, by the ascension of a male sovereign to the throne. It was varied also by the services which he supposed himself to be rendering to his royal master. Every one rose up with him as he filled his glass and gave, "*Our new sovereign*—may the 'Tramontane Order' push the boundaries of his empire in America to the banks of the Mississippi!"

It was drunk with three times three. It must be recollected by our readers, however, that they supposed the Mississippi to be just beyond the mountains before them.

It is well that the old chief could not foresee the ingratitude which awaited him even in his lifetime, and doubly fortunate that he could not see that to which we have alluded; else the festivities of the evening might have been marred. As it was, everything went on swimmingly; toast succeeded toast in rapid succession, and the conversation began now to grasp the objects of the enterprise as something almost within their reach.

The governor told them that he intended to offer a brilliant prize to the gentleman who should first plant the British standard upon the summit of the great Appalachee.

This was the first faint adumbration of the Golden Horse-shoe which we can discover. It was received with glowing enthusiasm, and every youth professed himself ready to die in the attempt. The old tactician knew well how to fire the ardor of the gallant youths under his

command; and, having brought their spirits and their emulation to that point which he desired, and for which the feast was given, he retired with his reverend friend, and left the younsters to their unrestrained merriment.

After the veteran had withdrawn his health was drunk with great enthusiasm; but it is doubtful whether the toast would have gone down so unanimously on the night of their arrival at the "horse-shoe encampment," so disheartened were many of the young cavaliers, and so fickle is popular opinion. A toast to the lasses they had left behind them was received and drunk with much feeling.

As the chairman (Frank Lee) resumed his seat, he discovered the scout leaning against a tree near, with his bare and brawny arms folded; while they, as well as his face, were black with the smoke of his smithy, which he had just deserted for the sounds of merriment in his near neighborhood. Lee led him forward, and placed a flagon of undiluted spirits in his hand, which he would have quaffed without much preface but that many youths gathered around him and sung out for a toast. "A toast from the scout! a toast from the scout!" was carried by acclamation.

Joe scratched "his inheritance", as he called his red flock, and advanced one foot; but his ideas did not seem to flow so readily under the process as the sparks from under his herculean hammer. At length, however, his eye was seen to sparkle, and his fingers to cease the cultivation of "his inheritance," at which demonstration the chairman thumped the table with his knife for silence and attention.

"Gents," said Joe, "as you've drunk to the gals you have left behind you, here's to the gals we have got before us!" slapping poor Hall upon the back, who was just sitting before him leaning his head upon his hand. Hall could not resist such an appeal, especially when urged by all the company to join the scout in a bumper. Thus

passed the evening, or, rather, the night, for they kept up the revelry until a late hour, and then separated in a good-humor with themselves and all the world.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-LETTERS.

During the lengthened encampment of the horsemen a courier arrived from the capital, bringing letters for the governor and for many of the young gentry who were with him. Numerous were the epistles of the anxious mothers and not less solicitous fathers, beseeching their sons to caution and prudence in the hazardous enterprise in which they were embarked; but with these we have no immediate business. We hope, however, that the following epistle may possess some interest for our readers:

"Williamsburg, 1714.

"*To Francis Lee, Esq.*

"Dear Frank,—But a few days have elapsed since your departure, yet it seems an age. Short as the time is, however, I must write now, in compliance with my promise, or lose all opportunity of writing until the expedition is on its return. The courier who takes this, it is hoped, will overtake you near the foot of the mountains. First and foremost, then, I must be selfish enough to begin at home. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and I suppose the pen writeth. You will, I am sure, be surprised to learn that my father seems to miss your society even more than I. After your departure he would sit up for hours wrapped up in his own thoughts. At first I did not heed this particularly, because he often does so when any of his patients are sick unto death; but I soon found that my caresses—a successful remedy generally—were entirely unheeded, and once I saw a tear stealing down his dear and venerable face. I could sub-

mit tacitly no longer, but begged him to tell me what disturbed him. He said he was beginning to find out my value just as he was about to lose me. 'Dear father,' said I, 'I will never, never leave you. We have been too long all in all to each other!' Was I not right, Frank, in giving him this assurance, and will you not doubly assure him when you come back? I know you will. 'How can you make any such promise, my child,' he asked, 'when you have given your whole heart and soul to another?' Now, was not this a strange speech for the good old man to make? Do you not discover a little—just a little—jealousy in it? I thought I did, and I laughed at the idea, though the tears were coursing each other down his cheeks faster than ever, and I taxed him with the strange manifestation. 'Well,' said he, 'have you not been wife, and daughter, and companion, and comforter, and nurse, and everything to me—and how can I live when all that gives life and cheerfulness to my house is gone? It will be putting out the light of mine eyes; for, my Ellen, all is dark and dreary when your shadow does not fall within the range of these fast-failing orbs.'

"I again and again renewed the assurance that we would live with him. 'Pooh, pooh,' said he, 'I have thought of all that. Frank has a large landed estate and negroes to look after, and when you are married you will have corresponding duties as a wealthy planter's wife. How, then, can either of you remain here?' 'Then,' said I, 'you can go and live with us in the country.' 'No, no,' said he, 'never, never will I leave this spot. There is a silent history in these walls, my Ellen, which you know not, for you were too young to know her whose sweet presence still lingers around every chair, and table, and wainscot, and wall, which you see.' Little did he remember, Frank, that those very inanimate objects had so long been telling me a sweet tale of my own, but I disturbed not his hallowed memories. Oh, Frank, are there many such husbands in the world? Your sex is sadly belied if there are. My poor father is a lover yet, though his head

is silvered o'er with age and sorrow. Dear Frank, will you thus cherish the homely household remembrances which I may leave behind me? Yes, I have as full faith in you as I have in my own father, and I declare to you that I would not intrust my happiness with one in whom I had less. But we have not the hazards and uncertainties of other people, for we know each other's every thought and sentiment. My father went on in the same strain for a long time, until finally I succeeded in imbuing him with some of my own trust and confidence that you would make any pecuniary sacrifice rather than separate us. An old man's life, or rather the enjoyments of that life, are made up, in a great measure, of the past—of these recollections of by-gone years—and one of the first duties of his children is to see that they are not rudely shocked. You know that I studied to have the arrangements even of the furniture so that my excellent father should see no change from 'old times', as he loves to call them. I have shocked him with no innovations or modern improvements in anything that pertains to his own personal comfort. His cocked-hat hangs upon the very peg in the hall on which he was accustomed to hang it in my mother's time, and I make it my business to take it down and brush it regularly every morning before he goes out. I knit his woollen stockings and gloves as exactly like the last made by my mother's hands as possible, and I have endeavored, in all things, to let him feel his loss as little as may be. Strange that he should, since your return, first begin to notice all these little things. It is the prospect of losing me that has now brought them conspicuously before him, for I have studied to make them minister almost unconsciously to his comforts. There is another thing which I have observed since you went away. You know that since his eyesight began to fail I have read the family prayers—at which all the servants are present. The other night he rose from his knees, with his face suffused in tears, and told the servants to remain; it was Sunday night. I had before observed the

same evidence of recent emotion. He said to the servants, 'You had better lay these religious exercises to heart, for the time will soon come when you will hear no more from your young mistress. That old organ will soon be removed to a new home. True,' said he, seeming to recollect himself, 'many of you will go along; of course, you will prefer to accompany your young mistress.' Isn't he getting almost childish? I fear this bodes no good.

"After he had said a good deal more of the same sort I suffered them to depart, and then begged him to be assured that I would never permit the instrument to be removed, even if I should go away myself, and that I would not suffer one of the servants to leave him except my own maid.

"You see, dear Frank, that I make no apology for telling you of these things. Gossip it may be; nevertheless, it is very near the heart. I think I know you too well to suppose that you will be indifferent to them before marriage, and far, far less afterward. You will see, also, that I suffer no mawkish delicacy to prevent me from talking to you as unreservedly as I would to my father. Are you not shortly to be my husband? and ought that confidence to begin in an instant of time? Can it be—does it ever so begin? Nay, does not life often end without establishing it, when the parties have begun by a false move in the first instance? I rejoice that I can repose this unreserved confidence in you even thus early. To you I know my little domestic records will have the same interest as if you had thought and acted them yourself. Kate has just been here. You see I am making for you a sort of diary of my letter, and to tell the truth, it has been written at several sittings. Well, as I just told you, Kate has been here and has made confidants of you and me. The saucy baggage said she knew it was just the same thing as telling it to you. You must know that she has promised her hand where her heart has long been given —to your friend Moore. Your friend will find Kate a more charming girl than even he imagines. I know him

to be amiable and accomplished, as the polite world view these things; but I fear he lacks the highest finish to be the true gentleman. What can make us such *gentle*-men or *gentle*-women as that spirit within us which ever prompts us to love our neighbors as ourselves? This germ of the Christian doctrine, if properly cultivated, will expand into a universal philanthropy. How different is this from your code of honor, which has one conscience for its followers and another for the world! The conscience of a gentleman of honor substitutes what others think of us for that unerring monitor within our own bosoms. Indeed, the conventional conscience often silences the still small voice of the inward man, and this, too, often in supposed deference to the opinions of *our* sex.

"Now, I wish to set you and Mr. Moore both right on this point. *No lady whose opinion is worth having ever sides with these laws of honor.* True, there are fashionable females who *pretend* to applaud all the vaunting and vainglorious chivalry of the world, but even they in their secret hearts love to see men who dare to erect higher standards of excellence and morality. Kate and I, at least, have the unfashionable ambition to see our lovers repudiate the false standard which the world has established. All this prating has been brought upon your head by some servants' news which has come to Kate's ears. Do not throw down my letter—she could not help it. Some of Mr. Carter's servants have told her maid that their master would never suffer Mr. Moore to triumph over him in his love. Now, do not laugh at our woman's fears, but attend to what we say. For myself, I think it would be a very good test for Kate to submit her beau to—this ordeal of the true monitor against the false one. So many of the Cavaliers emigrated to Virginia during the old troubles at home, that they established here in undisputed sway this false and corrupt standard. I am very sure you would not follow it—would you, dear Frank? No one could be more gratified at any honorable distinction of another than I would be at yours, but I could never *accept*

that hand in marriage which had been previously stained by the blood of a fellow-being—shed in single combat and in cold blood. Heigh-ho! I find I have commenced a lecture to your friend, or rather about your friend, and brought it all down at last upon your own head. Forgive me, dear Frank. You were brought up in the same school that I was—taught to pray kneeling at the same family altar. Oh, may we long kneel at the same holy shrine! To return to our mutual friends. As I said before, there has been no unreserved confidence between them. He will write to Kate, I know—indeed, I suppose his letters (with your own) are already on the way—but you can very well imagine what a lover's first epistle will be, or what they generally are, always excepting yours, dear Frank. Now, could you not open his eyes? Above all, could you not guard him against falling an easy prey to Mr. Carter's designs, if any such he has? Do watch over him, Frank, as you would over a younger brother.

"And now, dear Frank, I have little more to say than how much I want to see you, and how I do hope that you will return before there is any *greater* change in my dear father—(shall I say our father, Frank?). Farewell. Take care of Mr. Moore, Kate says, and of old June; and I say, above all, take care of yourself.

"Your own ELLEN."

It would have been quite amusing to a disinterested spectator to have sat at the same camp-table, and watched Frank Lee and Bernard Moore reading their several epistles. There was a spectator in the tent, and disinterested enough in all conscience—Jarvis the scout. He was sitting upon a portmanteau in one corner, availing himself of the light to fix an old gunlock which had lost some of its proper functions. From time to time he ceased his filing and screwing, and turned his blackened and greasy face toward the young men, at first with an inquiring glance, as much as to say, "Why do you read those letters over again, when you have already read every line?" But

when they both, as if moved by one impulse, and wholly regardless of each other, turned them over and over again, and read and re-read them, he could hold in no longer, and burst out into a laugh.

Both of them started as if roused from one of the sweetest dreams imaginable, and laying their hands upon the table, still holding the epistles, stared at Joe in turn. Their movements and the expression of their countenances were so exactly alike that Joe went off again "half-cocked," as he called it, in the rude apology which he attempted in his own justification.

"Well, well," said Lee, "now that we are all attention, will you be so good as to enlighten us as to the cause of your merriment?"

"Why, squire, you and Mr. Moore put me so plagidly in mind of the time when I used to go to school a-gittin' my lessons over and over agin, that for the life of me I couldn't a' help'd larfin'. Then Mr. Moore he worked his mouth and waved his hand so grand like, that he looked exactly like the player-men down to Williamsburg. I guess you're agoin' to have some play-actin' here in camp some of these nights, ain't you? Or is them raal, ginuine letters, sure enough?"

"As true letters, Joe," replied Lee, after the young men had indulged in their laugh, both at their own ludicrous behavior and the impressions it made upon their rude friend—"as true letters, Joe, as ever were written; at least, I can vouch for mine, and I think for Moore's, with safety. But how comes it, Joe, that every one received letters by the courier but you? It strikes me you have a correspondent. Were you not writing to some one but recently?"

"Oh, ay, and the governor gin me a letter, too, out of the letter-bag, from the same feller I was a-writing to—one William Bivins—we calls him Billy, for short." And Joe drew out of his shot-pouch, lying on the ground beside him, a blackened and disfigured letter, which already looked worn enough to take the heart of an antiquarian.

But we will not detain the reader with Joe's correspondence, as it in no way related to the interests of the expedition, nor to the development of our story. In its stead we will transcribe the other letter alluded to. It was from Kate, of course.

"Williamsburg, 1714.

"DEAR BERNARD,—According to promise, you see I have begun to write you a letter—and one dozen have I commenced before, but tore them up, because I did not know exactly what word to prefix to your name. First I tried plain Bernard—that looked too cold and abrupt; and then Mr. Moore, and that appeared too business-like and formal; and then I began without any prefix at all. At last I went to Ellen in my distress, and she rated me roundly for being ashamed to salute with an endearing epithet a man to whom I had promised my hand and given my heart. Nor was that all; she took me to task for still wrapping myself up in that reserve which the world compels us to wear, instead of endeavoring, as is *my duty* (you know I call her 'Mrs. Duty'), to establish an unreserved confidence between us, and to learn and *betray* at the same time all those peculiarities of thought and feeling which go to make up our identity. As I told her, that is the very thing which I dread.

"I am not so pure and holy in my thoughts that I may, like her, lay them open to the gaze even of a *conditionally accepted lover.* Nevertheless, she has frightened me so with the dread of future matrimonial unhappiness, that I have resolved to make a clean breast of it, or at least to make the effort. And so, to begin fairly, I asked my demure friend to tell me honestly and candidly what she thought was my besetting sin. And what do you think she said? Why, 'Love of admiration!' Just think of that. Now, is it so, Bernard? Can you, in your heart, accuse me of that heartless thing, coquetry, except just a little harmless flirting, with which the sages of our country allow us to arm ourselves. Is it anything more, Bernard? But stop—I must answer that myself, on my conscience;

and, though I almost quarreled with Ellen at her own house about it, I had scarcely seated myself in the carriage on my return home before the silent monitor likewise began to accuse me. I cried bitterly about it, and then sat myself down to make a true and honest confession. You must be aware, though, Bernard, that the position of the governor's eldest daughter is a little different from that of other young ladies even among the gentry. Alas! poor me! what am I saying? Attempting a defense of the very thing which I promised to amend! No, no, the daughter of his Majesty's representative is more bound than any other young lady to present a model even more blameless than common, inasmuch as her example is looked up to and followed by those who are beneath her in rank and position. Ellen says that even the tradesmen's daughters are already imitating my dress and manners, caricatured though they may be. Then I do confess (as I suppose I must) that I have rather been pleased with the insidious flattery, but I do assure you that it was unconsciously—that I never knew it until I was induced to make a rigid self-examination. To know it is to amend it, for, since I have analyzed the passion, I am heartily disgusted at its grossness. I am disgusted at myself that I ever sought promiscuous admiration. The player-women on the stage seek the same thing, and have a better excuse for it, for it is to them a means of subsistence. Oh, Bernard, the bare contemplation of what it leads to, if once it obtains the mastery, fills me with the most profoundly self-abasement. I am sure—at least, I hope—you will find me a very different girl on your return.

"There, now, if that is not as pretty a confession of a coquette as could be desired by 'Mrs. Duty' herself! But tell me, dear Bernard, are you willing to marry a coquette? Do answer your anxious and too repentant KATE."

It is not consistent with our allotted limits to ransack the mail-bag any farther at this time, though we may again present such of the correspondence of the parties on

the other side as relates to their adventures or the progress of the great enterprise. Preparations were now busily making to break up the celebrated encampment of the "horse-shoe." Nearly the whole cavalry had recovered their feet, and an abundance of jerked venison, and dried buffalo and tongues, etc., had been also provided, so that they were prepared to set out with renewed strength and spirits.

The murmurs of the discontented had now nearly ceased, and the young soldiers began to relish the rude but exciting life of the camp. The old chief at their head was in his glory. He had gained in health and strength and spirits with every day's journey, though he had performed as great a share of it on foot as the meanest soldier in his ranks.

The scout, too, was in his true element, and, besides, was now in high favor with his excellency, to the success of whose grand enterprise he was found so indispensable an auxiliary. Many times a day the governor would exclaim what a godsend it was that he had exchanged his promised guide for the one he had picked up at the eleventh hour.

He now saw that the wary Indian had purposely deceived him from the beginning, and especially with regard to the face of the country. He was now, too, fully persuaded that the young chiefs recently in college had been preparing to dispute his passage across the mountains exactly as he advanced in his preparations to effect that object. Already more than one had been seen and encountered who had never been at the college, a positive proof that far more were concerned than the pupils.

Then the desertion of the village, and the retreat of its inhabitants before him toward the mountains, all showed that they either intended to abandon the country wholly before the march of his troops, or else to dispute the mountain passes with him hand-to-hand. He knew too well to suppose the former for a moment, and their constant annoyance of his outskirts was proof enough, if any

additional had been wanting, that they entertained no such design.

Little information as to the movements of his people was gained from the captive, though each night he had been brought to the governor's marquee to be interrogated, and though Jarvis repeated more than once the hempen admonition before administered. It is very questionable whether Joe's feelings of philanthropy and benevolence were not such that he would willingly have extended that admonition had the governor permitted it. He assured the old chief that the young rascal would tell everything if he would only permit him (Jarvis) to hang him a little—just a little; but the governor had seen too much of the scout's tender mercies toward the race to trust the captive in his hands.

CHAPTER L.

FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

At length the army was again in motion, the horses having recovered the use of their legs and the riders their spirits. They were now passing through a country wholly new even to the scout, and one of surpassing magnificence and beauty. The forest-crowned hills, and the bright, sparkling streams tumbling over their rocky beds, succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity, exhibiting some of the finest landscapes in nature.

The general course of the expedition was along the banks of these water-courses—supposed to have their rise near or beyond the mountains; but their devious windings were not pursued, so that they often crossed the same stream some twenty times a day, in pursuance of the more direct compass-line of the old chief.

Toward night of the first day's march after leaving the "horse-shoe," some twenty miles, the great range of mountains began to appear distinctly in view, so that it was confidently predicted that another day's journey would bring them up to the base.

How gloriously the blue mountains loomed up in the distance to the astonished and delighted gaze of the young cavaliers, who supposed themselves just ready to grasp the magnificent prize for which they had so long toiled! But as the next day's march drew toward its close they were very much surprised to find the mountains still apparently as far off as though they pursued an *ignis fatuus*—so delusive were the distances to eyes accustomed so long to view objects on a dead-level.

These daily disappointments and vexations at length, however, began to revive the governor's youthful experience and recollection of such things. Still that experience was not exactly in point, because here the towering heights were clothed in dense forests, over which the changing seasons were now throwing the gorgeous drapery of their autumnal hues; so that he was nearly as much at fault as his juniors.

In enthusiastic admiration of the matchless succession of panoramas which hourly greeted his sight he was not a whit behind any of them. Often would he halt his suite, as they preceded the main body over some high hill, and all with one voice would burst out in admiration at the new scenes presented, sometimes stretching far away into green, secluded valleys, and then towering up from their very borders into the most majestic and precipitous heights. As they advanced nearer and nearer to the mountains these characteristics gradually thickened upon them, until now the army was often closed up entirely between surrounding hills, and at other times the front ranks of the imposing array would be ascending one hill while the rear-guard was descending another.

On one of the last nights spent on the eastern side of the mountains, after the usual bustle of pitching tents and building fires had somewhat subsided, when soldiers and officers were lying about in lazy attitudes, seeking that repose made so necessary by the fatigue of a long day's march, powerfully induced, likewise, by one of those delightful Virginia autumnal twilights, Lee and Moore were

resting themselves on the grass, and exchanging congratulations upon their prosperous journey thus far and the fine prospects of the morrow, when they observed the scout, instead of seeking that repose in which so many of his superiors were indulging, bustling about at a great rate.

Our two adventurers soon discovered that something more than common was in hand, and they called the scout to them and inquired what new scheme against the "varmints" he was now plotting.

"Oh, gents," replied Joe, "it's another sort of cattle I'm arter now—rare sport a-comin', gents; but it's a secret."

"No, no, Jarvis," replied Lee, as they both rose from their recumbent position, "no secrets from us—that is against our compact."

"Well, then," said Joe, "we are to have a grand fight to-night."

"What! to-night?" exclaimed both with one accord, springing to their feet. "Where, and with whom?"

"Ha, ha, ha! not so fast, not so fast; it's not with the yaller niggers."

They both turned away disappointed, and as they walked off Joe called after them, "It's a grand cock-fight, gents."

Both turned again almost as eagerly as before, and inquired of the scout how, in the name of all the wonders, the game-cocks had been brought so far from home. Joe told them that the servants of some of the young gentry had brought them by their masters' orders, and as they found it impossible to carry them farther they were determined to have one fight out of them before they were abandoned to their fate.

"To tell you the truth," continued the scout, "I thought the critters would a' been made into cock-broth afore now, along with that dog o' mine, Squire Lee;" and he indulged again in a sort of inward chuckle at the idea of eating the tough fowls, and dining from his dog's carcass, to which he still persisted in saying they were to come before they reached their journey's end.

As they walked toward the hastily arranged cockpit he went on to tell them what the governor had said when he (Jarvis) had made the prediction to him that they would at last have to return, for want of forage and provisions. "The governor said, says he to me, 'Do you see those military boots, scout?' 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'when I have supped upon them, and dined upon my saddle, then we may talk about going back without crossing the mountains.' That's the sort of commander for me; there is no backout in his breed, depend upon it. They do say among the messes of the old life-guard that he's eat his boots afore now, and June swears he had a bull-frog cooked the other night and that he eat him up. Now, I reckon that's the next thing to eating tanned leather."

By this time they arrived at the place already designated, by many torches and a crowd gathered round a rope fastened to stakes driven in a circle of considerable extent, on the borders of the encampment. A couple of cocks, belonging to some of the soldiers, were already engaged by way of prelude while they waited the arrival of the young gentry. They fought without gaffs; nevertheless, it was a bloody encounter, and one of them was soon gasping in the death-struggle.

When the rest of the young gentry had arrived and the cocks were pitted how eagerly were the bets offered and taken! how excited became every eye! The rope was bent almost to the ground with the eager pressing forward of the excited men. The exclamations flew round, "Ten to one on the red and white!" "Done!" "An even bet on the brindle!" "Hurrah! that was a home-thrust!" etc., etc.

Now, it so happened that the tents of the encampment were pitched just under one of those spurs of the mountains which they were daily encountering, and which had more than once deceived them with the idea that they had at last arrived at the foot of the real Appalachee. Whether this was the real Blue Ridge (for the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies were then all confounded together)

they had not yet ascertained, but an incident now occurred which induced them to believe that they had at last arrived at the base of the true mountains.

While so many were crowded round the cockpit, absorbed in the national amusement, an astounding crash was heard like an avalanche coming down the mountains. Some huge object seemed to be coming directly toward them, bending and crashing the trees, and tracking its course in sparks of fire.

Some thought a volcanic eruption had occurred, while others supposed it to be an avalanche; but, in far less time than we have taken to record it, a huge fragment of rock, weighing several tons, and carrying before it a shower of lesser bodies of the same sort, came leaping and bounding toward the very spot where the cockpit was located. Fortunately, a large tree stood directly between the crowd and the track of the fragment, or hundreds would have been instantly killed. As it was, several were badly hurt by the bursting of the rock and the scattering of its fragments.

Jarvis shouted at once that it was the Indians; and in a few moments his sagacity was verified, for the whole side of the mountain seemed suddenly belted with a ribbon of fire. Appalling as the salutation had been, the young cavaliers stood lost in admiration at the grand and novel sight which now saluted their wondering eyes, until roused from their dangerous trance by the loud and commanding voice of Lee, who was already on horseback, and calling his comrades to arms, by the command of the governor.

When he had drawn them sufficiently away from their dangerous propinquity to the base of the mountains, and while they were speedily mounting, a thought occurred to him, which was productive of the happiest results. He had ordered the camp-fires extinguished, but suddenly countermanded the order and directed them to be furnished with fresh fuel, while he galloped off to communicate his scheme to the governor.

He found the veteran already in the saddle, and eager

for the contest which he supposed about to ensue. His first order was to remove the tents and horses away from the base of the mountain, and out of reach of the new sort of artillery with which they were threatened.

This was executed with alacrity and promptitude, the opposite side of the plain or valley furnishing an equally commodious site for the encampment and sure protection against the enemy.

The next was to extinguish the fires, as before ordered at first by Frank Lee; but here the latter interposed, and suggested to the governor to leave them burning, and to avoid all signs of the kind at the new camp-ground. Scarcely were the tents and horses removed before the wisdom of this course was made manifest, for the thundering missiles were again heard crashing down the mountain.

Frank also suggested that a body of volunteers should be sent round the spur or projection from the main body of the mountain, and thus outflank the enemy while they were engaged in loosing and hurling down the huge fragments of rock. He expressed his belief that such a force might ascend on foot before daylight, and either get above them or hold them in check, while the main body ascended more leisurely, with the baggage.

The governor listened with attention to his scheme, and proposed that they should ascend the eminence behind them on the other side of the valley and reconnoitre, and suggested that then they could form a more accurate idea of the position of the enemy and the feasibility of the plan.

Accordingly he took his aides-de-camp and those in whose sagacity he had confidence and ascended the eminence. By the time they had attained the desired elevation, however, the whole scene on the opposite mountain had changed its appearance. The wind, which had been some time blowing a moderate breeze from the north-west, suddenly chopped round to the north-east and blew almost a gale, sweeping the belt or cordon of fire with which the savages had surrounded themselves on three sides into magnificent eddies, and curling and sweeping over the moun-

tains with a rapidity inconceivable to those who have never witnessed such a scene.

Every one saw now that they had indeed arrived at the veritable Blue Ridge, for the fire that had commenced in the spur beneath which the army had encamped had by this time swept around its base and entered upon the wider field of the main mountain, revealing what the governor had been so fearful of not being able to find, the Gap of the mountains.

This was a depression made by Nature, as if on purpose to afford a passage for man. The buffaloes first make their path along the winding track of these, and the Indians with true savage sagacity are sure to follow in their footsteps. While one party on the hill were expressing their delight at this discovery, the scout was heard, ascending just beneath them on foot, singing in loud and joyous tones the old song beginning,

"Run, boys, run, boys—fire in the mountains," etc.

When Jarvis had attained to the same level the governor suffered him to run his eye over the scene before he addressed him. The sagacious woodsman saw into the whole geography of the scene before him at a single survey, and no sooner had he done so than he seized his old coon-skin cap and tossed it into the air with boyish delight, exclaiming with the action, "We've caught 'em in their own trap! We've caught 'em in their own trap!"

The governor rode round to his side, and asked him if he thought it possible to convey the horses and baggage over the Gap.

"Sartin, sure, your honor," replied Joe, without the least hesitation; "haven't they gone over before us? and isn't there a buffalo-path all the way over, beginning at the hollow?" (a ravine which separated the spur from the main mountain); and with his finger he traced out, along the sides of the mountain, the probable course of the winding path. He was then told of Lee's scheme of ascend-

ing with a picket company on the other side of the spur, and getting behind the savages.

"The very thing itself," said Joe, "the very *idee* I was going to propose to you; and I'll tell you what it is, governor, as fine a scout was spiled when Squire Frank was made a gentleman of as ever wore a moccasin."

At this regret of Joe's all the young cavaliers laughed.

It was evident enough to the veteran leader that here the savages had concentrated their whole force to make one last and desperate effort against the encroachment of the whites. They were evidently determined to dispute the passage of the mountains.

CHAPTER LI.

THE ENROLMENT.

When the governor and his suite had descended once more into the valley—then about ten o'clock at night—all the young gentry and the officers of the Rangers were summoned to the governor's presence. It was a solemn conclave in the open forest, without any other lights than those afforded by the starry firmament above and the fantastic reflections from the fires in the mountains, which latter seemed sometimes to hang almost over them.

The governor laid the case before his youthful counselors, pointing out to them with his sword the probable route the Indians had taken, where they would be likely to make a stand, and the difficulties to be encountered. He then unfolded to them Lee's scheme, and told them that he approved of it highly after having maturely examined its feasibility. At the same time he did not disguise its difficulties, telling them that it would have to be undertaken on foot until they joined the main force. He placed Lee's claims to the command on the ground of his being the author of the plan.

With most of them this appeared reasonable enough;

but there were others who were manifestly reluctant to march under his orders, and others, perhaps, who preferred the easier route along the beaten path. The old veteran assured them that in his opinion they would have fighting to their heart's content on either route. The difficulty was soon settled, however, suffering the new scheme to be a voluntary thing with them.

Such as chose to be of the expedition were invited to step to one side, while those who preferred to remain under his immediate command filed to the other. Lee's party happening to place themselves near the old log where Joe was entertaining Nat Dandridge with his songs and stories, the scout immediately stood upon the log, intimating thereby that he, too, intended to accompany the more desperate adventure.

The new expedition was to start within the hour; consequently all of them were soon in motion, filling their knapsacks with provisions, and replenishing their stock of ammunition. Moore gave Lee one hearty grasp of the hand ere he entered the governor's tent for his last instructions.

"Farewell, Lee," said he. "You, it seems, are going to make an attempt to outflank the enemy; we will meet you, my fine fellow, more than half-way."

By the time that Lee had received his commander's parting orders the whole of the adventurous band was drawn up immediately in front of the latter's quarters. The old veteran stepped out, bare-headed, and told them that he knew perfectly well that they required no incentive to daring deeds from him, that his object in having a few parting words was to charge them, on the contrary, to caution and prudence in dealing with the wily enemy.

"Remember," continued he, "that you are all young, and comparatively inexperienced, and that young blood is proverbially hot. I feel deeply my responsibility to your parents and friends, now more especially when I am about to trust you to your own guidance for a short time. Do nothing to shake the confidence which I have placed in

you, or to bring our expedition into discredit. Twenty-four hours will decide whether we are to become laughing-stocks to the whole colony, or whether we are to earn glorious names which shall live long after these mountains are traversed with the king's highway. I have only to add that I have the highest confidence in the cool courage and judgment of your commander. Remember that there is no such thing as success in any military enterprise without discipline, and consequently without one recognized source of command. I am the more particular in enforcing this, because each of you is a gentleman born, and perhaps capable of taking the lead in his own person. I have designated to your leader his successors in their order, should he, unfortunately, fall or be disabled. May the God of battles watch over you."

After this each of the young adventurers was permitted to stop in rotation and shake the old veteran by the hand. Following close in their wake came Joe, who doffed his coonskin, and even took his pipe out of his mouth. The governor unreservedly held out his hand to him too, which Jarvis seized eagerly and wrung with the gripe of a vise, and would have passed on then; but the governor called out, "Hark ye, scout, remember these lads are now greatly dependent for their success on the manner in which you pilot them."

"Ay, ay, your honor, I'll lead 'em right on the tip-top of yon yaller camp, depend upon it. They shall have their bellies full of fightin' for once in their lives, or you may call Joe Jarvis a liar at sight."

"I shall draw no such drafts on you, scout. I depend upon you fully."

Only picked men, of course, were taken by each of the young gentlemen who had volunteered, because if each had taken his fifty men the party would have been entirely too unwieldy—besides weakening too much the main body, upon whom, in any event, much the heaviest part of the fighting would in all probability fall.

They numbered something less than a hundred and fifty

all told. The foremost of these were already ascending, by a winding path, the spur beneath which the main army was encamped, and in an opposite direction, as it seemed, to that route in which the governor contemplated marching at daylight. Simply, one party purposed marching up the ravine on one side of the mountain, and the other party were to encircle it until they should meet the first, near the head of the *Gap*.

To one accustomed to the mountains in our day this would seem no very difficult undertaking, but it must be remembered that this sort of traveling was wholly new to every one except the scout, and even he had never been tried upon such a gigantic scale. Any one who has ascended a mountain for the first time through a trackless forest may form some idea of the excessive toil and fatigue which our luxurious youths endured that night.

Often and often did Lee and his inseparable companion, the scout, seat themselves upon some flat rock or piece of table-land and wait for their wearied and straggling companions. For more than half a mile beneath they could distinguish the sounds of the rolling stones, as they were precipitated beneath the tread of their followers, and every now and then the shrill whistle of some straggler who had wandered from the main body. This last device was one of Jarvis's suggesting, in order to exclude the possibility of alarming the savage camp on the other face of the mountain, or perchance of arresting the attention of some straggling party of hunters, who might be out on that side for the purpose of supplying the camp.

The latter danger was the scout's whole dread, and therefore he pushed so far ahead of the main body. His gun he kept constantly ready for use—not for game, for every one had been charged not to fire upon any sort of animal short of a two-legged one, as Joe expressed it, and even the noise of this he deprecated, if the flight of such a one could be arrested by any other means.

When they had ascended about half-way up the mountain (on the opposite side from the encampment), about

the first hour after midnight, the scout (who was now some hundred or two yards ahead even of Lee) suddenly pounced upon a fire between two projecting rocks, and before the bright red coals of which some fine venison steaks were even then broiling, suspended upon sharpened sticks, after the Indian fashion.

The fine buck from whose loins the meat had been taken was also found neatly suspended on a stick in the crotch of a small tree. The scout was very much alarmed at these indubitable signs of the near neighborhood of an Indian hunting-party; not that he feared anything such a party could do of themselves, but he feared that the whole plan of the attack would be blown by the hunters running in and sounding the alarm, and thus bring down the whole force of the savages upon their small party.

Joe's dog immediately commenced running about and whining, and snuffing the ground in the most unusual manner, until at length he struck a trail and followed it to the foot of a large and thickly leaved blackjack. There he commenced barking furiously until the scout was compelled to choke him off, and even then he would return to the charge.

Jarvis took up his station at this tree, and here also Lee followed him with many others, when they arrived at the same level. The young commander now despatched his fleetest men up the sides of the mountain, to intercept any of the hunters who might have escaped.

"As for this varmint," said Joe, "I guess he's treed as snug as any coon."

And yet no one could see him except the scout, and Lee even doubted whether the scout and his dog had not both been mistaken. Joe rose up from the stone on which he had seated himself, with his gun cocked and ready to fire in case the savage should make a spring, and poking the end of it among the leaves, pulling them to one side. "There, capting, don't you see his red breeches now?"

"Yes," said Lee, "I see what you mean, but they are no breeches, Joe."

"Well, the old coon's there, anyhow; and if his breeches ain't long his leggins makes up for 'em. We've got the longest end of ours fastened to our waistbands, and he's got his'n fastened to his moccasins. I reckon if he could get out of this tree he would run leggins and breeches and all off, to let the yaller niggers on t'other side of the mountains know we're a-comin'."

The scout now addressed him in one of the aboriginal languages and ordered him down, but he either would not or could not understand—more probably the latter. "You don't understand that, hey? Well, here's talk I reckon's as good Shawnese as 'tis English," and with that he unslung an axe from his back and commenced cutting down the tree.

He had not made a dozen strokes, however, before the savage commenced sliding down like a bear. "Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!" screeched Joe, "there's no mistakin' that ere kind of talk. Oh, squire, if we had nothin' else to do, what fun we mout a had a-smokin' of this feller down!" The scout after he was down again attempted to make him understand, but he received nothing but guttural answers unintelligible to him.

The parties which had been sent up the mountain now returned without any tidings of others of the hunting-party, if such there had been, and the scout was of opinion, after a careful examination of the sticks of meat, the footmarks, or the trail, as Joe expressed it more technically, that he was alone. He was therefore speedily bound with his hands behind him, and marched immediately in front.

Too much time had already been lost with this unexpected interruption. However, the scout was now in fine spirits, as he supposed they had encountered the only difficulty of that sort which they were likely to meet. They were drawing toward the summit of the first half of the Gap.

We say first half, for they discovered, even before the dawn of day, that there was an intervening piece of table-land between the spur and the mountain, and upon this

the savages had encamped. The fires could occasionally be seen by our company as they wound round the mountain.

It was therefore necessary for Lee and his party to make a détour still farther round this table-land, in order to be above the Indians, as agreed upon with the old chief. This was accomplished with as much secrecy and celerity as possible. Joe took the precaution, however, of gagging his prisoner while they were circumventing the hostile encampment. A single war-whoop or the accidental discharge of a gun would have been instant destruction. The whole of the little band of adventurers now trod as lightly as veteran scouts, for each one could see for himself the hazard.

For more than an hour they were winding round the hostile encampment, and every moment dreading some momentary surprise. Jarvis even tied a withe round his faithful dog's throat and held it in his hand, so that by a single twist he could throttle him and stop his wind. He said he had two dogs in his charge, and both on 'em gagged, but that the four-legged one was much the more to be depended on of the two. Several times he raised the glittering blade of his huge knife and made a sign of drawing it across the Indian's windpipe, and pointing at the same time to his mouth, as much as to say that if he so much as screeched through the gag he would stop his war-whoop forever.

It was a truly trying and perilous undertaking to conduct so many men almost entirely round and above an Indian encampment, and within rifle-shot sometimes, and not rouse those ever-watchful sons of the forest. They could see the smouldering fire beneath them, now that they were ascending the main mountain, and, occasionally, the parties engaged in hurling stones upon the white encampment beneath.

It was fortunate for our party that the Indians were so engaged, else they might not have passed so easily. By the dawn of day the whole party was snugly stowed away

behind projecting rocks, trees, and undergrowth, so that not a glimpse of them could be obtained by any eye in the savage encampment. Indeed, the Indians seemed wholly engrossed with the movements of the governor's party below, which Lee judged to be already in motion, from the great stir among their enemies. The latter were all hands engaged with renewed energy hurling fragments down the mountain. This Lee and the scout could distinctly see from their well-chosen retreat. The latter had placed a sentinel over the captive and the dog while his services were in requisition by his youthful commander.

As soon as Lee discovered the exact position of the enemy's encampment he had despatched a trusty messenger to the governor, informing him of every important particular.

By the time this messenger reached the foot of the mountain the governor's party was already under way, threading their tedious and winding path, far remote from the buffalo track across which the savages were hurling their missiles; but the old veteran very soon perceived that it would be entirely impracticable to convey his horses and sumpter-mules by this route in time to co-operate with his aide.

By the time, therefore, that Lee's messenger overtook him he had already called a halt, and was detailing a small party to return with the horses, mules, and baggage back to their late encampment. He was delighted to hear of the admirable manner in which his youthful adjunct had thus far conducted his secret and dangerous adventure, and not less so to hear of the exact position of the enemy. This last information enabled him to lay down his own route definitely. He determined to abandon the path entirely, and to strike higher up the mountain, still winding round it, so as to avoid the point where the savages were hurling their new and formidable artillery.

CHAPTER LII.

THE BATTLE.

About two hours after meridian the governor gave the signal agreed upon with his reserve, which was nothing less than a volley of musketry upon the astounded enemy, who were still engaged in hurling stones and firing the mountains along the supposed route of those who so unexpectedly presented themselves upon their flank, and rather above them. The governor's fire was answered by a sound which made the hair of many a gallant youth stand erect—it was the war-whoop from fifteen hundred savage throats at once—a thing once heard never to be forgotten while memory lasts. The governor himself, veteran as he was, dropped his compass and seized his arms.

The very trees of the forest seemed to have become moved by the unearthly discord. The enemy, though completely taken by surprise and disconcerted for the moment, were not long inactive. As if moved by one common impulse, each warrior seized his arms and took to a tree or log, so that in a few moments they seemed to have disappeared as if by magic, and except for the stealthy fire, which they now commenced, the field might have been supposed entirely abandoned. If any labored under this delusion they were ere long undeceived.

Never had General Spotswood been placed in such a position before. He and his little army seemed stationed upon the mountain-side only as targets for his unseen enemy. He was just beginning to wonder what had become of his adjunct, when the reserve came swooping down behind the enemy like an avalanche—Lee and Jarvis seeming to vie with each other in their eagerness to spring first to the deadly encounter. At the same instant the governor's party advanced to the charge, so as to assail

the enemy at the very moment he was dislodged by the party in the rear.

Such was the impetuosity of the charge, however, on both sides of the field, that whites and Indians were very soon indiscriminately mingled in one general *mêlée*—fighting hand to hand, in many instances, while in others one of each party fired from behind neighboring trees.

Jarvis had early in the engagement thus ensconced himself, and was loading and firing with the greatest coolness and deliberation, picking off here and there the most conspicuous of their leaders. He had been for some time thus engaged when, as if by a sudden impulse, he rushed from behind his hiding-place and closed in deadly encounter with a warrior, his swarthy visage, naturally frightful, rendered still more hideous by the ghastly effect of the paint with which it was besmeared.

The encounter between them was long doubtful, but, as is generally the case in such struggles, the scout was triumphant. He was not content with a mere nominal victory, for he tied his prisoner, and immediately regained his arms and commenced firing from the very tree behind which his late antagonist had hid himself. The slaughter of the savages was dreadful, for more than half of them were only armed with bows and arrows and the tomahawk. Nor would they have maintained their ground as long as they did but for the precipitate manner in which the two parties of whites rushed to the encounter—thus giving their enemies a chance to use their deadly knives and tomahawks.

As soon as the governor became certain that victory perched upon his standard he issued orders to his troops to deal in mercy with the enemy.

While the main body of both parties were thus engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict, for the most part, on the very ground of the late Indian encampment, other portions of the field presented different aspects of the battle. Lee and a large part of his force had swept down the mountain-side with such impetuosity, that they were borne far past

the table-land, on which the general battle raged, carrying with them an equal number of the enemy.

These were engaged in a straggling sort of warfare far down the defile, so that the whole side of the mountain presented one great battle-field—stretching, in some instances, for half a mile from the encampment. Long after that portion of the enemy with which the governor and his command were engaged was entirely vanquished or captured, straggling shots were heard down the mountain, as if parties still pursued the retreating enemy.

In vain the governor ordered his bugles to call in the scattered troops. Many of them lay bleeding and helpless on their rocky beds. As Lee and his party returned from the pursuit most of his men were ordered by him to the assistance of the wounded—in many instances four or five being required to carry one man up the steep acclivity. When that young officer returned to the presence of his commander he fell prostrate with exhaustion and loss of blood. The governor ordered his outer garments to be stripped off, and proceeded in person to examine his wounds. Luckily, they were not found to be mortal. The old veteran dressed them and bound them up with his own hands, and had him carried to his tent.

Here a new difficulty presented itself. No surgeon had been provided for the expedition, and many of the troops were wounded with poisoned arrows, and were suffering great pain. In this emergency it was remembered that a student of Dr. Evylin, who had made considerable progress in his studies, belonged to the expedition. He was speedily required to doff his military gear and resume his instruments. Never had the poor fellow seen such a day of surgery; for the old chief required the wounded Indians, as well as his own wounded, to be ministered to.

These behests of mercy all attended to, the governor assembled the young gentry and the officers of Rangers around him, to witness the interesting ceremony of planting the British standard upon the highest peak of the

Blue Ridge in the name of his sovereign. They still, however, called it under the general term of Appalachee, under the mistaken impression with which they set out, that there was but one chain of mountains.

After a toilsome struggle from the table-land before described, and upon which the battle had been fought, they at length found themselves on the real summit of the long-sought eminence, and the governor planted the British standard upon the highest rock, with due form, and in the name of his royal master.

It was a bleak and barren spot, made up wholly of huge fragments of rock, piled up one upon the other, as if in some far remote age they had been cast there by a violent convulsion of nature. It was fortunate, however, that it was thus barren of vegetation in one respect, for it gave them an uninterrupted view of what has since been called the Valley of Virginia.

What a panorama there burst upon the enraptured vision of the assembled young chivalry of Virginia! Never did the eye of mortal man rest upon a more magnificent scene. The vale beneath looked like a great sea of vegetation in the moonlight, rising and falling in undulating and picturesque lines, as far as the eye could reach, toward the north-east and south-west; but their vision was interrupted on the opposite side of the Alleghanies.

For hours the old veteran chief stood on the identical spot which he first occupied, drinking in rapture from the vision which he beheld. Few words were spoken by any one after the first exclamations of surprise and enthusiasm were over. The scene was too overpowering; the grand solitude, the sublime stillness gave rise to profound emotions which found no utterance. Nearly every one wandered off and seated himself upon some towering crag, and there held communion with the silent spirit of the place.

There lay the Valley of Virginia, that garden-spot of the earth, in its first freshness and purity as it came from the hands of its Maker. Not a white man had ever

trod that virgin soil from the beginning of the world. What a solemn and sublime temple of nature was there! And who could look upon it, as it spread far out to the east and west until it was lost in the dim and hazy horizon, and not feel deeply impressed with the majesty of its Author?

Governor Spotswood carried his thoughts into the future, and imagined the fine country which he beheld peopled, and glowing under the hands of the husbandman; and all his bright anticipations were more than realized. At length he turned to Moore, who sat near him, not less entranced, and said, "They call me a visionary, but what imagination ever conjured up a vision like that? Oh, 'tis a magnificent panorama! But tell me, do you not see smoke curling up there among the trees like a blue thread?"

The young officer rose instantly and gazed into the leafy world below, and after a long and searching inspection confirmed the governor's suspicion.

"It is doubtless the camp of the Indian women and children waiting for their warriors, whom they suppose still engaged with us on the east side of the mountain. It is a happy discovery. Haste, Mr. Moore, and call our young men together, and ascertain who is willing to bear a flag of truce to them. Now is the time to rescue Miss Elliot, before they hear the disastrous news respecting their own party from other lips."

"It requires no prophet to tell who will go, even without summoning them," replied Moore.

"You mean Hall? True, true; but would it be prudent, think you, to suffer him to set out upon such an errand?"

"I do not know, sir; but Lee says he fought like a lion, and behaved in every way in the most prudent as well as gallant manner."

"Then bring him here with the scout."

In the course of little more than an hour young Hall stood before the governor, with the scout by his side.

"Are you willing to carry a flag of truce to the enemy's

camp or village, as the case may be?" inquired his excellency.

"I desire that privilege of all things, sir, and am ready to set out."

The governor then turned to Jarvis, but started back and said, "Why, who the devil have you got there?"

"This is one of the yaller niggers, your honor—I *fout* him myself; and hearin' that you was a-goin' to send this young gent with me to the Ingin village, I thought it best to take him along, kase he can tell his folks that we've got lots more of 'em up here, and that your honor will hang one on 'em for every hair in Mr. Hall's head that they meddle with—for your excellency knows that they've got quite a curious way of meddlin' with people's hair sometimes."

"A good idea, Jarvis; but I did hear that you had captured the interpreter, Chunoluskee— is it so?"

"Sartin sure; but I am too old a coon to take him down yonder. He's the best card we've got in our pack, and you know, governor, it ain't always the best plan to lead off with your trumps, unless you've got a desperate bad hand, which ain't the case with us by no manner o' means."

Without farther parley the governor instructed Hall to go with Jarvis and search out the spot from which the smoke rose, and if he found out the encampment or village, to offer ten of their best warriors among the prisoners for the release of Miss Elliot—indeed, to go to any extent in like offers if necessary, besides promising them valuable presents, "which," said he, "we will ratify when we descend the mountain. Should they, however, turn a deaf ear to all your overtures, and break up the encampment and move off, kindle fires on their trail, Jarvis, and we will station parties ready to cut off their retreat in either direction."

The governor then returned to his own encampment, and our adventurers commenced their perilous enterprise.

CHAPTER LIII.

A RESCUE.

Hall and the scout, with their captured warrior, proceeded down the mountain, guided by the smoke from the Indian wigwams, Jarvis beguiling the way, as usual, with his rude humor, and every now and then making the woods ring with his merriment; but a more inattentive auditor he could not have selected from the entire encampment. Hall's whole mind and soul was absorbed with the intensely interesting business on hand—with the hope, the near prospect, of soon beholding and releasing the youthful idol of his heart.

Before they had near descended into the valley, however, night was approaching; still they pursued their way, invigorated by what Jarvis drew from the captive warrior, viz., that they would find the pale-faced squaw in the very encampment to which they were bound. Hall was no longer oppressed with lethargy. He bounded over the rocks and precipices as if he would annihilate both time and space. After several hours of such running and leaping, our adventurers found themselves at sunset in a beautiful valley, watered by one of those sparkling mountain streams which gathered its waters from the ravines of the mountain itself—here receiving a tributary, tumbling in beautiful cascades over its rocky bed, and there taking up some quiet little brook which bubbled along its course in more modest guise.

On the banks of the main stream, about half a mile distant, they could plainly perceive the fires of the savages' encampment. And here they called a halt, while the scout should reconnoitre the enemy's position. He was gone about half an hour, which seemed to Hall an age, so impatient was he to hear tidings of Eugenia. The scout came back quite chapfallen, and proposed their instant retreat up the mountain.

The very first piece of information which he communicated (and Hall would listen to nothing else until he heard that) determined the young officer to proceed at all hazards to himself. It was, that the scout had seen with his own eyes the object of their search. He stated, moreover, that the stragglers who had escaped from the battle were pouring into the encampment, and that the squaws and relations of the slain were already setting up their hideous lamentations, which, indeed, they could hear from where they stood.

Jarvis told him that it would be certain death, and perhaps torture, to present themselves under such circumstances and while they were smarting under defeat and the loss of their kindred. Hall pointed with a confident air to the white handkerchief, which he was busily fastening to its staff.

"They won't mind it, squire, to the vally of this," said the scout, tossing out of his mouth a huge chew of tobacco.

"Well," said Hall, "you may return with or without the prisoner, scout; but as for me I go forward with this flag of truce, if I were certain that they would tear me to pieces the next moment with red-hot pincers."

Jarvis seemed irresolute what to do. He did not like to suffer the young man to go forward by himself, and yet he knew, if he accompanied him, he would thereby render himself powerless as to all assistance in case of Hall's being detained. Besides, he considered the young man, though his superior officer, as really under his guidance.

He scratched his head for full a quarter of an hour, and thought maturely of all the perilous circumstances surrounding them. In fact, he considered the responsibility of the adventure upon his own shoulders. At length he seemed to have formed his plans, and taking Hall a little distance from his bound captive, still keeping his beagle-eye on him, however, whispered to the young man that he (Hall) had better take the warrior and go on to

the camp alone; that in case they should detain him, then he (Jarvis) could make the signal agreed upon with the governor, and be at hand, moreover, to attempt his release, in case they should practise any of their bloody experiments upon him, before a party could come to the rescue.

This plan, although putting Hall forward into the post of immediate danger, was by no means desired by the scout in order to avoid any such thing himself, but because he knew that it was impracticable to leave his companion to wait patiently while he should venture into the camp. He knew that Hall was not in a proper state of mind for such a thing, and was, besides, ignorant of that stealthy and wary mode of watching necessary to avoid the Indians and accomplish anything in case of the worst.

He adopted his plan, therefore, with a single eye to Hall's ultimate safety, and without the slightest consideration of self. When the time came for the trial he walked along with Hall as if he intended to bear him company all the way, but soon left him, carefully concealing his whereabouts from the wary and sly old warrior, who kept his stealthy eye always upon their movements as much as he could without attracting attention.

After the scout had left the young man the latter bethought him of a difficulty which had not before occurred to him, and that was, how he was to communicate with the enemy. He was in a state of mind, however, not to be deterred from his purpose by even greater difficulties than this, and he moved steadily forward, keeping the captive immediately in front—the stream on one side, and the foot of the mountain but a few yards distant on the other—until they arrived immediately opposite the encampment, and separated from it only by the small creek, upon the surface of which were reflected the Indian fires and wigwams.

He could see the groups of savages as they sat and lounged and stood around the various fires, and the frantic gestures of those who had lost husbands and sons in the

late battle. It was but a few moments that he took to examine the various attitudes of those with whom he would so soon have to deal, or who might so soon have to deal with him. He was nothing daunted by all those sinister portents which had alarmed the more experienced scout; but, loosing his prisoner, pointed across the stream —an intimation that he was at liberty.

He did not require a second telling, but bounded across the narrow stream like a deer, and soon stood in the midst of his friends. His arrival was received with many demonstrations of joy; but when he had exchanged a few words with them, and pointing and gesticulating all the while in the direction where Hall stood and where they had left Jarvis, such a hideous yell as they sent up might well have appalled a stouter heart than Hall's. The savages immediately seized their weapons, and some score of them dashed down the stream, where the scout had been last seen.

Hall saw that now was the time to approach, if at all, and he walked deliberately across the stream, bearing his flag of truce aloft. Never was joy, exultation, and malignity more manifest than it was in the countenances of the demoniacs who now crowded around the bearer of that flag, not excepting even the women and children. Not that they were ignorant of the meaning attached to a flag of truce.

Hall was bewildered: his faculties already weakened, he was lost in the whirl and excitement of the moment, and he stood like a statue in the midst of his enemies. His face was pale, but his eye bright. He made a faint effort to speak at first; but seeing that he was not understood, and that his late captive was still haranguing his people— gesticulating all the while, and pointing to him and the flag, and the spot where he had left the scout—he remained a passive prisoner in their hands. That he might consider himself a prisoner he did not doubt for a moment.

When his late prisoner had got through with his

harangue or narrative, or whatever it might be, one of the oldest warriors took the flag from his hand, and then, calling to a hideous old parchment-faced hag, placed it in her hands amid the peculiar merriment of Indian women and children. He then proceeded to disarm the young man, and to strip him of his garments. While these preparations were going forward others of more fearful portent were also under way.

Armfuls of finely-split pine-wood were thrown in a pile, and some of the squaws and children were already building them into the peculiar shape required for the immolation of a victim. Luckily Hall was not familiar with the horrid details of their barbarities, and he was, therefore, spared the dreadful anticipation.

When they had stripped him to a state of nudity, and during a calm and quiet moment which had succeeded to the late strong exhibitions of triumph, the wild and solemn scene was disturbed by a scream which might have waked the dead. Scarcely had its echoes died away among the solemn forest ere a youthful and beautiful creature, dressed something after the Indian fashion, came bounding like a deer through the bushes, dropping one of the rude earthen vessels of the Indians as she ran, and clasped the captive in her arms.

There she clung like a vine which had grown to a sturdy oak; but Hall could return no corresponding endearments, for his hands were already tied behind him. Once or twice she turned her head partially around, and caught glimpses, first of the grim warriors around, and next of the fearful pile in the course of construction; and then she would bury her head in his bosom as if she would seek protection there, exclaiming, in agonized sobs, "Oh, Harry, your efforts to save me have destroyed you—they are going to put you to the torture! Why, oh why did you come alone?"

Hall, in a whisper, informed her that he had borne a flag of truce from the governor, and that the scout could not be far off, as he had accompanied him within sight

of the camp. While they thus exchanged a few hurried explanations a sudden thought seemed to strike the distressed maiden, and she ran off toward the spring, to which she had been when Hall first made his appearance. In a few moments she returned, dragging along with feeble steps our old acquaintance Wingina.

When she had brought her face to face with the chiefs she, with the energy and eloquence of despair, bid Wingina inform her cruel kinsmen of the sacred nature of a flag of truce, and what signal vengeance the governor would take upon them if they violated it. To all this the same old chief before pointed out answered that before the governor was done his breakfast they would be half-way across the valley, and hence their hasty preparations for the torture. Eugenia clasped her hands and wrung them in frantic despair, alternately praying and wailing in the most distracted and heart-rending appeals. But it all fell powerless upon the strong hearts of the grim savages who surrounded her.

While they were in the very act of dragging poor Hall to the spot appointed for his last agonies a bright light burst upon the scene, followed by another and another, encircling the camp at the distance of a quarter of a mile with a complete belt; and so rapidly were they kindled that the Indians supposed themselves surrounded, and stood to their arms. Poor Eugenia fell upon her knees, alternately calling upon her earthly friends for help and returning thanks to her God for the prospect of deliverance. The horrors of Germana were still rising up vividly before her mental vision with renewed terrors.

The Indians knew not what to do. They were afraid to move in any direction, for their enemies seemed to be all around them. Yet the death-like stillness of the forest was uninterrupted except by the wailing of the white maiden, and she was soon effectually silenced by the threatened attitude of a warrior with uplifted tomahawk. There stood the savages, each warrior behind a tree, stealthily peeping out every now and then in the direction

of the fires, and the women and children flat upon the ground, behind logs, if they could find them, but all as far as possible from their own fires, so that they did not approach too near the light of those that surrounded them.

After remaining in this position for some twenty minutes the savages began to wonder why their enemies did not close in upon them, as they at first apprehended they would. Then one warrior was seen to steal to the hiding-place of another, until they were soon broken into little groups again, still keeping within the shadows of the trees and without the light of the fires. Hall, Eugenia, and Wingina were in bright relief, surrounded with all these dark and stealthy figures, and for some minutes the two latter had been consulting together, the result of which was made manifest in an attempt of Wingina to put out the fire and Eugenia to loose her lover.

The latter movement was, alas, discovered instantly by their enemies, and one of them occupying a tree nearest to them came out from his hiding-place, threw the blazing fagots again into a heap, and approached with uplifted tomahawk to make short work with the punishment of Hall and effectually prevent his escape. The glittering blade was suspended almost over his head, when a deadly messenger arrested the murderous arm. It was shot from the mountain-side. In that direction there were no fires.

Every Indian again darted to his hiding-place, and the squaws and papooses who had risen to their knees to see the savage sport fell prostrate again, and all was as quiet as the grave. Nothing was heard but the solemn moaning of the majestic forest, swayed by the night-breeze, as they bent their towering heads to the majesty of the winds. It was just before dawn, the moon having gone down, and a night to make a savage even superstitious; and the mysterious circumstances surrounding them added not a little to their terror, for, whatever may have been said or sung to the contrary, the aborigines of this country are superstitious to the last degree.

After waiting another half-hour again the attempt was made to approach the group near the middle of the original encampment, and with the same unerring result, only that the shot came from a different direction. Hall, Eugenia, and Wingina now began to wonder themselves why their friends did not close in upon their enemies, when the former seemed to have the latter so completely in their power.

The same solemn and mysterious calm again reigned throughout the forest, and this time it lasted until the suspense to our three sufferers became almost insupportable. The savages maintained their position, and the squaws even put their papooses to sleep as they lay; but they were destined to a fearful wakening. The measured tramp of troops, apparently at some little distance, was now distinctly heard, and this again mystified the savages as well as their captives. Were they approaching or departing? It was not long left doubtful.

Nearer and nearer approached the glad and welcome harbingers to the prisoners. The former only waited to ascertain from which direction the sounds proceeded, when they simultaneously burst from their hiding-places, dodging from tree to tree as they ran. More than one attempted to wreak his vengeance upon the captive before they departed, but the same unerring aim seemed to be pointed always ready to pick them off.

When the whole body of savages had approached near to the fires in the opposite direction from that whence the tramp of troops had been heard, they were unexpectedly saluted with a volley of carbines. Such as escaped the deadly weapons ran back in the opposite direction, and there met the same welcome. Many of them escaped, nevertheless, and for many hours, even after daylight, the woods rung with the report of fire-arms, that sort of stealthy warfare peculiar to the American savage having been kept up.

No sooner was the original encampment cleared, however, than Jarvis stood beside the bound captive, and with

one stroke of his knife severed the thongs which pinioned him in his painful position.

In the very act of freeing his late companion and fellow-adventurer the same low, guttural chuckle was heard. "You may think it strange," said he, "that I *larf* at such a thing as this, but, by the long chase, I can't help it. Just to think that I, one, by myself one, surrounded a whole camp of the yaller niggers! Let nobody tell me arter to-night that they ain't cowards, and fools to boot."

"You don't mean to say," inquired Hall, in surprise, "that you were alone?"

"I am dad shamed if I don't mean to say jist that same thing. For two long hours I sot yonder on the hill and popped off the rascals as they started up at you. I kindled the fires, you know, kase that was the signal agreed upon with the governor; and as we were to mark the route they took by the fires, I thought like as not if I kindled one all round even the old codger would know what it meant, and sure enough he did, too, know more than I thought for, kase he must a' started the boys long before he seed these fires from the top of the mountain. Lord, Mr. Hall, with a leetle, jist a leetle more practice, he'd be the very devil among these Ingins. He suspicioned 'em, he did. He *warn't* agoing to trust you and that *dilicate* young thing there with nothing but a flag o' truce over your heads. He knowed a devilish sight better nor that. A flag o' truce to an *Ingin!* Why, Mr. Hall, you mout as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone, or sing psalms to a dead horse. But mercy on us! do jist see how that little sweetheart of yourn is a takin' on when the danger's all over; she'll cry her eyes out. What! larfin' and cryin' at the same time? Well, I'm smoked up a holler tree if that ain't woman all over. I have seed a man—even a man—cry in my time, but I never seed a man cry and larf too at the same time. It looks exactly like rain when the sun's a-shinin'. Come, go to her, squire—I guess she's about the prettiest squaw you ever seed with moccasins and leggins on—while I have a word or two with this

t'other one; and she's a real squaw, sure enough—no larfin' and cryin' there, squire." Saying which, the scout snubbed Wingina with his thumb, by way of a friendly salutation.

We will leave him to advance his suit as best he might, and Hall to resume his clothes, while we inform our readers of Eugenia Elliot's costume and how she looked in it.

She was dressed partly in the Indian and partly in the European style. She wore the leggings and moccasins of the former, while the remainder of her dress was made up of such articles as she had preserved from Indian cupidity. About her person was an old riding-dress, the skirts cut short, while her hair floated in natural ringlets about her neck. Every ornament with which she was wont to confine it had been either purloined or given by her as peace-offerings to her captors.

It may be conceived how interesting was the conversation between the lovers—how much they had to tell; yet she every now and then cast her eyes over her strange appearance, and then covered her face with her hands.

On the horrors of the massacre at Germana, and her father's cruel murder, and her own subsequent sufferings, Hall would not suffer her to dwell. He barely listened to a short and abbreviated narrative, because he saw that it was necessary for her to disburden her distracted thoughts. Then he led her gently to more hopeful themes —to the bright prospect which was still left to them. He told her of Lee's free pardon, the news of which he had the happiness to be the first to bring over.

After two hours of conversation upon such interesting matters he succeeded in restoring her to something like hope and composure. Her fitful moods of crying and laughing—which had excited Jarvis's special wonder—were now supplanted by a gentle and winning melancholy. She walked about the encampment, her hand clasped in her lover's with the fondness of a child. She seemed to dread the separation of a moment, and was even yet startled at the continued but distant report of fire-arms.

At the suggestion of Hall, she took Wingina as a guide,

and went about among the tents to collect such pieces of her wardrobe as the squaws had left in the hurry of their flight, and of which they had previously robbed her. They found Jarvis seated on the ground beside the Indian girl, apparently not having made much progress in his suit, for they were conversing in a sharp and rather angry mood.

The fact was, Wingina had been rather effectually spoiled for Jarvis's purpose; in other words, her notions were too high for the poor scout, and he could not exactly comprehend it. The home-thrusts which he gave her toward the conclusion of their conversation, about her loss of caste and all that, it would not be exactly proper for us to repeat in his homely and rude phraseology. Suffice it to say that, when they were separated by the approach of Hall and Eugenia, they were thoroughly angered with each other.

Eugenia was compelled to forego the protection of her lover's hand for a time, while she and Wingina rummaged the tents, and while Hall turned his attention once more to his military duties.

He soon found, however, that one superior in command to himself had headed the party to whose timely interference he owed his life and the rescue of his mistress. Bernard Moore met them as they were making the rounds of the camp, and the three proceeded on together to call in the scattered troops. Jarvis's tongue was in no measure silenced by the presence of the commander of the scouting party. He had been too much exasperated and disappointed for that. While Moore and Hall conversed together upon other matters, the scout would break out into a soliloquy after the following fashion:

"The pampered heifer, to turn up her yaller nose at an honest man's son like me! I reckon there's as good fish in the sea as ever was cotched. And she to tell me—the likes of her—to tell me that she was the daughter of a king! I reckon she wants for to come for to go to marry Mr. Lee, or Mr. Moore, or Mr. Hall, at the very least."

"What's that, scout?" said both, as they turned round upon hearing their names mentioned.

"Oh, it's nothin' worth talking about, gents; I was only arguin' the matter betwixt that sassy little yaller baggage and me. She curls up her royal nose so high at me that you would a' thought I had just come in from a skunk-huntin'. I reckon an honest white man's as good as an Ingin—whew—fal, lal de liddle;" and here he cut a few fandangoes to his own music, and snapped his fingers. After which he continued, "I reckon I am as well out of the scrape as she is. If it warn't for Bill and Ikey and them fellers to Williamsburg a-larfin' at me, I wouldn't care a chew tobacco. What a fool I was to go and blab the thing beforehand!"

The troops were by this time dropping in from pursuit of the enemy, and such as had been wounded or killed in the skirmish were borne into camp upon rude litters. Moore's attention was now required to his military duties, and Hall being relieved, he returned once more to the presence of her whom he had followed to the wilderness. She clung to him like a frightened bird, and all night long they sat by the camp-fire and conversed of the past, and sometimes, too, of the brighter future.

CHAPTER LIV.

ENTRANCE INTO THE VALLEY.

As the morning dawned the main body of the governor's force was perceived coming down the mountain. The shouts of the soldiers could be heard from time to time. These were led by one of the younger officers. The old chief himself was detained by two causes—first, to bring up the horses and mules left behind; and secondly, to lay out a wide military road from the Gap down the western side of the mountain. Some days after this a similar one was cut on its eastern side.

Every one was now in the highest spirits: the main objects of the expedition were already attained. They had cut their way across the mountains, defeated the savages who had sworn they should never penetrate beyond the mountains except over their dead bodies, and they had discovered that long-looked-for El Dorado so ardently desired by the governor and his friends.

True, they nowhere discovered the sources of the Mississippi; but that was now sufficiently explained by the towering barriers which everywhere presented themselves along the western horizon, verifying exactly the descriptions which Chunoluskee had given to the governor, as detailed in the early part of our narrative. They had, however, discovered a beautiful and extensive country between the mountains, and they were satisfied for the present.

Toward evening the governor, with the horses and wounded, joined the main force, and pitched his encampment upon the very ground lately occupied by his enemies, and where Hall had so nearly lost his life. The first person who presented himself at the governor's quarters was the scout. He had left a captive on the other side about whom he was very solicitous.

"Well, scout," said the governor, "so you have come to claim your reward, I suppose, for capturing the traitor and murderer, Chunoluskee; but why did you not bring him to me immediately after the battle?"

"To tell you the truth, governor, I was afeered you would exchange him, as he would be a big bait among his people; but I hope you have made sure of the yaller rascal."

"Ay, certainly; but you had no design to propitiate his sister by retaining this captive upon your own account?"

"What! me, your honor? None in the world. The deuce take his sister, I say; she turns up her royal nose at your honor's scout as if she wouldn't let me touch her with a ten-foot pole."

"So, then, you have met with a rebuff already! What reason did she give for her refusal of such an advantageous offer?"

"None, sir, none, except that it was the woodpecker seeking to mate with the eagle!"

The governor laughed, and so did Joe, nothing discomfited, apparently, by his recent rejection. He seemed already to have forgotten almost that such a scheme had ever entered his head. In fact, he was at the time at which we have arrived upon a very different errand: he was waiting to receive his reward for capturing the interpreter.

And while we are upon the subject of the traitor we may as well despatch it at once. Some days after he was summoned before a court-martial, tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. He was, however, never executed; the governor was so much elated with the success of his grand enterprise that before his departure from the valley he set all the captives free, and fully pardoned the murderer of his own son. He required but one condition to his clemency, and that was that they and their people were to abandon the valley at once and forever. He charged them that if ever they were found this side of the western ridge they would be shot down like wild beasts.

All this was done to the utter horror of the scout and all his class. It is true the former was somewhat mollified by seeing that the governor no longer attempted to put in force his Christianizing and tributary systems.

He was heard to declare "that the licking which the governor had given them on the other side of the mountains had done more to humanize 'em than all the book-larnin' they had ever got to Williamsburg and at schools among the nations."

On the second day of the encampment in the valley the usual notice was posted up that the governor would the next morning despatch a courier for the capital. Many letters were written on the joyful occasion, some of which we will give to our readers:

"Valley of Virginia, 1714.

"*To the Rev. Dr. Blair.*

"My dear Sir,—At length we have scaled the Blue Mountains, but not without a sharp skirmish with the savages; and many of them, I am sorry to say, were of those who so lately received our bounty, and were, besides, objects of such deep solicitude to us. All our labors, my dear sir, toward civilizing and Christianizing even the tributaries have been worse than thrown away. Mr. Boyle's splendid scheme of philanthropy is a failure; and we, his humble agents, have no other consolation left but a consciousness of having done our duty with a perseverance which neither scorn nor skepticism could turn aside. Let it not be said hereafter that no effort was made in Virginia to treat the aborigines with the same spirit of clemency and mildness which was so successful in Pennsylvania. Far greater efforts have been made by us than was ever made in that favored colony. The difference in the result is no doubt owing to the fact that the subjects with whom we have had to deal were irretrievably spoiled before they came under our charge; not so with those of Pennsylvania. I mention these things to you because you know that it was my determination, when I set out, to cross the mountains, peaceably if I could, and forcibly if I must. The latter has been the alternative forced upon me. From almost the very moment of setting out, our steps have been dogged and our flanks harassed by these lawless men; and more than one murder has been committed upon our sentries. But of these things we can converse when we meet. I suppose you are anxious to hear something of the country which I have so long desired to see with my own eyes. Well, sir, the descriptions given to us at Temple Farm by the interpreter were not at all exaggerated, and were, besides, wonderfully accurate in a geographical point of view. It is indeed true enough that there are double ranges of mountains, and that the sources of the Mississippi do not rise here. We are now in a valley between these ranges, with the western moun-

tains distinctly in view, and the eastern ones immediately in our rear. This valley seems to extend for hundreds of miles to the north-east and south-west, and may be some fifty or sixty broad. I learn from my prisoners that it has been mostly kept sacred by the Indians as a choice hunting-ground, and has not been the permanent residence of any of them, but that they came and squatted during the hunting-season. All this the interpreter kept (very wisely, as he thought, no doubt) to himself. We have not yet seen the miraculous boiling and medicinal springs, nor the bridge across the mountains; but parties of exploration are daily going out; and such extravagant accounts as they give of the game, and the country, and the rivers, and the magnificent prospects, beggar my pen to describe. I can see enough, my dear sir, from the heights in my near neighborhood to know that it is one of the most charming retreats in the world. I do not hesitate to predict that a second Virginia will grow up here, which will rival the famed shores of the Chesapeake; but the products will be different, and the people must be different, for it is a colder region. We have already had nipping frosts, and some ice upon the borders of the streams.

"The Indian prisoners tell me that the springs before mentioned are beyond the second range of mountains, and that there also are to be found the sources of the Mississippi, the French settlements, and many other of the objects for which we set out. They must now be left for another campaign. In the meantime the frontiers of the colony must be speedily pushed hitherward. This country will suit admirably for our Scotch and Irish emigrants; and inducements must be held out to them to venture into the wilderness, while we see to making roads for them and affording them protection. I am delighted with my adventure so far, and only one subject of disappointment remains—I cannot have a brush with our ancient enemies. These captives tell me that the French and the Six Nations have uninterrupted intercourse from the lakes to the Mississippi. This great tramontane high-

way must be broken up at all hazards; else all that magnificent western country slips from our grasp, and, besides, we will be constantly subject to be harassed by these disagreeable neighbors. In short, my dear sir, the boundaries of Virginia must be pushed to the banks of the Mississippi. I know you will say that my towering military ambition is running away with me, but I feel very sure that I can submit such representations to the Council as will induce them to unite with me in an earnest appeal to the ministry at home for aid in the magnificent conquest. You will readily perceive, from what I have already said, that I consider our enterprise but half accomplished, and that another far more extensive will be prepared as soon as we can hear from the other side of the water. My young men have behaved most gallantly. Young Lee will make a fine soldier; his daring bravery is among the least of his qualifications. He has rendered me most important services; so, indeed, have Moore and Carter and Hall, and even my protégé, Dandridge. I send you a list of others of the young gentry who distinguished themselves. I wish you to have a golden horse-shoe made for each of them to wear upon the breast, as a distinction for meritorious services, with the motto on one side, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes,*" and on the other, "*The Tramontane Order.*" Have them ready, if possible, by our return, which you may now expect in a few weeks. I shall despatch letters for my own family. I have only, therefore, farther to say that I remain your friend, A. SPOTSWOOD."

"Valley Camp, 1714.

"DEAR ELLEN,—I am once more writing from a couch of some pain and suffering, but, thank God, not like the last from which I addressed you that dismal letter, which I then supposed would be my last. I have no such apprehensions now. My wounds are in a fair way, and I am even permitted to walk about this large tent (the gov-

ernor's marquee), and, above all, I am permitted to write to you.

"Our camp is now pitched near to a rising knoll at the western base of the mountains, commanding a magnificent view of one of the most charming valleys that ever blessed the vision of enthusiasts. And I am told by the parties which nightly come in from exploring expeditions that I have not seen half of its beauties. You never heard such enthusiastic accounts of a country, and the governor is not a whit behind the youngest of them in admiration of its charms. But I must postpone my raptures about the country until I tell you something of your friend's young kinswoman who has been so long in captivity. I am sure that this time you will not be jealous if I tell you a great deal about that charming creature. First, then, we have recovered her, but nearly at the expense of Hall's life. Nothing prevented such a catastrophe but the foresight of our experienced chief, and the admirable presence of mind of our chief scout, Joe Jarvis; but of these things we can converse more fully when we meet face to face—I trust to part no more.

"When Eugenia first made her appearance in camp she was less strange in her appearance than was her state of mind. She was dressed something as you have seen Wingina, half in the European and half in the Indian costume, and, to tell the truth, she looked exceedingly pretty; but, alas! there was a wild vacancy about her eyes and countenance generally which alarmed me. It was more perceptible to me because I had known her in her better days and under more favorable circumstances. This, as I expected and feared, terminated in sickness, and she has been lying ever since in an ample tent almost touching ours. She has been constantly attended by Hall, and by a young man who was formerly a pupil of your excellent father. Since I have been permitted to move about I have visited her almost every hour. Her case would have furnished a curious study for some one more philosophically disposed than any one we can boast of in our ranks.

Her disease seemed like Ophelia's—a rooted sorrow from which no mere mortal physician could pluck the sting. Even her mental faculties seemed in a sort of eclipse—not that she wandered, as it is called, or was at all frantic; but she appeared imbecile and childish. This was succeeded by such a load of oppression, that I, who knew her, feared her heart would break. But good old Mother Nature always came to her relief in the shape of a plentiful shower of hysterical tears, mingled sometimes with frightful laughter: the latter ugly concomitant has been gradually subsiding, and true and genuine tears have taken its place. At first they forbade her to talk upon the melancholy particulars of the sad affair at Germana; but I saw that this was all wrong, and I at length persuaded the governor to let me try the opposite plan. I am happy to say it has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. She now loves to talk over her melancholy story, and I left her but a few moments ago talking and crying with poor Hall. Her sensibility is evidently returning, and with it her mental strength. By the time she reaches Williamsburg you will see that she is worthy of all the commendations I have bestowed upon her. I have not and will not say that she has attained to that excellence which my Ellen has aimed at, but she possesses all the native materials to work upon, and will doubtless attain, as she grows in experience and knowledge of the world, to a point worthy of moving in your delightful circle. You must recollect that she early lost her mother. True, you were equally unfortunate; but then her place was supplied to you by such a father as seldom blesses the orphan female in this world. You must recollect, too, that the lamented uncle who adopted her was a purely military character, and how poorly calculated were his daily associates to refine and model the forming character of our young friend. It was the brightness with which she shone under such disadvantageous circumstances which first attracted my attention. I thought then what a charming creature she would be if she could only possess

the advantages which you possessed. Dreadful has been her experience—the hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon her—and I regret of all things that she cannot be at this very moment under your care as well as that of your father.

"You would like to hear something, doubtless, of your former protégé, Wingina. I have been loath to say anything about her, because I could not say anything that would be pleasing to you. She, I fear, brought nothing away from civilized life but its evils. Jarvis, the scout, seems to have a rude sort of a passion for her, but she treats him with scorn and detestation; and, to tell you the truth, I am rejoiced at it on account of both. He is almost as much a savage as one of her race, but there is this difference—the scout has a substratum (if I may be allowed the expression) in his character which promises better things than any which he now exhibits; while the Indian, I fear, is just the reverse.

"I have learned to feel something like an attachment for the scout. The native soil is a good one, and with judicious attention and skilful guidance he might be made a useful man in his sphere. I have proposed to him to go home with me when we return, and live upon my land, but he declares that he means to live in this valley. Time will show whether he is to be moved from his purpose.

"The governor's benevolent views toward the Indians have received a terrible shock with his tramontane experience, and I suspect that we shall hear little of Mr. Boyle's plans in future, and less of his own tributary schools.

"'Why, what a love-letter is this that Frank has written to me!' you will say. Think of it again, my dear Ellen, and you will consider it a compliment to your understanding as well as to your heart. Certainly I feel proud that I can already discourse of such reasonable matters to my promised wife.

"I will fulfil all your promises to your dear and venerable father, with interest, my Ellen. Is he not mine also? —has he not been more than a father to me? and how

much more than father will he be when he intrusts to my keeping such a daughter? We will consult his prejudices; and should he have even whims in old age, his second childhood shall be as sacred to me as my first was to him. God evidently looks with peculiar benignity upon those children who lead the steps of the aged (even in senility) with tender care and affection. Trust me, my Ellen, that the very peg upon which his cocked-hat hangs shall be as sacred in my eyes as it is in those of his dutiful and affectionate daughter. Every pledge of filial affection which you make to your venerable parent I cherish, as guarantees of the excellences of my future wife. That the worthy object of them may long live to bless our lives, is the sincere prayer of your own

"FRANK."

CHAPTER LV.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Two delightful weeks were spent in the Valley of Virginia by the governor and his followers, during which time the magnificent forests of that region underwent a daily transmutation. At first the leaves began to wither, and then fade to a sickly green, before they assumed their gorgeous autumnal dress. The tenderest and earliest of their kind had already fallen, and strewed the ground with a carpet little less rich than the canopy overhead. The migratory birds were already on their passage southward, sometimes making *their* encampments in the near and dangerous neighborhood of their human contemporaries. The tops of the highest mountains were already covered with snow and though the days were of a delightful temperature, the nights were bitter cold to our thinly-clad adventurers.

All these signs and changes admonished the governor that it was time to turn his face homeward. He was re-

luctant to leave the country which he had discovered and conquered. Gladly would he have pitched his tent there for life; but his responsible position at the head of his Majesty's colony required that he should be elsewhere, and orders were accordingly issued for striking the tents and recrossing the mountains. Nearly all his followers obeyed the summons with alacrity.

The wounded and the sick (many suffering with cold) were sufficiently recovered to travel on horseback. Lee looked pale and wan, but his eye was bright, his countenance cheerful and his spirits elastic as ever. A sort of side-saddle had been constructed out of one of the dragoon saddles for Eugenia, and she professed herself fully able to undertake the journey. The governor had her carried across the mountain in a litter, over his new military road, which, by-the-bye, was nothing but an enlargement and widening of the Indian and buffalo paths. Even in its improved state it would have made McAdam laugh.

Wingina professed herself desirous of returning to her civilized friends. Whether this determination—so different from the instincts of the native savage—was produced by fear of her now liberated brother, or by delicate considerations of another nature, it is not for us to determine. She was also mounted on horseback, and formed one of the governor's own immediate party.

Though there was this general willingness and alacrity to commence the return march, there was one exception to it. The governor had his foot in the stirrup, when the scout approached, with his coonskin in hand, and unusually polite.

"Well, Jarvis," said the governor, casting his eye to the Indian girl at the same time, "what's your will now? Do you wish to form one of our escort?"

The scout saw the direction of the governor's eye and readily understood his meaning, and he replied, accordingly, "Not I, your excellency; a woodpecker would make but a sorry show a-flying along-side of an eagle;" and he chuckled as he looked up at the scornful Indian beauty,

seated upon her high horse in more senses of the word than one.

"What, then, is it, Jarvis? You have but to ask anything reasonable at our hands to have it granted forthwith."

"I'm mighty glad to hear your honor say so, kase I am come to ask a whoppin' big thing—it's a plantation!"

"A plantation, Jarvis? Why, are you going to retire to the shades of private life?"

"Jist exactly the very words, governor, only they wer'n't nowhere in my dictionary. You've struck the very trail. I want to retire to the shades of private life; and I guess you'll call this private life, and them shades enough down here in this valley."

The governor laughed at the conceits of the woodsman ere he replied, "Certainly, Jarvis, you have fully earned your plantation, and I think I may guarantee that a grant will be made out for you in due time. But you have no idea of remaining here at present?"

"Yes, but I have, though, got that very idea in my head; and if your excellency will just let me collect about fifty recruits from these hunting-shirt boys, we'll fall to work out of hand, and by the time you come back you will see log cabins a-plenty sprinkled about these woods."

The governor meditated upon this strange proposition a few moments, and then replied, "Not now, Jarvis—not now; I want you to return with us to the capital. It will be time enough next spring. Then your fifty shall be increased to a thousand."

Jarvis knew that it was useless to talk farther on the subject when the governor had once made up his mind. He was, nevertheless, disappointed for the moment. No one would have found it out, however, two hours after, when his merry voice was heard on the mountain-side. His unsuccessful love-making soon became bruited about among his boon-companions, and it may readily be imagined with what avidity they showered their jeers and jibes upon one so ready to crack his jokes upon others. He

bore it all patiently for a while, but his naturally pugnacious temperament broke forth at last, and, as he said, "when they gave him mustard he sent them back pepper."

Poor Wingina came in for not a few of his sallies. Not that he durst offer her any indignity in the governor's presence, but as she would appear occasionally, in windings of the mountain defile, he would let fly a few shafts at the eagle in her lofty flights.

It is not our intention to follow the party step by step on its return over the same ground which we have once already conducted it. Suffice it, then, to say that in due time the governor and his followers encamped within a day's march of the capital, and the same night a courier was despatched to the senior councilor, Dr. Blair, informing him that he had arrived safe so far on his return.

Great was the rejoicing next day at Williamsburg; and the expected arrival of the governor of the colony was announced early in the morning by the discharge of cannon, bonfires, and ringing of bells. Large parties of ladies and gentlemen were all day leaving the city to escort the mountain adventurers home; so that toward evening, when they came once more in sight of the capital, their numbers were greatly increased.

As Lee rode alongside of Ellen Evylin, the old doctor being on the other, the scout came cantering up on his pony and hailed the former loudly. So absorbed, however, was that young gentleman with the interesting conversation, that Jarvis had almost to shout in his ear before he could command his attention.

"What it is, Jarvis?" said he, almost petulantly.

"I didn't know, squire, that you were so much engaged; but as I was a-ridin' along the ranks jist now I couldn't help a-wonderin' what had become of all the gold-lace and ruffles that traveled over this road a few weeks ago."

This remark of the scout induced Lee to cast his eye over his own outward man, and to remove his now slouched (instead of cocked) hat from his head. The result was a

hearty laugh from the whole party, including the scout, of course.

Seldom had such a way-worn, dusty, and ragged army made their appearance in any city since the days of Jack Falstaff. It was hard to imagine the contrast which they presented to their former selves on the day of their departure at which time they literally glittered with finery. But if their outward man was shabby and ragged, their inward man was in a corresponding ratio bright and joyous.

Ellen at first looked with apprehension at the pale and emaciated features of her lover, but when she heard once more that joyous laugh which had made her father's house merry in the days of their infancy, she was satisfied. Her heart was full; she did little as she rode by Frank's side but listen to the narration of their tramontane adventures.

Eugenia Elliot was seized upon and monopolized by Kate and Dorothea, her cousins, much to the discomfiture of poor Moore. He might well have been called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. He ought, however, to have been satisfied, for Kate was doing nothing but her duty; and besides, if lovers were not the most unreasonable creatures in the world, he would have been fully compensated by the glances of pride and affection which the now subdued beauty cast upon him.

If he had had more reason and compassion about him he would have seen a visible improvement in Kate at a single glance. The very shake of her hand was more hearty, frank, and confidential than it had ever been before, and even her countenance had undergone a change. There was before almost a boldness in her free-and-easy carriage, but now this was softened down into the most winning grace—a little arch, sometimes, perhaps, as she could not resist the really absurd and ludicrous deportment of Moore.

There was one keen and close observer of all these things not far off, and he was abundantly gratified: it was Carter. He was not enough behind the curtain to understand all this by-play, but he saw enough to know that his rival

was discomfited and mortified. The governor rode into the city in the highest spirits imaginable.

The sun was just sinking behind the western horizon as the troops defiled down Gloucester Street and arrived in front of the church. There stood the same platform which had been erected a few weeks ago, and upon it the good old doctor in his canonicals, and his Prayer-book in his hand. The governor took the hint, and the troops were formed as before, and the adventurous band knelt down to return thanks to Almighty God for their safe return. Thus did our chivalrous ancestors; let their children go and do likewise.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

We do not know why it is, and always has been, that winter is described in gloomy colors. It may be that the hoar-frosts, and the glittering icicles, and the snow-clad fields, and the leafless trees and plants, convey such impressions to a majority of mankind; but it is not so with all. There is something bracing and invigorating in a snow-storm to some (we speak not of the bleak and extreme North), one of those old-fashioned steady falls of large, flat flakes, which sometimes herald in the Christmas holidays.

Such a day was the twenty-fifth of December, seventeen hundred and fourteen. There was little wind, the cold was not intense, and the merry lads let loose from school, and the negroes freed from labor, were making merry with the snowballs in the ancient city. But, besides the usual gayety and freedom from care of the festive season, there were indications abroad that this day had been set apart for some extraordinary ceremony other than those usually incident to the season.

Martial music was heard in various directions, and soldiers, almost blinded by the snow—the same troops who

but a few weeks ago presented such a tatterdemalion appearance—were threading their way toward the Capitol. The bells, too, were pouring a merry peal over the town, and carriages and horses lined the way from the church in Gloucester Street to the aforementioned edifice. Many of the ladies occupying the vehicles had just come from attending the usual church service on that day; but now the altars and the church, hung with mistletoe, were deserted even by the reverend prelate who statedly officiated there; he was still robed in his canonicals, and occupied a seat in one of the carriages.

When the Hall of the House of Burgesses was thrown open the governor was presented to the people, occupying the elevated seat usually filled by the Speaker. On his right hand sat the chaplain to the General Assembly, the Rev. Hugh Jones, in his sacred robes, and round them in a semicircle sat the members of the Tramontane Order.

After the usual solemn opening of the meeting by the chaplain, the governor stepped down the small flight of steps which led to a platform still elevated above the people. He was dressed in full court costume—wig, crimson velvet coat, ruffles at the throat and wrist. Before him was placed a table on which were spread out various ornaments of jewelry, many of them studded with gems and precious stones, but all of them wrought into the shape of horse-shoes. He took one of them in his hand and read the inscription on one side, "The Tramontane Order," and turning it over, read also the motto on the other, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*"

Here a great clapping of hands and waving of ladies' handkerchiefs in the gallery arrested its progress for a moment, during which time a happy and benignant smile played over the noble old man's features. He was evidently well-pleased, but struggling with his emotions, for his eye glistened unwontedly. Whether he was thinking at the moment of other important ceremonies which were soon to be performed, and in which those near and dear

to him were deeply interested—or whether he was thinking of the separation which was about to take place between him and his young associates in arms, and some of them perhaps forever, we know not. His address was brief, and something like the following:

"Friends and members of the Order,—I hold in my hand a simple and unostentatious ornament, designed for the purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of one of the most glorious achievements of our lives. I am sure it is of mine (which has been longer and more eventful than that of any of my late associates in arms), and I would fain hope it is so considered by them. [Applause.] I knew that you would dearly cherish the remembrance of our mountain expedition, and it is my wish that you may continue to do so through whatever may be your future adventures. From a military experience now somewhat extended, I am proud to say that I never yet was in command of a nobler little army. Your conduct, gentlemen, one and all, during the trying scenes through which we have passed, met with my most hearty approbation. Such a commencement of your martial career is a sure guarantee that should our sovereign again require the aid of your arms, no second call will be necessary to bring you forth again from your peaceful and happy homes. Some of you, I learn, are about to embark for the shores of our fatherland in pursuit of a wider and more extended field of observation—and in furtherance of a laudable ambition to improve your understanding by examining the institutions of the Old World. These insignia which I am about to present to you will be new to the chivalry of that time-honored country, but I trust not unrecognized. I am sure when you bear these to the presence of majesty itself, and when you inform our gracious sovereign what a new and glorious empire you have added to his dominions, he will recognize you as a part of the chivalry of the empire—of that glorious band of knights and gentlemen who surround his throne like a bulwark. [Applause.]

"I have only now to say farther that I have been author-

ized by his Majesty's council to invest each of the following named young gentlemen with one of these badges:

"Francis Lee, Ralph Wormley, Mann Page, John Randolph, Dudley Diggs, John Peyton, Thomas Bray, Theodoric Bland, William Beverley, Benjamin Harrison, Oliver Yelverton, Peyton Skipwith, Peter Berkly, William Byrd, Charles Ludwell, John Fitzhugh, Thomas Fairfax, Bernard Moore, Nathaniel Dandridge, Kit Carter, Francis Brooke, John Washington, Hugh Taylor, Alexander Nott, Charles Mercer, Edward Saunders, William Mosley, Edmund Pendleton, George Hay, George Wythe, John Munroe.

"May you wear them, gentlemen, through long and happy lives, and, when you descend honored and lamented to your graves, may they descend as heirlooms to your children. When the wilderness which you have discovered and conquered shall blossom as the rose—as most assuredly it will—these badges may be sought after by the antiquarians of a future age as honored mementos of the first pioneers of their happy and favored country. Let them be religiously preserved, then, I charge you. The simple words which form the inscription may some day reveal the history of a portion of our country and its honored founders, when the revolutions of empires and the passing away of generations may have submerged every other record.

"Your own names, gentlemen, honored and distinguished as they now are by illustrious ancestry, may, by the mutations and instability of human greatness, be yet rescued from oblivion by these simple memorials."

The members of the order then kneeled down and were invested in due form with the insignia of the "Knights of the Horse-shoe."

After which the assembly dispersed, the knights to dine with the Master and founder of their order, and the people to join in the festivities of the season.

CONCLUSION.

During the same Christmas holidays, when the cheerful fires burnt bright, and the serene and happy faces around them beamed brighter still, and when the snow-storm had blown over and the sun poured his cheerful rays over the bright winter scene—on such a day a plain but elegant carriage-and-four stood before the modest and vine-clad dwelling of Dr. Evylin; and sundry other vehicles of different kinds were packed with traveling-trunks; and servants, male and female, were marshaled in the rear. The one first described was as yet empty, and various groups of idlers stood round the gate to catch a glimpse of those whom Madame Rumor assigned as its intended occupants.

As the hour-hand pointed to a certain figure on the dial-plate, and the last tones of the bell died away, the old doctor and his daughter rose simultaneously, and were locked in each other's embrace. Lee stood by; and any one (if not by his dress, at least by his bright face) might have told that he was *the* happy man. Ellen shed tears as she saw the glittering drops falling fast from her father's eyes, and as she felt his trembling frame locked in the last embrace. Lee brought the old gentleman's cocked-hat, and handed him his gloves, and assisted him in wrapping up his feeble frame in a fur-lined cloak, after which all three entered the carriage and drove to the church.

When they arrived at the door two more bridal parties already awaited their arrival. We need scarcely say that they consisted of Moore and Kate, and Hall and Eugenia. There was a serene melancholy upon the faces of most of those present, especially on those of the brides. Even Kate looked subdued and rather apprehensive; not that she doubted the man at all to whom she was about to plight her faith, but the ceremony was so solemn, the change so important, the new relations about to be assumed for weal

or woe so enduring. These were far more oppressive to her at the altar than to Ellen, because the latter had longer and more maturely deliberated upon them.

Eugenia was the most melancholy of the three; but it was pleasing, and had more relation to things past than to those future. As Ellen walked up the aisle hand-in-hand with her lover, and her father immediately in the rear, she really looked charming in her simple white dress and her slightly flushed cheeks. Some one in the gallery uttered a sort of exclamation of applause. Lee looked over his shoulder and discovered Jarvis screwed up into one corner near the organ, and making a feint with his coon-skin cap, as much as to say that he would wave it over his head and shout if he dared. Lee placed his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, which the scout answered by placing his hand over his mouth. Few observed these things but the actors.

Kate's toilet had been more elaborately and expensively made than Ellen's, but it was still elegantly simple. A single necklace was the only costly ornament of jewelry which she wore, and her mother had worn it before her on a similar occasion. The Rev. Dr. Blair was already at the altar, with his book open before him. All the parties, except Eugenia and Hall, were more to him like his own children than ordinary parishioners, and the good old man's eye betrayed his deep sympathy with the parties and his solemn appreciation of the importance of the change which was about to pass over so many of his former pupils. The governor gave away his own daughter as well as his young kinswoman, and the old doctor gave away Ellen.

The bridal ceremony concluded, the whole party drove to the palace, where a cold collation was served up for them preparatory to their departure to their several places of destination. Lee and Hall, with their brides, were to spend the Christmas holidays at the country establishment of the former, and old Dr. Evylin had been persuaded to accompany them for the visit only.

Kate and Moore determined to spend their honey-moon at Temple Farm, partly because their happiest days of courtship had been spent there, and partly because it would give such unmeasured delight to their humble dependents, old June among the number. The old fellow was now, since his mountain adventures, quite a hero in the kitchen chimney-corner, and Kate had presented him with a new banjo, which, together with his new materials of song, had quite set him up in business.

Time and death have both set their seals upon these marriages, and, contrary to what is usual at the announcement of such events, we can look forward at once to their results. We know that they were eminently happy, that the parties lived long in as much felicity as is ever vouchsafed to mortals on this earth. With the descendants of General Bernard Moore and Catherine Ann Spotswood we have long been intimate, and we can pronounce from a knowledge so attained that many of their fine qualities still adorn the lives and characters of those who fill their places.

Ellen and Frank lived with the old doctor, and fulfilled together to the utmost those filial duties which the former had made so much the business and pleasure of her days of single blessedness. The old man lived to fondle on his knee several of the descendants of his happy children, and was at last, full of honors and full of years, buried beneath the stones of that church which he had helped to build, and in which he had so long been a devout and faithful worshiper. A tablet to his memory, erected by Governor Spotswood, and stating on its face the grief of his excellency at the death of the old man, still adorns one of the niches of the church at Williamsburg; at least it did but a few years ago.

Jarvis moved to the Valley of Virginia, and built a log cabin on the site where he had first fallen in love with that beautiful country. Whether he married a squaw or not we have no means of knowing. Those of the same

name inhabiting the same region to this day have, however, a slight bronze tinge to their complexion.

Governor Spotswood ruled over the affairs of Virginia for six years from the date of the Tramontane Expedition, and after his surrendering the gubernatorial chair was appointed Post-master-general of his Majesty's Colonies, and subsequently commander-in-chief of an expedition against the Spaniards in Florida. He, however, died at Annapolis, Maryland, on his way to assume that command. His mortal remains lie there to this day, unhonored, we believe, even by a tablet.

* * * * * * * *

And now our story is told, and, as in duty bound, we would most respectfully make our bow to those kind readers who have followed us thus far. Before, however, we bid them farewell we would gossip with them a little longer—we would fain prolong our pleasant evening talks by the fire-side, and discourse still farther of the cocked-hat gentry in the Old Dominion.

And were we to consult our own feelings alone, most assuredly they would be prolonged, and our story should have ingrafted upon it a sequel, or another concerning the same old time-honored gentry; but, when we cast our thoughts back over the time of our kind readers which we have already engrossed, we are admonished that it is indeed time to bring our story to a close.

We have now only to offer some evidence that our story was indeed founded upon the traditions which have descended to our times. The venerable jurist from whom the following letter was received has so long adorned the highest judicial tribunals in Virginia, and is, therefore, so extensively known, that it would be useless to multiply testimony upon the point to which he alludes; if it were, we could do so to any reasonable extent. Many are the persons still living in Virginia who have seen with their own eyes these Golden Horse-shoes. Indeed, we were some time upon the trace of one of the curious relics itself, and were only prevented from pursuing our researches to a

successful issue by the want of time and the distance of our present residence from the scene of the celebrated adventure.

To the descendants of Governor Spotswood and General Bernard Moore we are under many obligations for the materials with which they have so kindly furnished us. To Colonel Spotswood, of Indiana, and Charles Campbell, Esq., editor of the *Petersburg Statesman,* in particular, we are greatly indebted, and we return them our hearty thanks, and only regret that we have not been able to do greater and more merited justice to the character of their common ancestors.

Western Virginia should erect some enduring monument of the memory of the far-sighted statesman and gallant soldier who first discovered that noble country.

The following is a copy of Judge Brooke's letter to the author:

"St. Julien (near Fredericksburg), Va.,
February 25, 1841.

"*To Dr. Wm. A. Caruthers.*

"My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 5th inst., and in reply to it can only say what I some years past said to my friend George W. Summers, on the subject of your letter. I said to him that I had seen, in the possession of the eldest branch of my family, a Golden Horse-shoe, set with garnets, and having inscribed on it the motto, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes,*" which from tradition I always understood was presented by Governor Spotswood to my grandfather, as one of many gentlemen who accompanied him across the mountains.

"With great respect, yours,
"Francis Brooke."

THE END.

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